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CHARLES DICKENS.

It is only when such names as Shakespeare's or Hugo's rise and remain as the supreme witnesses of what was highest in any particular country at any particular time that there can be no question among any but irrational and impudent men as to the supremacy of their greatest. England, under the reign of Dickens, had other great names to boast of which may well be allowed to challenge the sovereignty of his genius. But as there certainly was no Shakespeare and no Hugo to rival and eclipse his glory, he will probably and naturally always be accepted and acclaimed as the greatest Englishman of his generation. His first works or attempts at work gave little more promise of such a future than if he had been a Coleridge or a Shelley. No one could have foreseen what all may now foresee in the "Sketches by Boz"—not only a quick and keen-eyed observer, "a chiel amang us takin' notes" more notable than Captain Grose's, but a great creative genius. Nor could any one have foreseen it in the early chapters of "Pickwick"—which, at their best, do better the sort of thing which had been done fairly well before. Sam Weller and Charles Dickens came to life together, immortal and twin-born. In "Oliver Twist" the quality of a great tragic and comic poet or dramatist in

prose fiction was for the first time combined with the already famous qualities of a great humorist and a born master in the arts of narrative and dialogue.

Like the early works of all other great writers whose critical contemporaries have failed to elude the kindly chance of beneficent oblivion, the early works of Dickens have been made use of to depreciate his later, with the same enlightened and impartial candor which on the appearance of "Othello" must doubtless have deplored the steady though gradual decline of its author's genius from the unfulfilled promise of excellence held forth by "Two Gentlemen of Verona." There may possibly be some faint and flickering shadow of excuse for the dullards, if unmalignant, who prefer "Nicholas Nickleby" to the riper and sounder fruits of the same splendid and inexhaustible genius. Admirable as it is, full of life and sap and savor, the strength and the weakness of youth are so singularly mingled in the story and the style that readers who knew nothing of its date might naturally have assumed that it must have been the writer's first attempt at fiction. There is perhaps no question which would more thoroughly test the scholarship of the student than this:—What do you know of Jane Dibabs and

Horatio Peltiogrus? At fourscore and ten it might be thought "too late a week" for a reader to revel with insuppressible delight in a first reading of the chapters which enrol all worthy readers in the company of Mr. Vincent Crummles; but I can bear witness to the fact that this effect was produced on a reader of that age who had earned honor and respect in public life, affection and veneration in private. It is not, on the other hand, less curious and significant that Sydney Smith, who had held out against Sam Weller, should have been conquered by Miss Squeers; that her letter, which of all Dickens's really good things is perhaps the most obviously imitative and suggestive of its model, should have converted so great an elder humorist to appreciation of a greater than himself; that the echo of familiar fun, an echo from the grave of Smollett, should have done what finer and more original strokes of comic genius had unaccountably failed to do. But in all criticism of such work the merely personal element of the critic, the natural atmosphere in which his mind or his insight works, and uses its faculties of appreciation, is really the first and last thing to be taken into account.

No mortal man or woman, no human boy or girl, can resist the fascination of Mr. and Mrs. Quilp, of Mr. and Miss Brass, of Mr. Swiveller and his Marchioness; but even the charm of Mrs. Jarley and her surroundings, the magic which enthral us in the presence of a Codlin and a Short, cannot mesmerize or hypnotize us into belief that the story of "The Old Curiosity Shop" is in any way a good story. But it is the first book in which the background or setting is often as impressive as the figures which can hardly be detached from it in our remembered impression of the whole design. From Quilp's Wharf to Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, the river belongs to Dickens by right

of conquest or creation. The part it plays in more than a few of his books is indivisible from the parts played in them by human actors beside it or upon it. Of such actors in this book, the most famous as an example of her creator's power as a master of pathetic tragedy would thoroughly deserve her fame if she were but a thought more human and more credible. "The child" has never a touch of childhood about her; she is an impeccable and invariable portent of devotion, without a moment's lapse into the humanity of frailty in temper or in conduct. Dickens might as well have fitted her with a pair of wings at once. A woman might possibly be as patient, as resourceful, as indefatigable in well-doing and as faultless in perception of the right thing to do; it would be difficult to make her deeply interesting, but she might be made more or less of an actual creature. But a child whom nothing can ever irritate, whom nothing can ever baffle, whom nothing can ever misguide, whom nothing can ever delude, and whom nothing can ever dismay, is a monster as inhuman as a baby with two heads.

Outside the class which excludes all but the highest masterpieces of poetry it is difficult to find or to imagine a faultless work of creation—in other words, a faultless work of fiction; but the story of "Barnaby Rudge" can hardly, in common justice, be said to fall short of this crowning praise. And in this book, even if not in any of its precursors, an appreciative reader must recognize a quality of humor which will remind him of Shakespeare, and perhaps of Aristophanes. The impetuous and irrepressible volubility of Miss Miggs, when once her eloquence breaks loose and finds vent like raging water or fire, is powerful enough to overbear for the moment any slight objection which a severe morality might suggest with respect to the rectitude

and propriety of her conduct. It is impossible to be rigid in our judgment of

"a toiling, molling, constant-working, always-being-found-fault-with, never-giving-satisfactions, nor-having-no-time-to-clean-oneseif, potter's wessel," whose "only becoming occupation is to help young flaunting pagins to brush and comb and titiwate theiresselves into whitening and suppulchres, and leave the young men to think that there an't a bit of padding in it nor no pinching-ins nor fillings-out nor pomatums nor deceits nor earthly wanities."

To have made malignity as delightful for an instant as simplicity, and Miss Miggs as enchanting as Mrs. Quickly or Mrs. Gamp, is an unsurpassable triumph of dramatic humor.

But the advance in tragic power is even more notable and memorable than this. The pathos, indeed, is too cruel; the tortures of the idiot's mother and the murderer's wife are so fearful that interest and sympathy are wellnigh superseded or overbalanced by a sense of horror rather than of pity; magnificent as is the power of dramatic invention which animates every scene in every stage of her martyrdom. Dennis is the first of those consummate and wonderful ruffians, with two vile faces under one frowsy hood, whose captain or commander-in-chief is Rogue Riderhood; more fearful by far, though not (one would hope) more natural, than Henriet Cousin, who could hardly breathe when fastening the rope round Esmeralda's neck, "*tant la chose l'apitoyait*"; a divine touch of surviving humanity which would have been impossible to the more horrible hangman whose mortal agony in immediate prospect of the imminent gallows is as terribly memorable as anything in the tragedy of fiction or the poetry of prose. His fellow hangbird is a figure no less admirable throughout all his stormy and fiery career till the last moment; and then he drops into poetry.

Nor is it poetry above the reach of Silas Wegg which "invokes the curse of all its victims on that black tree, of which he is the ripened fruit." The writer's impulse was noble; but its expression or its effusion is such as indifference may deride and sympathy must deplore. Twice only did the greatest English writer of his day make use of history as a background or a stage for fiction; the use made of it in "*Barnaby Rudge*" is even more admirable in the lifelike tragedy and the terrible comedy of its presentation than the use made of it in "*A Tale of Two Cities*."

Dickens was doubtless right in his preference of "*David Copperfield*" to all his other masterpieces; it is only among dunces that it is held improbable or impossible for a great writer to judge aright of his own work at its best, to select and to prefer the finest and the fullest example of his active genius; but, when all deductions have been made from the acknowledgment due to the counter-claim of "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," the fact remains that in that unequal and irregular masterpiece his comic and his tragic genius rose now and then to the very highest pitch of all. No son of Adam and no daughter of Eve on this God's earth, as his occasional friend Mr. Carlyle might have expressed it, could have imagined it possible—humanly possible—for anything in later comedy to rival the unspeakable perfection of Mrs. Quickly's eloquence at its best; at such moments as when her claim to be acknowledged as Lady Falstaff was reinforced, if not by the spiritual authority of Master Dumb, by the correlative evidence of Mrs. Keech; but no reader above the level of intelligence which prefers to Shakespeare the Parisian Ibsen and the Norwegian Sardou can dispute the fact that Mrs. Gamp has once and again risen even to that unimaginable supremacy of triumph.

At the first interview vouchsafed to

us with the adorable Sairey, we feel that no words can express our sense of the divinely altruistic and devoted nature which finds utterance in the sweetly and sublimely simple words—"If I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it: sich is the love I bear 'em." We think of little Tommy Harris, and the little red worsted shoe gurgling in his throat; of the previous occasion when his father sought shelter and silence in an empty dog-kennel; of that father's immortally infamous reflection on the advent of his ninth; of religious feelings, of life, and the end of all things; of Mr. Gamp, his wooden leg, and their precious boy; of her calculations and her experiences with reference to birth and death; of her views as to the expediency of travel by steam, which anticipated Ruskin's and those of later dissenters from the gospel of hurry and the religion of mechanism; of the contents of Mrs. Harris's pocket; of the incredible incredulity of the infidel Mrs. Prig; we think of all this, and of more than all this, and acknowledge with infinite thanksgiving of inexhaustible laughter and of rapturous admiration the very greatest comic poet or creator that ever lived to make the life of other men more bright and more glad and more perfect than ever, without his beneficent influence, it possibly or imaginably could have been.

The advance in power of tragic invention, the increased strength in grasp of character and grip of situation, which distinguishes Chuzzlewit from *Nickleby*, may be tested by comparison of the leading villains. Ralph *Nickleby* might almost have walked straight off the boards on which the dramatic genius of his nephew was employed to bring into action two tubs and a pump: Jonas Chuzzlewit has his place of eminence for ever among the most memorable types of living and breathing wickedness that ever were

stamped and branded with immortality by the indignant genius of a great and unrelenting master. Neither Vautrin nor *Thénardier* has more of evil and of deathless life in him.

It is not only by his masterpieces, it is also by his inferior works or even by his comparative failures that the greatness of a great writer may be reasonably judged and tested. We can measure in some degree the genius of Thackeray by the fact that "*Pendennis*," with all its marvellous wealth of character and humor and living truth, has never been and never will be rated among his very greatest works. "*Dombe* and *Son*" cannot be held nearly so much of a success as "*Pendennis*." I have known a man of the very highest genius and the most fervent enthusiasm for that of Dickens who never could get through it. There is nothing of a story, and all that nothing (to borrow a phrase from *Martial*) is bad. The Roman starveling had nothing to lose, and lost it all: the story of *Dombe* has no plot, and that a very stupid one. The struttingly offensive father and his gushingly submissive daughter are failures of the first magnitude. Little Paul is a more credible child than little Nell; he sometimes forgets that he is foredoomed by a more than Pauline or Calvinistic law of predestination to die in the odor of sentiment, and says or thinks or does something really and quaintly childlike. But we get, to say the least, a good deal of him; and how much too little do we get of Jack Bunsby! Not so very much more than of old Bill Barley; and yet those two ancient mariners are berthed for ever in the inmost shrine of our affections. Another patch of the very brightest purple sewn into the sometimes rather threadbare stuff or groundwork of the story is the scene in which the dissolution of a ruined household is so tragically set before us in the breaking up of the servants' hall. And when we



think upon the cherished names of Toots and Nipper, Gills and Cuttle, Rob the Grinder and good Mrs. Brown, we are tempted to throw conscience to the winds, and affirm that the book is a good book.

But even if we admit that here was an interlude of comparative failure, we cannot but feel moved to acclaim with all the more ardent gratitude the appearance of the next and perhaps the greatest gift bestowed on us by this magnificent and immortal benefactor. "David Copperfield," from the first chapter to the last, is unmistakable by any eye above the level and beyond the insight of a beetle's as one of the masterpieces to which time can only add a new charm and an unimaginable value. The narrative is as coherent and harmonious as that of "Tom Jones"; and to say this is to try it by the very highest and apparently the most unattainable standard. But I must venture to reaffirm my conviction that even the glorious masterpiece of Fielding's radiant and beneficent genius, if in some points superior, is by no means superior in all. Tom is a far completer and more living type of gallant boyhood and generous young manhood than David; but even the lustre of Partridge is pallid and lunar beside the noontide glory of Micawber. Bliffl is a more poisonously plausible villain than Uriah: Sophia Western remains unequalled except by her sister heroine Amelia as a perfectly credible and adorable type of young English womanhood, naturally "like one of Shakespeare's women," socially as fine and true a lady as Congreve's Millamant or Angelica. But even so large-minded and liberal a genius as Fielding's could never have conceived any figure like Miss Trotwood's, any group like that of the Peggottys. As easily could it have imagined and realized the magnificent setting of the story, with its homely foreground of street or

wayside and its background of tragic sea.

The perfect excellence of this masterpiece has perhaps done some undeserved injury to the less impeccable works of genius which immediately succeeded it. But in "Bleak House" the daring experiment of combination or alternation which divides a story between narrative in the third person and narrative in the first is justified and vindicated by its singular and fascinating success. "Esther's narrative" is as good as her creator's; and no enthusiasm of praise could overrate the excellence of them both. For wealth and variety of character none of the master's works can be said to surpass and few can be said to equal it. When all necessary allowance has been made for occasional unlikeliness in detail or questionable methods of exposition, the sustained interest and the terrible pathos of Lady Dedlock's tragedy will remain unaffected and unimpaired. Any reader can object that a lady visiting a slum in the disguise of a servant would not have kept jewelled rings on her fingers for the inspection of a crossing-sweeper, or that a less decorous and plausible way of acquainting her with the fact that a scandalous episode in her early life was no longer a secret for the family lawyer could hardly have been imagined than the public narrative of her story in her own drawing-room by way of an evening's entertainment for her husband and their guests. To these objections, which any Helot of culture whose brain may have been affected by habitual indulgence in the academic delirium of self-complacent superiority may advance or may suggest with the most exquisite infinity of impertinence, it may be impossible to retort an equally obvious and inconsiderable objection.

But to a far more serious charge, which even now appears to survive the confutation of all serious evidence, it

is incomprehensible and inexplicable that Dickens should have returned no better an answer than he did. Harold Skimpole was said to be Leigh Hunt; a rascal after the order of Wainwright, without the poisoner's comparatively and diabolically admirable audacity of frank and fiendish self-esteem, was assumed to be meant for a portrait or a caricature of an honest man and a man of unquestionable genius. To this most serious and most disgraceful charge Dickens merely replied that he never anticipated the identification of the rascal Skimpole with the fascinating Harold—the attribution of imaginary villainy to the original model who suggested or supplied a likeness for the externally amiable and ineffectually accomplished loungeur and shuffler through life. The simple and final reply should have been that indolence was the essential quality of the character and conduct and philosophy of Skimpole—"a perfectly idle man: a mere amateur," as he describes himself to the sympathetic and approving Sir Leicester; that Leigh Hunt was one of the hardest and steadiest workers on record, throughout a long and chequered life, at the toilsome trade of letters; and therefore that to represent him as a heartless and shameless idler would have been about as rational an enterprise, as lifelike a design after the life, as it would have been to represent Shelley as a gluttonous and canting hypocrite or Byron as a loyal and unselfish friend. And no one as yet, I believe, has pretended to recognize in Mr. Jarndyce a study from Byron, in Mr. Chadband a libel on Shelley.

Of the two shorter novels which would suffice to preserve forever the fame of Dickens, some readers will as probably always prefer "Hard Times" as others will prefer "A Tale of Two Cities." The later of these is doubtless the most ingeniously and dramatically invented and constructed of all the

master's works; the earlier seems to me the greater in moral and pathetic and humorous effect. The martyr workman, beautiful as is the study of his character and terrible as is the record of his tragedy, is almost too spotless a sufferer and a saint; the lifelong lapidation of this unluckier Stephen is somewhat too consistent and insistent and persistent for any record but that of a martyrology; but the obdurate and histrionic affectation which animates the brutality and stimulates the selfishness of Mr. Bounderby is only too lamentably truer and nearer to the unlovely side of life. Mr. Ruskin—a name never to be mentioned without reverence—thought otherwise; but in knowledge and insight into character and ethics that nobly minded man of genius was no more comparable to Dickens than in sanity of ardor and rationality of aspiration for progressive and practical reform.

As a social satirist Dickens is usually considered to have shown himself at his weakest; the curious and seemingly incorrigible ignorance which imagined that the proper title of Sir John Smith's wife was Lady John Smith, and that the same noble peer could be known to his friends and parasites alternately as Lord Jones and Lord James Jones, may naturally make us regret the absence from their society of our old Parisian friend Sir Brown, Esquire; but though such singular designations as these were never rectified or removed from the text of "Nicholas Nickleby," and though a Lady Kew was as far outside the range of his genius as a Madame Marneffe, his satire of social pretension and pretence was by no means always "a sword-stroke in the water" or a flourish in the air. Mrs. Sparsit is as typical and immortal as any figure of Mollère's; and the fact that Mr. Sparsit was a Fowler is one which can never be forgotten.

There is no surer way of testing the

greatness of a really great writer than by consideration of his work at its weakest, and comparison of that comparative weakness with the strength of lesser men at their strongest and their best. The romantic and fanciful comedy of "Love's Labor's Lost" is hardly a perceptible jewel in the sovereign crown of Shakespeare; but a single passage in a single scene of it—the last of the fourth act—is more than sufficient to outweigh, to outshine, to eclipse and efface for ever the dramatic lucubrations or prescriptions of Dr. Ibsen—Fracastoro of the drama—and his volubly grateful patients. Among the mature works of Dickens and of Thackeray, I suppose most readers would agree in the opinion that the least satisfactory, if considered as representative of the author's incomparable powers, are "Little Dorrit" and "The Virginians"; yet no one above the intellectual level of an Ibsenite or a Zolaist will doubt or will deny that there is enough merit in either of these books for the stable foundation of an enduring fame.

The conception of "Little Dorrit" was far happier and more promising than that of "Dombey and Son"; which indeed is not much to say for it. Mr. Dombey is a doll; Mr. Dorrit is an everlasting figure of comedy in its most tragic aspect and tragedy in its most comic phase. Little Dorrit herself might be less untruly than unkindly described as Little Nell grown big, or, in Milton's phrase, "writ large." But on that very account she is more credible and therefore a more really and rationally pathetic figure. The incomparable incoherence of the parts which pretend in vain to compose the incomposite story may be gauged by the collapse of some of them and the vehement hurry of cramped and halting invention which huddles up the close of it without an attempt at the rational and natural evolution of others. It is like

a child's dissected map with some of the counties or kingdoms missing. Much, though certainly not all, of the humor is of the poorest kind possible to Dickens; and the reiterated repetition of comic catchwords and tragic illustrations of character is such as to affect the nerves no less than the intelligence of the reader with irrepressible irritation. But this, if he be wise, will be got over and kept under by his sense of admiration and of gratitude for the unsurpassable excellence of the finest passages and chapters. The day after the death of Mr. Merdle is one of the most memorable dates in all the record of creative history—or, to use one word in place of two, in all the record of fiction. The fusion of humor and horror in the marvellous chapter which describes it is comparable only with the kindred work of such creators as the authors of "Les Misérables" and "King Lear." And nothing in the work of Balzac is newer and truer and more terrible than the relentless yet not unmerciful evolution of the central figure in the story. The Father of the Marshalsea is so pitifully worthy of pity as well as of scorn that it would have seemed impossible to heighten or to deepen the contempt or the compassion of the reader; but when he falls from adversity to prosperity he succeeds in soaring down and sinking up to a more tragicomic ignominy of more aspiring degradation. And his end is magnificent.

It must always be interesting as well as curious to observe the natural attitude of mind, the inborn instinct of intelligent antipathy or sympathy, discernible or conjecturable in the greatest writer of any nation at any particular date, with regard to the characteristic merits or demerits of foreigners. Dickens was once most unjustly taxed with injustice to the French, by an evidently loyal and cordial French critic, on the ground that the one Frenchman of any

mark in all his books was a murderer. The polypseudonymous ruffian who uses and wears out as many stolen names as ever did even the most cowardly and virulent of literary poisoners is doubtless an unlovely figure; but not even Mr. Peggotty and his infant niece are painted with more tender and fervent sympathy than the good Corporal and little Bebele. Hugo could not—even omnipotence has its limits—have given a more perfect and living picture of a hero and a child. I wish I could think he would have given it as the picture of an English hero and an English child. But I do think that Italian readers of "Little Dorrit" ought to appreciate and to enjoy the delightful and admirable personality of Cavalletto. Mr. Baptist in Bleeding Heart Yard is as attractively memorable a figure as his excellent friend Signor Panco.

And how much more might be said—would the gods annihilate but time and space for a worthier purpose than that of making two lovers happy—of the splendid successes to be noted in the least successful book or books of this great and inexhaustible writer! And if the figure or development of the story in "Little Dorrit," the shapeliness in parts or the proportions of the whole, may seem to have suffered from tight-lacing in this part and from padding in that, the harmony and unity of the masterpiece which followed it made ample and magnificent amends. In "A Tale of Two Cities" Dickens, for the second and last time, did history the honor to enrol it in the service of fiction. This faultless work of tragic and creative art has nothing of the rich and various exuberance which makes of "Barnaby Rudge" so marvelous an example of youthful genius in all the glowing growth of its bright and fiery April; but it has the classic and poetic symmetry of perfect execution and of perfect design. One or two of the figures in the story which im-

mediately preceded it are unusually liable to the usually fatuous objection which dullness has not yet grown decently ashamed of bringing against the characters of Dickens: to the charge of exaggeration and unreality in the posture or the mechanism of puppets and of daubs, which found its final and supremely offensive expression in the chattering duncery and the impudent malignity of so consummate and pseudosophical a quack as George Henry Lewes. Not even such a past-master in the noble science of defamation could plausibly have dared to cite in support of his insolent and idiotic impeachment either the leading or the supplementary characters in "A Tale of Two Cities." The pathetic and heroic figure of Sydney Carton seems rather to have cast into the shade of comparative neglect the no less living and admirable figures among and over which it stands and towers in our memory. Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry, Madame Defarge and her husband, are equally and undisputably to be recognized by the sign of eternal life.

Among the highest landmarks of success ever reared for immortality by the triumphant genius of Dickens, the story of "Great Expectations" must for ever stand eminent beside that of "David Copperfield." These are his great twin masterpieces. Great as they are, there is nothing in them greater than the very best things in some of his other books: there is certainly no person preferable and there is possibly no person comparable to Samuel Weller or to Sarah Gamp. Of the two childish and boyish autobiographers, David is the better little fellow though not the more lifelike little friend; but of all first chapters is there any comparable for impression and for fusion of humor and terror and pity and fancy and truth to that which confronts the child with the convict on the marshes in the twilight? And the story is in-

comparably the finer story of the two; there can be none superior, if there be any equal to it, in the whole range of English fiction. And except in "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes," if even they may claim exception, there can surely be found no equal or nearly equal number of living and everliving figures. The tragedy and the comedy, the realism and the dreamery of life, are fused or mingled together with little less than Shakespearian strength and skill of hand. To have created Abel Magwitch is to be a god indeed among the creators of deathless men. Pumblechook is actually better and droller and truer to imaginative life than Pecksniff: Joe Gargery is worthy to have been praised and loved at once by Fielding and by Sterne: Mr. Jaggers and his clients, Mr. Wemmick and his parent and his bride, are such figures as Shakespeare, when dropping out of poetry, might have created, if his lot had been cast in a later century. Can as much be said for the creatures of any other man or god? The ghastly tragedy of Miss Havisham could only have been made at once credible and endurable by Dickens; he alone could have reconciled the strange and sordid horror with the noble and pathetic survival of possible emotion and repentance. And he alone could have eluded condemnation for so gross an oversight as the escape from retribution of so important a criminal as the "double murderer and monster" whose baffled or inadequate attempts are enough to make Bill Sikes seem comparatively the gentlest and Jonas Chuzzlewit the most amiable of men. I remember no such flaw in any other story I ever read. But in this story it may well have been allowed to pass unrebuked and unobserved; which yet I think it should not.

Among all the minor and momentary figures which flash into eternity across the stage of Dickens, there is one to

which I have never yet seen the tribute of grateful homage adequately or even decently paid. The sonorous claims of old Bill Barley on the reader's affectionate and respectful interest have not remained without response; but the landlord's Jack has never yet, as far as I am aware, been fully recognized as great among the greatest of the gods of comic fiction. We are introduced to this lifelong friend in a waterside public-house as a "grizzled male creature, the 'Jack' of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low watermark too." It is but for a moment that we meet him, but eternity is in that moment.

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited, while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up two," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

"A four-oared galley, did you say?" said I.

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it."

"Why?"

"I know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

"He thinks," said the landlord, a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack, "he thinks they was, what they wasn't."

"I know what I thinks," observed the Jack.



"You thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

"I do," said the Jack.

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

"AM I?"

In the infinite meaning of his reply and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do anything.

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons, then, Jack?" said the landlord, vacillating weakly.

"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallowed 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which he went out in disdain.

To join Francis the drawer and Cobb the water-bearer in an ever-blessed immortality.

This was the author's last great work: the defects in it are as nearly imperceptible as spots on the sun or shadows on a sunlit sea. His last long story, "Our Mutual Friend," superior as it is in harmony and animation to "Little Dorrit" or "Dombey and Son," belongs to the same class of piebald or rather skewbald fiction. As in the first great prose work of the one greater and far greater genius then working in the world the cathedral of Notre Dame is the one prevailing and dominating presence, the supreme and silent witness of life and action and passion and death, so in this last of its writer's completed novels the real protagonist

—for the part it plays is rather active than passive—is the river. Of a play attributed on the obviously worthless authority of all who knew or who could have known anything about the matter to William Shakespeare, but now ascribed on the joint authority of Bedlam and Hanwell to the joint authorship of Francis Bacon and John Fletcher, assisted by the fraternal collaboration of their fellow-poets Sir Walter Raleigh and King James I., it was very unjustly said by Dr. Johnson that "the genius of the author comes in and goes out with Queen Katherine." Of this book it might more justly be said that the genius of the author ebbs and flows with the disappearance and the reappearance of the Thames.

That unfragrant and unsanitary walf of its rottenest refuse, the incomparable Rogue Riderhood, must always hold a chosen place among the choicest villains of our selectest acquaintance. When the genius of his immortal creator said "Let there be Riderhood," and there was Riderhood, a figure of coequal immortality rose reeking and skulking into sight. The deliciously amphibious nature of the venomous human reptile is so wonderfully preserved in his transference from Southwark Bridge to Plashwater Weir Mill Lockhouse that we feel it impossible for imagination to detach the water-snake from the water, the water-rat from the mud. There is a horrible harmony, a hellish consistency, in the hideous part he takes in the martyrdom of Betty Higden—the most nearly intolerable tragedy in all the tragic work of Dickens. Even the unsurpassed and unsurpassable grandeur and beauty of the martyred old heroine's character can hardly make the wonderful record of her heroic agony endurable by those who have been so tenderly and so powerfully compelled to love and to revere her. The divine scene in the children's hospital is something that could only

have been conceived and that could only have been realized by two of the greatest among writers and creators: it is a curious and memorable thing that they should have shone upon our sight together.

We can only guess what manner of tribute Victor Hugo might have paid to Dickens on reading how Johnny "bequeathed all he had to dispose of, and arranged his affairs in this world." But a more incomparable scene than this is the resurrection of Rogue Riderhood. That is one of the very greatest works of any creator who ever revealed himself as a master of fiction: a word, it should be unnecessary to repeat, synonymous with the word creation. The terrible humor of it holds the reader entranced alike at the first and the hundredth reading. And the blatant boobies who deny truthfulness and realism to the imagination or the genius of Dickens, because it never condescended or aspired to wallow in metaphysics or in filth, may be fearlessly challenged to match this scene for tragicomic and everlasting truth in the work of Sardou or Ibsen, of the bisexual George Eliot or the masculine "Miss Mævia Mannish." M. Zola, had he imagined it, as undoubtedly his potent and indisputable genius might have done, must have added a flavor of blood and a savor of ordure which would hardly have gratified or tickled the nostrils and the palate of Dickens: but it is possible that this insular delicacy or prudery of relish and of sense may not be altogether a pitiable infirmity or a derisible defect. Every scene in which Mr. Inspector or Miss Abbey Potterson figures is as lifelike as it could be if it were foul instead of fair—if it were as fetid with the reek of malodorous realism as it is fragrant with the breath of kindly and homely nature.

The fragmentary "Mystery of Edwin Drood" has things in it worthy of Dick-

ens at his best: whether the completed work would probably have deserved a place among his best must always be an open question. It is certain that if Shakespeare had completed "The Two Noble Kinsmen"; if Hugo had completed "Les Jumeaux"; or if Thackeray had completed "Denis Duval," the world would have been richer by a deathless and a classic masterpiece. It is equally certain that the grim and tragic humors of the opium den and the boy-devil are worthy of the author of "Barnaby Rudge," that the leading villain is an original villain of great promise, and that the interest which assuredly, for the average reader, is not awakened in Mr. Drood and Miss Bud is naturally aroused by the sorrows and perils of the brother and sister whose history is inwoven with theirs. It is uncertain beyond all reach of reasonable conjecture whether the upshot of the story would have been as satisfactory as the conclusion, for instance, of "David Copperfield" or "Martin Chuzzlewit," or as far from satisfactory as the close of "Little Dorrit" or "Dombey and Son."

If Dickens had never in his life undertaken the writing of a long story, he would still be great among the immortal writers of his age by grace of his matchless excellence as a writer of short stories. His earlier Christmas books might well suffice for the assurance of a lasting fame and the best of them are far surpassed in excellence by his contributions to the Christmas numbers of his successive magazines. We remember the noble "Chimes," the delightful "Carol," the entrancing "Cricket on the Hearth," the delicious Tetterbys who make "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" immortal and unghostly, and even the good stolid figure of Clemency Newcome, which redeems from the torpid peace of absolute nonentity so nearly complete a failure as "The Battle of

Life"; but the Christmas work done for "Household Words" and "All the Year Round" is at its best on a higher level than the best of these. "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" is the work of a genius till then unimaginable—a Defoe with a human heart. More lifelike or more accurate in seamanship, more noble and natural in manhood, it could not have been if the soul of Shakespeare or of Hugo had entered into the somewhat inhuman or at least insensitive genius which created Robinson Crusoe.

Among the others every reader will always have his special favorites: I do not say his chosen favorites; he will not choose but find them; it is not a question to be settled by judgment but by instinct. All are as good of their kind as they need be: children and schoolboys, soldiers and sailors, showmen and waiters, landladies and cheap-jacks, signalmen and cellar-men: all of them actual and convincing, yet all of them sealed of the tribe of Dickens; real if ever any figures in any book were real, yet as unmistakable in their paternity as the children of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, or of Fielding. A modest and honest critic will always, when dealing with questions of preference in such matters, be guided by the example of the not always exemplary Mr Jingle—"not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing!" He may in that case indicate his own peculiar addiction to the society of Toby Magsman and Mr. Chops, Captain Jorgan, Mr. Christopher (surely one of the most perfect figures ever drawn and colored by such a hand as Shakespeare's or Dekker's or Sterne's or Thackeray's), Mrs. Lirriper and Major Jackman, Dr. Marigold, and Barbox Brothers. The incredible immensity, measurable by no critic ever born, of such a creative power as was needed to call all these into immortal life

would surely, had Dickens never done any work on a larger scale of invention and construction, have sufficed for a fame great enough to deserve the applause and the thanksgiving of all men worthy to acclaim it, and the contempt of such a Triton of the minnows as Matthew Arnold. A man whose main achievement in creative literature was to make himself by painful painstaking into a sort of pseudo-Wordsworth could pay no other tribute than that of stolid scorn to a genius of such inexhaustible force and such indisputable originality as that of Charles Dickens. It is not always envy, I hope and believe, which disables and stupefies such brilliant and versatile examples of the minor poet and the minor critic when appreciation of anything new and great is found impossible for their self-complacent and self-centred understanding to attain. It is just that they cannot see high enough; they were born so, and will please themselves; as they do, and always did, and always will. And not even the tribute of equals or superiors is more precious and more significant than such disdain or such distaste as theirs.

These Christmas numbers are not, because of their small bulk, to be classed among the minor works of Dickens: they are gems as costly as any of the larger in his crown of fame. Of his lesser works the best and most precious is beyond all question or comparison "The Uncommercial Traveller"; a book which would require another volume of the same size to praise it adequately or aright. Not that there are not other short studies as good as its very best among the "reprinted pieces" which preserve for us and for all time the beloved figure of Our Bore, the less delightful figures of the noble savage and the begging-letter writer, the pathetic plaint of Mr. Meek, and the incomparable studies and stories of the detective police. We could perhaps dispense with

"Pictures from Italy," and even with "American Notes," except for the delicious account or narrative or description of sea-sickness, which will always give such exquisite intensity of rapture to boys born impervious to that ailment and susceptible only of enjoyment in rough weather at sea as can hardly be rivalled by the delight of man or boy in Mrs. Gamp herself. But there is only one book which I cannot but regret that Dickens should have written; and I cannot imagine what evil imp, for what inscrutable reason in the unjustifiable designs of a malevolent Providence, was ever permitted to suggest to him the perpetration of a "Child's History of England." I would almost as soon train up a child on Catholic or Calvinistic or servile or disloyal principles as on the cheap-jack radicalism which sees nothing to honor or love or revere in history, and ought therefore to confess that it can in reason pretend to see nothing on which to build any hope of patriotic advance or progressive endurance in the future.

A word may be added on the everlasting subject of editors and editions: a subject on which it really seems impossible that the countrymen of Shakespeare and of Dickens should ever be aroused to a sense that the matter is really worth care and consideration. Instead of reprinting the valuable and interesting prefaces written by Dickens for the first cheap edition of his collected works (a poor little double-columned reissue), the publishers of the beautiful and convenient Gadshill

series are good enough to favor its purchasers with the prefatory importunities of a writer disentitled to express and disqualified to form an opinion on the work of an English humorist. The intrusive condescension or adulation of such a commentator was perhaps somewhat superfluous in front of the reprinted Waverley Novels; the offence becomes an outrage, the impertinence becomes impudence, when such rubbish is shot down before the doorstep of Charles Dickens.

It is curious enough to compare the posthumous fortune of two such competitors in fame as Dickens and Thackeray. Rivals they were not and could not be: comparison or preference of their respective work is a subject fit only to be debated by the energetic idleness of boyhood. In life Dickens was the more prosperous: Thackeray has had the better fortune after death. To the exquisite genius, the tender devotion, the faultless taste and the unflinching tact of his daughter, we owe the most perfect memorial ever raised to the fame and to the character of any great writer on record by any editor or commentator or writer of prefaces or preludes to his work. A daughter of Dickens has left us a very charming little volume of reminiscences in which we enjoy the pleasure and honor of admission to his private presence: we yet await an edition of his works which may be worthy to stand beside the biographical edition of Thackeray's. So much we ought to have: we can demand and we can desire no more.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

*The Quarterly Review.*

## CONCERNING CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the enormous advances which have of recent years been made in various paths of astronomical research have been due very largely to the powers which the continued improvement of photographic processes have placed in the hands of astronomers. But there is an impression abroad that so much success has been achieved because the application of photography has made the art of observation comparatively simple and unlaborious. Such a view is, to say the least of it, a misapprehension of the case and yet it has been suggested by more than one brilliant exponent of astronomic truth. Four years ago, at the ceremony of the dedication of a great American observatory to the cause of science, one of the greatest living astronomers referred picturesquely to the "photographic eye of one or more little telescopes" at the Harvard College Observatory, "all-seeing and never-sleeping policemen, that scan the heavens unceasingly while the astronomer may sleep, and report in the morning every case of irregularity in the proceedings of the heavenly bodies."

Now, the men who are working at celestial photography must feel that this way of putting the case is dangerously liable to misconstruction. One of them has indeed complained that such statements take away the glamour with which he likes to think that an astronomer should be surrounded. The thought of the watcher sitting through long nights with his eye glued to the telescope invested with an air of romance an uncomfortable occupation; while there is even something ignoble in the idea of going to bed and leaving the senseless though sensitive photographic plate to explore the wonders of

the heavens—the plate which registers with equal unconcern the rich fields of the Milky Way or the regions barren of stars which lie on the borders of the great tracts of nebulae; and even goes on foolishly trying to work when clouds have blotted out the sky. Fortunately for the picturesque side of the astronomer's life, there is very little truth in the latter picture. He cannot go to bed. Save in a few cases, which scarcely make an exception, his eye and hand are wanted to guide and control the work which his photographic telescope is doing. And to make it do its work well is a task which is not less anxious at the moment of observation, and requires beforehand vastly greater preparations, than in the old days of actual star-gazing.

For so soon as the photographic plate replaced the eye at the end of the telescope, there was a cry for greater perfection in the mounting of the telescope and for greater accuracy in the driving clockwork. Probably every one knows that if a star has to be kept under examination in the telescope, the instrument must be driven by clockwork, to counteract the effect of the earth's rotation. What is not so well known is, that even if the clockwork can be adjusted exactly, the problem is only half solved. There are a number of small causes which modify in a complicated way the original simple problem. The changing refraction of the atmosphere as the star rises from the eastern and sinks towards the western horizon; small displacements of the telescope axis from its proper position; the slight bending of the tube as it turns over continually into new positions and redistributes the strains within it,—all combine to hinder an exact



solution of the problem of following the star precisely in its nightly journey across the sky.

For visual observation one need scarcely trouble about these small irregularities. It is a matter of comparative indifference whether the star remains absolutely fixed in the field of view, or drifts very slowly across it. When the error has accumulated to a large amount it can be corrected at a jump, and things go on as before. But in photography it is a very different matter. The image of the star must not be allowed to wander about in the slightest degree over the sensitive film, or its picture will come out blurred and irregular. It was practically a new problem in telescope driving which had to be solved, if perfect pictures were to be obtained; and very beautiful are the devices which have been used to secure the desired accuracy in the clockwork movement. The principle is much the same in all. Quite away from the telescope, and free from any disturbing influences which may effect its running, there is a pendulum which sends at every swing an electric current to the clock, and brings into play a mechanism which sets the clockwork right if it deviate by a very small fraction of a second from the regular swing of the pendulum. This is an improvement of a high order in telescope machinery, and its introduction has been brought about entirely by the demands of the photographer. So far so good. Instrument makers have been able to meet these demands, and the present-day driving clocks are practically perfect. At the expense of very great care and trouble in making them to start with, which is the instrument-maker's business, and in putting and keeping them in adjustment afterwards, which very soon turns perforce the astronomer into something of a mechanic, they can be made to run with almost any desired degree of nicety. And if the stars

would only run their daily course as regularly there would be no more trouble, for the instrumental difficulties to which we have referred can with care be reduced to small proportions. But the stars will not run regularly. The refraction of the atmosphere displaces them to a degree which varies continually as their height above the horizon varies, and so a motion of the telescope which follows the stars exactly in one part of the sky is quite wrong when they get to another. After the adjustment of telescope and clockwork have been made perfect,—far more perfect than was ever required in visual observation,—one is still left with a troublesome small inequality to deal with which will ruin a photograph absolutely.

It will be evident that when a man wants to obtain celestial photographs of high precision it is no case of going to bed and leaving the telescope to work sweet will, either its own or his. He requires to be very much awake to tackle the problem which is set before him, how to ensure that the image of the star is not wandering in a little path of its own upon the sensitive plate. What is required is to keep a continual watch upon it, and of course that cannot be done directly. But there are one or two ways of doing it indirectly. We can fasten two telescopes firmly parallel to one another, and by continual watching and constant correcting keep on the cross wires in one the central star of the field which is being photographed in the other. That plan avoids at least the danger of the stars running right away from their proper places on the plate, but it is at best a poor approximation to the desired end. By the nature of the case, a fault in the following cannot be detected until it has taken place, and by the time it is put right the star images have already been falling for a few seconds on the wrong places on the plate, and some

harm has been done. So serious is the result of even this very slight shift that attempts have even been made to dispense with this system of successive small corrections by hand, to calculate beforehand what the actual irregularities will be, and deliberately to make the telescope run irregularly to correspond. This is an aggravated case of working by faith, and to carry it out successfully is a matter of great difficulty. But we are entering upon a path which is strewn with thorny technicalities. Let it suffice to repeat what we have already said, that to obtain good star photographs which are fit to subject to the most accurate measurement is by no means the easy thing which we have sometimes been wrongly led to believe.

And when with great pains the star photograph has been secured, to what end will it lead? Not as a rule to the publication of a beautiful picture, crowded with stars gathered in streams and clusters, upon a background flecked with pale nebulosity. That is the kind of photograph which is used to illustrate the text-books, and a very beautiful thing it is. But its beauty is a snare. It looks so amazingly rich for the very simple reason that a great many square degrees of sky have been crowded into a very small picture. It is as though every town, village, and hamlet were dotted in on a map of Great Britain a few inches high. That would produce an exaggerated effect of over-population. And, be it noted, such a small-scale map would be of very little use if one wished to measure accurately the distance from village to village. The smallest distance to which one could measure on the map would correspond to a good many miles on the country roads. And so it is with those crowded star photographs which give so vivid a picture of the richness of the sky; they show that the heavens are densely crowded with stars. But

they altogether exaggerate the case; and it is almost a pity that they are so constantly reproduced, for no one could be surprised if it were believed that they are the typical star photographs to obtain which the great photographic telescopes are erected.

Such is not the case. Almost the whole work of a great observatory consists in making accurate measurements of one sort or another, and they have been induced to set up large photographic telescopes because it is found that measurements of the places on the stars can be made with higher precision upon a suitable photograph than upon the stars themselves. But the photograph must be suitable; and that means that images of the stars must be small and sharp, and the scale of the picture must be large. Now the scale of the picture depends directly upon the length of the telescope with which it is taken: to get a large-scale picture one must have a long telescope. A small angular distance in the sky will then correspond to a comparatively large distance upon the plate. That will not produce a gorgeous picture, for the stars will be widely scattered, and all effect of richness will be lost, unless indeed one is photographing one of the great star clusters. But a fifty-thousandth of an inch upon the photograph, which is about the limit of our powers of measurement, will correspond to perhaps a couple of hundredths of a second of arc, an angle as large as the angle between two lines drawn to opposite points on the edge of a penny set up nearly two hundred miles away.

It is clear that when we have a telescope which will produce photographs upon so large a scale, the distances upon the plate of star from star must be measurable with a high order of accuracy. But it was one of the scientific surprises of about fifteen years ago to find that the measurements

which are made upon such a photograph are actually a great deal more accurate than those which could be made by direct measurement at a similar telescope, and that in spite of the fact that a higher degree of magnification can be employed at the telescope than the photograph will profitably bear. The reason is very simple when it is pointed out. It is just this, that the image of a star in the telescope is very rarely absolutely steady. The light from the star, before it reaches the telescope, has to pass through a great depth of our atmosphere, which is, except in rarely favored regions of the world, continually disturbed by currents of air hotter or colder than the rest. Rifle-shots are very familiar with the kind of effect which this produces. On a blazing hot day, when currents of air are rising from the heated ground, they see their target dancing before their eyes, growing taller and shorter, and breaking in pieces, with the bull's-eye now in one corner and now altogether gone. Something of the same thing happens to the star-image when the telescope is set up in any but a few tranquil places, and especially when it is in a country much broken up by mountain-chains or arms of the sea. On all but two or three nights in the year the star-image will be seen dancing and quivering in the telescope, more or less as the air is much disturbed or uniform. And when the observer tries to set the spider-line of his measuring apparatus upon the image, he has to make some kind of estimate of its mean position and set upon that. It is really surprising how accurately this can be done after long experience; but the unsteadiness of the object is bound to set a limit to the accuracy which even the most practised observer can obtain. Now it might be thought that this constant vibration of the object would be more fatal to the photograph than to visual observation; but

it is not so. For the motion is very quick: several times a second does the star make a small jump from its mean position and return to it, and on an average it jumps every way with equal frequency. The consequence is that the photographic plate, which keeps a record of every jump, produces in the end an image which is certainly larger than it ought to be, but which is, as a rule, enlarged equally in every direction, so that its centre remains still where the centre of the image should be. And when the plate is put under the microscope of the measuring machine, and the threads which are moved by the measuring screw set upon the photographic image, the enlargement of the image is small loss compared with the gain which results from the fact that the image is steady. That is whence the real gain in accuracy of observation is derived.

And the gain in convenience is enormous. Suppose that the work in hand is the survey of a rich and complex group of stars. The aim is to lay down the present positions of the stars in that group with all possible accuracy, in order that we may bequeath to future generations of astronomers a complete record of the configuration as it appears to-day. For the present configuration will not remain unchanged for ever. The stars are doubtless in motion with respect to one another, and our whole solar system is in motion through space, so that one day the group will be seen from a sensibly different point of view. Small changes will come to pass in the apparent arrangement of the group, and in the course of years they will develop, so that ultimately something may be discovered of the real structure of that distant region of the universe, and of the laws by which its motions are controlled. The duty of astronomers of to-day is to leave an indubitable record of what we see now: that will be the foundation on which our successors

may be able to rear their theories, when the slow cosmical changes have had time to develop. Now, to make by direct visual observation such a survey of even a small group of stars is a most tedious and troublesome business. It involves many nights of work at the telescope, interrupted often by spells of bad weather, with the transparency and steadiness of the air continually varying, and, worst of all, with a ceaseless change in the conditions which control the many corrections that must be applied to the observations, to free them from determined sources of error,—for no measure made at the telescope is fit to stand as it is made, as an expression of real truth. Night by night the parts of the telescope expand when it is warmer, and shrink when it is cold, introducing into the measures all manner of discrepancies; and there are defects of workmanship still remaining when the maker has done his best, whose effect must be determined and allowed for. The effect of the refraction of the air upon the measures is always altering; the effects of the aberration of light vary with the position of the earth in its orbit round the sun; and the complications which arise from the slow steady swing, and the little swings superposed upon it, of the axis of the earth itself, can scarcely be expressed in words. It requires no elaboration of the argument to make it clear that when a set of measures extends over many hours, or many nights, the calculation of all these things afresh for every single measure consumes a terrible amount of time, and is unspeakably dreary. And the trouble is all due to the fact that the measures made by eye observation at the telescope must be made one after the other. If they could all be made at once there would be only one set of conditions, instead of many, for which the corrections must be calculated and applied. Photography has made this

possible. The sensitive plate will record as easily ten thousand stars as ten; and when it is developed, there is the record of all the stars under exactly the same conditions. It may be put away until a season of cloudy weather stops work at the telescope; it may be measured gradually day by day, as the convenience of the observer, not of the clerk of the weather, may dictate. And when these troublesome corrections of which we have spoken come to be applied, there is only one set to calculate instead of hundreds. One uniform scheme of corrections will apply to the whole of the measures which may be made, entirely because the observations, if we may apply such a term to the processes which go on among the sensitive silver particles embedded in the gelatine film, were made all at once instead of in small successive groups.

That is the most real, and the least obvious to unprofessional eyes, of the benefits which the application of photography have conferred upon the science of astronomical measurement. It is no exaggeration to say that had photography never lent its all-recording aid, it would have been impossible for all the astronomers of this century to accumulate one tithe of the records which have been amassed in the last ten years of the structure of the sky as we see it to-day,—records whose value will increase year by year, until they enable perhaps the astronomers of some future century to learn as much of the laws of the great universe of stars as we know of our little solar system which is set within it.

So much for the exact measurements, which play so large a part in the astronomer's labors, so small a one in the popular conception of them. An astronomer is often regarded as a man who sits up all night watching at his telescope, to be rewarded at last by picking up something new in the sky.

That is certainly how new objects, planets and their satellites, comets, nebulae, were, and still are, discovered, though we shall presently see that photography has invaded, and in great part conquered, this domain also of our science. But greater than the discovery of many comets or nebulae is the discovery of a new law whose effects may be traced in the motions of the celestial bodies, and this comes not of descriptive observation, of merely acute star-gazing, but of accurate measurement. And when the operations of a law have been first roughly traced, qualitatively, if we may borrow a term from chemical analysis, there is next to be performed the quantitative analysis which puts into numbers the effects of the law's operations, and enables us to predict them for the future as we have observed them in the past. Bradley discovered the law of the aberration of light by the pertinacity with which he measured continually the position of a star when his observations began to show traces of some abnormality in its apparent motions for which he could not account. He literally ran the difficulty to earth, for he showed that the effect was due to the motion of the earth in its orbit round the sun, with a speed small, but not absolutely insignificant, compared with the speed with which light travels towards us from the stars. And within the last few years the American astronomer Seth Chandler has discovered the law and evaluated the magnitude of an oscillation in the position of the axis of the earth's figure, which had for years been vitiating the results of all manner of investigations, partly suspected, but not understood, and had driven more than one observatory to despair. It was not detected by any special series of observations made for the purpose, but was sorted out from the results of measures made for divers ends at many observatories throughout

the whole of the past century. And so it has always been a result of measurement when any great advance has been made in our knowledge of the laws which govern the universe. So it will have to be in the solution of the problems which confront astronomers in every direction. Measures, and more measures, and again still more are wanted. To insist that photography has made their accumulation more rapid and more certain is the greatest tribute that can be paid to the telescope's young and powerful ally.

One must not, however, allow enthusiasm for photography as a means to celestial measurement to thrust aside the claims it makes for recognition in many other rôles. As a mere observer the photographic plate possesses certain powers which the eye cannot hope to rival; but, on the other hand, it is in one quality at least conspicuously deficient, and it will be convenient to pause for a moment to draw a sharp line of demarcation between two main classes of descriptive observation, each of which is fruitful of discovery: the detection of minute detail in a bright object, and the detection of objects of the last degree of faintness. The power to excel in both these matters is not always found in the same eye. The man who is keen to pick up the first shred of misty light which betokens the approach of a new comet may be altogether wanting in that curious insight which seems to feel rather than see that a small point of light is not single but double, and that increased magnifying power and a steady night will show one more new double star. And the photographic plate is of all observers the most one-sided in this respect. While it can patiently store up the light from a very faint source until at last an image can be developed, its power of portraying every minute detail is almost contemptible, at present. We say "at present" ad-



visedly, because the chief cause which makes the photograph to fall in this respect may any day be overcome by some chemist's discovery. The cause is this, that the sensitive film is very coarse grained. The particles of silver salt in it are of sensible size, and the image will bear only a small magnification—some twenty diameters—before it begins to split up into individual grains, and then nothing is to be gained by going further. The half-tone process blocks which are used so much for illustration nowadays provide a similar case. Whoever has brought a glass to bear upon one of these, in the hope of seeing fine detail more precisely, will be at no loss to appreciate the meaning of this difficulty. At any time this difficulty of the coarse-grainedness of our plates may be surmounted; but there will always remain the blurring effect of the unsteadiness of the air, which, we have already seen, will enlarge the image of each point into a disc of some size. Even in the steadiest climates this must always stand in the way of photographing extremely fine detail. The plate is too faithful; it records everything that falls upon it, whether it is wanted or not. The trained eye can wait for steady moments, during which it will perceive clearly for an instant what is lost the next in a wave of unsteadiness; and so, by choosing its moments and waiting patiently, it can distinguish what will never be made distinct by the plate, which mixes good and bad together. There remains, then, one field in which the eye is still supreme, the examination of fine detail in the sky, whether in the systems of stars or the surface markings of planets and moons. And when we have mentioned this we have mentioned almost the only field of observation which will be left for those who are conservative enough to work still with the human rather than the photographic retina.

In its power of observing very faint sources of light the photographic plate is supreme. What the eye cannot see in a few seconds of intense gazing, it will never see at all. The light is not strong enough to stimulate the nerves of the retina and convey an appreciable impression to the brain; and no prolonged gazing will help, for whatever impression is produced dies away in a small part of a second, and can be succeeded only by others of the same intensity. With the photographic plate it is quite different. Every small pulse of light which falls on a grain of sensitive silver salt does a little towards breaking up the molecules of which it is made. Wave after wave adds its effect, until at last some of them are decomposed, and an image can be developed. To photograph a very faint source of light is thus, within certain limits, merely a question of continuing the exposure for a sufficient length of time, a matter of skill and patience only. How great is the superiority of the photographic over the eye and pencil method of delineating the forms of the nebulae may be judged from the fact that, until photography was applied, we knew scarcely anything definite about the shape of most of them. Between the drawings of different observers there was a fine dissimilarity: the eye was baffled in the endeavor to follow the complex windings of wisps of light of the last degree of faintness, and no pencil could reproduce the infinitely delicate gradations with which they fade away into empty space. The great nebula in Andromeda is an object which offers to the eye at the telescope an appearance almost uninteresting. It is an oval patch of light which fades away imperceptibly to the edge of the field of view, and shows no structure whatever. By very attentive care the astronomer Bond detected some faint and apparently straight rifts in the outlying portions; but no

definite structure could be satisfactorily made out until in 1885 Dr. Isaac Roberts obtained a photograph of the nebula, which was a revelation. Out of the shapeless mass of faint light and ill-seen channels was evolved a great bright nucleus set in a wonderful structure of rings, like a vast nebulous Saturn, irresistibly suggesting the formation on a tremendous scale of a system of bodies moving round a central sun, after the manner in which Laplace has in his nebular hypothesis pictured the growth of our own system of sun and planets.

This resolution of the Andromeda nebula into a structure so clearly generated by a whirling motion under the action of some such force as gravitation, and offering so tempting a case for the study of celestial dynamics upon a stupendous scale, lent a great impetus to the work of photographing the nebulae. About 6000 of them had been discovered before the days of photography, and very many years ago the famous telescope of the Earl of Rosse had shown that a few of them had a spiral structure. It was very hard to see—scarcely any telescope that was made for years afterwards would show it at all. It was still more difficult to explain, or even to conjecture, what force could twist a great mass of star-stuff—we have no better name for it—into the form of a spiral; and there was even some satisfaction in feeling that, after all, these cases were the exception, and not the rule, and that their explanation was not involved in whatever theories we might have to form about the nebulae in general. Photography has completely upset so sanguine a view of the case. As nebula after nebula has yielded up the secret of its structure to the sensitive plate, more and more cases of the spiral form have been found, with the aggravated complication that the spiral is not single, but as a rule double, and

is studded all along its length with bright knots that look suspiciously like ill-formed stars. And the culminating-point has been reached quite lately in a remarkable statement, modestly hidden away in the description of a new branch of work which has recently been taken up at the Lick Observatory,—taken up four years ago by James Keeler, then newly appointed director and interrupted in the saddest way soon afterwards by his untimely death. At Lick they have now the three-foot reflecting telescope which was mounted by Dr. Common at Ealing more than twenty years ago, and which produced the remarkable early photographs of the Orion nebula which will always be associated with his name. When he set about to build a larger instrument it passed into other hands, and was finally presented to the Lick Observatory, where under the brilliant Californian sky it has first been enabled to show its true worth. It was put to a re-observation by photography of all the nebulae in Herschel's great catalogue, and when the plates were examined they were found covered with nebulae previously unknown, and more than half of these were spirals. It is estimated that there are at the very least 120,000 new nebulae within reach of this instrument, with so large a proportion of them of the class which were of old considered rare that we shall have to invert our notions of these bodies altogether, and for the future look upon a nebula which does not show a spiral structure as the exception rather than the rule. Compare this vast number with the 6000 which were known after a century of diligent star-gazing, and we shall have some small idea of what photography can do for descriptive observation and discovery.

And here the limitations of our space must set bounds to the consideration of an almost illimitable subject. We have left untouched fields of immense

extent: the continuous registration by photography of the state of the surface of the sun; its use during the few precious seconds of a total eclipse of the sun, to accumulate pictures which can be studied continuously without giving up all their secrets before an eclipse comes round again; its application to the purpose of mapping the visible spectra of the stars more minutely than can be done by eye, and of pushing the investigation far into the parts of the spectrum beyond the violet which the eye can never see; and, lastly, that continual survey and record of the state of the sky night by night, which is carried on almost automatically at the observatory where the "celestial policemen" has his beat. To examine them all would but lay greater emphasis upon the part which pho-

tography can play in the business of record and descriptive observation of the sky; and this is perhaps so well known through the beautiful plates that now adorn every text-book, that to insist further upon it might but obscure what has been our principal theme,—that an even higher interest attaches to the work of tracing the laws which govern the motions and the developments of the bodies already known to us than belongs to the more showy work of discovery and description of new and strange objects; that this comes of careful and continuous measurement; and that the highest among the claims which photography has upon our consideration is the fact that it has rendered the art of astronomical measurement at once more expeditious and more accurate.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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#### THE CENTENARY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Sound of trumpets blowing down the merriest winds of morn,  
Flash of hurtless lightnings, laugh of thunders loud and glad,  
Here should hail the summer day whereon a light was born  
Whence the sun grew brighter, seeing the world less dark and sad.  
Man of men by right divine of boyhood everlasting,  
France incarnate, France immortal in her deathless boy,  
Brighter birthday never shone than thine on earth, forecasting  
More of strenuous mirth in manhood, more of manful joy.  
Child of warriors, friend of warriors, Garibaldi's friend,  
Even thy name is as the splendor of a sunbright sword:  
While the boy's heart beats in man, thy fame shall find not end:  
Time and dark oblivion bow before thee as their lord.  
Youth acclaims thee gladdest of the gods that gild his days:  
Age gives thanks for thee, and death lacks heart to quench thy praise.  
*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

## HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

The world said that Augustus Peyton-Pilkington was a superior person, a man of culture and conduct. According to Jack Anstruther, his brother-in-law (whose opinion, by the way, is not entitled to much consideration), old Gus took himself too seriously; but Jack admitted the superiority with a Guardsman's sneer. A bit of a prig—I quote Jack—proud as Lucifer; for the rest, a useful "sort" in his country, a fair sportsman, and—here the brother smiled genially—a courteous and devoted husband, who had married Betty Anstruther for love, and love alone. None the less, we have heard a crusted family joke to the effect that Augustus need never stand, because it was so easy for him to sit—on Betty!

For seven consecutive seasons (ever since the death of old Peyton-Pilkington, who represented the Northern Division of Slowshire during thirty years) Augustus and his wife had occupied one of those comfortable mansions in Portman Square which would seem to have been specially designed to shelter those who, albeit neither great nor illustrious, are negatively conspicuous by the absence of blemish. The Peyton-Pilkingtons, for instance, harbored no insanity, nor other dreadful taint; they neither drank to excess, nor gambled, nor made love to wives other than their own. We may speak of them, therefore, as the bricks and mortar of the Empire—not its pillars of state, not its gay and meretricious ornaments, but the stuff out of which walls, or monuments, are fashioned. Such folk have a nice contempt for mere fashion and fortune. Men and women—I quote Miss Anastasia, the maiden aunt of Augustus—come and go, flitting hither and thither like the gorgeous insects of a

garish day, but the Peyton-Pilkingtons remain!

Consider, then, the consternation which filtered slowly through the varied strata of town and country society when it became known that Augustus had let—for twenty-one years—the ancient manor of Little Pilkington, had sold the lease of the Portman Square mansion, and had settled down "somewhere, my dear," in—Battersea!

Jack Anstruther told Mayfair that Gus had been fleeced by the wolves of Capel Court. The essential facts are these: Heavy death duties, an estate charged with large annuities, and a steady fall in rents, had driven Augustus into the Kaffir Market. He had made some judicious investments, with which the Transvaal war played havoc. To retrieve his losses our Slowshire squire plunged headlong into the wild waves of speculation, and was submerged!

Practically nothing was left save his wife's small income of five hundred a year, strictly settled upon herself, and the Peyton-Pilkington honor. Augustus paid his creditors in full, and then hid himself in Albert Bridge Road, whence he refused to budge. One day he told his Elizabeth that he was like to die of a punishment known to travellers in China as Ling, or Death by the Thousand Cuts. The poor fellow vowed that his friends cut his acquaintance; whereas he cut theirs, being deaf and dumb and blind with resentment. Nor did this honorably discharged bankrupt reckon as an asset his wife's love, for, to tell the truth, her cheerful acceptance of adversity much annoyed him.

"How can you laugh—"

"My dearest, we might be so much worse off."

"We might be lepers starving in Molokai, no doubt."

"Perhaps they laugh—sometimes," said Elizabeth.

As the months passed he resented more and more her "kowitz" to poverty. She took a puerile interest in papering and painting her bedroom; she attended a cooking class; she wrote short stories—not, alas! available for publication. Augustus ate the dainty food she prepared, murmuring: "That you, an Anstruther, should bake and baste!"

"Others, Augustus—"

"My love, I am not interested at present in—others."

To gratify a whim of his she often wore her diamond stars, which he had given her on their marriage.

"When you wear them," he said one night, "I recognize my wife."

"Oh, that hurts," she protested.

He had the grace to apologize, and explain: "They take my eye from this, and this"—he indicated, with deprecatory forefinger, the Japanese carpet and the drawing-room furniture: a "parlor" set, "elegantly" upholstered.

"If you would let me sell them I could make you so much more comfortable. They are worth—I mean they would fetch—four hundred pounds."

"And they cost just double, Elizabeth. You have been to some con-founded pawnbroker. Now, mark me, I beg you to wear your stars every night."

"With hashed mutton?"

"With tripe, if necessary."

She obeyed, smiling, although a close observer might have a glimpse of tears.

Perhaps the parlor-maid chattered to the cook of the gems; and the cook may have told her young man, who prattled much and often in disreputable taverns. At any rate, upon one never-to-be-forgotten night burglars broke into

the small house in Albert Bridge Road, carrying off Elizabeth's diamonds and a fur-lined overcoat which Augustus wore when the wind blew keen and raw from the river. This cruel kicking of those who were already prostrate roused Augustus to action. Indeed, he and the police worked to such good purpose that one of the thieves was arrested and in due time convicted. At the moment of arrest this fellow was impudently arrayed in Augustus's fur-lined coat; unhappily, the diamonds were not found on his person, nor in any of his haunts. The trial excited attention because the prisoner proved a famous character. Indeed, Augustus was given to understand that in a sense he had been honored by this great artist's visit. "As a rule 'e don't go for to crack no small cribs," said the detective who had captured him. "Why, sir, we know that 'e was the brains o' the great bond robbery. Never 'eard of it? Why, Gawd bless my bones and body, in the Yard we've talked of nothing else for the lawst month. No; we never got 'old o' the stuff. That's the worst o' them negotiable securities. 'Ow much? Why, sixty thousand pound!"

Somehow these figures lingered in Augustus's memory; partly, no doubt, because they represented, more or less, the sum he had lost in the Kaffir Market, the payment of which had entailed such disastrous sacrifices. Sixty thousand pounds! He repeated the words as he drove home on a 'bus after the famous cracksman had received his sentence; and at dinner, when his Elizabeth asked him what he would like—a choice between chops and curry being implied—he murmured abstractedly: "Sixty thousand pounds!"

After dinner, his Elizabeth being engrossed with domestic duties, Augustus went, as was his habit, to smoke a pipe in the room which the parlor-maid called the "lilbery"; and passing down



the narrow passage he marked with a frown the fur coat upon its peg. With a frown, because the judge had said a scathing word upon the unwisdom of leaving sable-lined coats in passages upon the Surrey side of the river. Augustus took down what the papers had described as a magnificent garment, and returned to the dining-room for the pepper-pot, wisely reflecting that moths may destroy when thieves cannot break through and steal. Then he carefully examined his coat, feeling in the pockets (which contained nothing), and noting with satisfaction that the beautiful fur was none the worse for a thief's wear and tear. Presently a wrinkle in the dark-blue cloth caught his eye. Mechanically he began to smooth it out with his long, finely shaped fingers. And so doing he was sensible that something lay between the cloth and the fur lining. A minute later he was staring intently at a small piece of paper, a baggage receipt, upon which was inscribed in pencil, one handbag, a date, and the sum paid—tu'pence.

Why had the famous cracksman hidden this receipt so carefully? Obviously, because the bag to be reclaimed must hold some article of superlative value. What? Why, Elizabeth's diamonds, to be sure. Augustus smiled blandly, for he was reflecting that he, Augustus Peyton-Pilkington, would succeed where the experts of Scotland Yard had failed. But if the bag contained no diamonds—

A minute afterwards the front door slammed violently. Augustus was on his way to Waterloo Station, with a scent breast-high in his nostrils!

## II.

When he returned with the bag, about an hour later, Augustus begged his Elizabeth to go to bed. He had letters to write, he said, and did not wish to be disturbed. Betty kissed him some-

what wistfully, and hoped that the loss of her diamonds was not distressing her dear man too much; for her part, she added, she was quite resigned and never expected to see them again.

"My dear," said Augustus, "you show a truly Christian spirit; yet I predict that the diamonds *will* be found; and, when found, I may consider the propriety of doing what you have *urged* me repeatedly to do: of—er—in short—selling them. Four hundred pounds would —"

"Come in handy," smiled Elizabeth.

"Would relieve our immediate necessities," answered Augustus; he had been chairman of the Slowshire County Hospital. "Goodnight, dearest Betty."

Alone in his room, Augustus examined the prize. It was locked, but a stout screwdriver soon opened it. Augustus shook out the contents upon the hearthrug, looking eagerly for the familiar shagreen case, which, alas! was not to be seen. No matter. Would a burglar, and one at the top of his profession, keep incriminating evidence? He was a fool to look for the case. Without doubt he would find the stones, unset, in some small leather bag. With feverish fingers he searched diligently, and found nothing of greater value than half-a-dozen shirts and some shaving-tackle. Augustus felt that his eyes were smarting with disappointment. He went through the small pile of clothes again, and found in the torn lining of a waistcoat a discolored threepenny bit! This small coin broke the back of expectation. Augustus rose from his knees and fell limply into an armchair.

Presently his eye fell upon the empty bag. It was not a common bag, being made, evidently to order, of the stoutest leather. Augustus picked it up. There *was* room at the bottom for a dozen necklaces. With a penknife he ripped out the canvas lining, plunged his hand into the bag, and drew forth.

not the diamonds, but a huge packet of bonds—the missing 60,000!.

At first he rejoiced; but when, on further search, it became evident that Elizabeth's diamonds were not in or under the bonds, his joy at another's good fortune became less exuberant. Later, after more thought, joy fled altogether, scourged out of sight by envy and disappointment. The bonds belonged to a rich stockbroker, to whom the loss had been a mere pin's prick. And now jade Fortune restored to Dives what he had scarcely missed, and withheld from Lazarus crumbs which might save him from starving.

For an hour this injustice bit deep into the soul of Augustus. The fact that Dives was a mighty dealer in South African mining stocks increased our poor friend's tribulation.

"Ill-gotten gold," quoth Augustus, eyeing the pile of bonds. "I would stake my life that some of it is mine!"

He began to finger the bonds, listening with a strange smile upon his face to the soft, sibilant rustle of the paper. Then he counted them. The sixty thousand pounds were there—every penny. Negotiable securities—that was the phrase the detective used—easily transmuted into aught the heart might desire.

"If he went abroad with Betty——"

He started guiltily, eyeing the door. Was it possible that he—*he*—was of no finer clay than the man who had been condemned that day to five years' penal servitude?

Augustus closed his eyes, but unconsciously he gripped the bonds more tightly.

Suppose that he were not Augustus Peyton-Pilkington. For—for the fun of the thing let him pretend to be an unscrupulous rascal. Could the bonds be traced? Never! The man at the cloak-room had not glanced at him when he pushed the bag across the counter. The famous cracksman might

make a shrewd guess, but what could he prove? Another man, too, might count himself justified in borrowing some of his money, for a brief season. An operator of experience could double sixty thousand pounds in a year! But then the bonds would have to be used for collateral security. That would be dangerous. No; the safer plan would be to sell the bonds in Paris or Hamburg, and then, when he had reaped his harvest, return the sixty thousand pounds to its owner.

He put his hand to his forehead, and found that it was cold and wet with perspiration.

Sixty thousand pounds! What did it mean? Why—the old life: the pleasant yesterdays, the swirl of salmon rivers, the scent of heather, the cheery gatherings at the covert side, and the power and pride of a county magnate. Augustus walked to the window, pulled aside the curtains, and flung up the sash. Outside the snow was falling sparsely; the lamps gleamed palely, throwing yellow circles upon the chill obscurity around them; the pavement gleamed white in front of the house; then the white melted imperceptibly into gray, and from gray into black.

"By God!" said Augustus, "I'll do it."

He shut the window and laughed. He was tingling with excitement, with a new and alluring sensation. "Do they do it for this?" he wondered, as he bundled the bonds into a black enamelled box labelled Peyton-Pilkington Estate. "Does it grip them like this?" The human mind, he reflected, was a strange thing. A man might climb and climb, over inconceivable obstacles, till he stood on dizzy heights—and then fall into some bottomless abyss.

It was now hard on midnight, but Augustus, feeling particularly wide-awake, put coal on the fire, tobacco into his pipe, and settled himself in a cosy chair. At this moment he heard a timid tap at the door; then, obedient to

a somewhat testy "Come in," Elizabeth crossed the threshold.

"I am so—so—nervous to-night," she said excitedly.

Augustus nodded kindly, feminine weakness being a tribute to masculine strength.

"My dear child," he said, "compose yourself!"

Elizabeth laid a pretty hand upon what had been described as the Peyton-Pilkington forehead with a gesture indescribably maternal. Having no children, she was constrained to lavish upon her husband those delicate and innumerable caresses which seldom provoke acknowledgment, and are for the most part forgotten till the tender touch makes itself an imperishable memory, because felt no more. Augustus was moved to take that gentle hand within his own and pat it softly.

"My poor Betty," he said.

Elizabeth burst into tears.

Augustus—let us give him what credit is due—was genuinely distressed, because Elizabeth, despite a soft and sympathetic disposition, was not an emotional woman. Or, to be precise, she denied emotion its commonplace expression. If wives understood the true power of tears, they would flow but rarely.

"What troubles you?" he asked.

She knelt down at his side, raising her face to his. By the soft glow of lamp and fire some of the lines which care had traced upon her delicate skin became invisible; her cheeks were faintly flushed; her eyes were suffused with a light of other and happier days. So she had knelt, so she had looked upon that evening, long ago, when he had asked her to be his wife. For a moment—so surprising are the pranks which memory will play—the present was obliterated: he saw himself a young man, the head of an honorable and ancient family, one willing to accept and execute the responsibilities of his position, and

he saw her, the sweet maid, surrendering her life to his. Even when she spoke the spell was not lifted, because the silvery quality of the voice remained constant as its owner.

"I am not poor," she whispered, "because I have you. Oh, Augustus, I feel that I have failed, that I have not done my part. Our love has not stood the supreme test. We have drifted apart. Yes; indeed, indeed it is so. I have been a hindrance, not a help. And to-night you told me that you did not wish to be disturbed. That meant, dear, that I, your wife, could and did disturb you—that my presence was less to you than my absence. And when we were prosperous it was not so. You said that I helped you with your work. Do you remember that you always liked me to sit near you when you were composing your speeches or writing your letters? I did not disturb you then."

Augustus coughed uneasily.

"When our bad times came," she continued softly, "I hoped that they would bring us even more closely together—that you would need me more than before. That was my conceit, my ignorance. You need a clever wife now"—she was thinking of the "unavailable manuscripts"—"a true helpmeet."

Augustus raised her, rising himself, so that they stood upon the shabby carpet face to face, although his head towered high above hers.

"If I could only help you," she murmured, "as you have helped me."

He made her sit in his chair: an action not without significance—to her. Then he said slowly, "Have I helped you, Betty?"

As he put the question he answered it, without compromise. He had not helped her in the sense she meant. No, not once. In silence he listened to a long and slightly inarticulate recital of what, in sober truth, he had left undone. When she had finished he leaned against the mantelpiece, so that his

face lay in the shadow. For the first time he was unwilling to meet his wife's eyes.

"Betty," he stammered, "are you not c-c-confounding p-p-practice with p-p-precept?" Then, using simpler words, he said quickly, "I have not done these things you give me credit for; I have only said them."

Elizabeth smiled—the Misses Peyton-Pilkington, Augustus's maiden aunts, said that Elizabeth's smile had "quality"—and shook her head. "It is just like you to say that," she remarked with emphasis.

"You do not know me at all." His cheek flushed in the shadows because her silence was so eloquent. When he dared to look at her he saw that her housewifely eye had noted the bag. He read interrogation in the glance she turned from it to him, and was not unwilling to welcome a suspension of proceedings which had become amazingly involved.

"Where did that fat bag come from?"

He told the story from beginning to end, without mention of the bonds.

"I understand," said Elizabeth. "You wanted to surprise me. How dear of you! You made certain the diamonds were in the bag. That is why you did not wish to be disturbed. And perhaps you wished to bear the burden of disappointment alone. Oh, Augustus! how can you say that I do not know you?"

She rose up and kissed him; but he returned the kiss perfunctorily.

"And, really and truly," she whispered, "I do not care—at least, not much. If the price of a virtuous wife is far above rubles, is not a kind and tender husband a greater possession than all the diamonds of Golconda? You have opened my eyes. I see now that you have been worrying yourself to death because you thought that I cared. I don't—I don't. We have enough to live on; and when you get

work—with your great talents you must soon get work—we shall have more than enough."

"Work?" Augustus spoke without animation. "I have a plan. I think I can borrow a sum sufficient to start me in business. We shall pay off the mortgage, and live once more in Portman Square."

"Bother Portman Square!" said Elizabeth. "I do not like to advise you, dear, but—"

"I have always asked for your advice. (He had seldom taken it.) "Pray speak freely."

"Then I say, don't borrow unless the certainty of returning the loan is absolute; and it never is quite absolute—is it?—in business."

She blushed, because some of her own money which was not in settlement had been borrowed by Augustus and lost.

"Nothing is—er—certain," said Augustus.

"Please don't borrow," she pleaded.

Augustus rose and went to the box upon which was inscribed, "The Peyton-Pilkington Estate."

"I found these at the bottom of the bag," he said. "I shall return them to the owner to-morrow, but—"

He paused, for Elizabeth was smiling. She did not understand. Would she ever understand?

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, fingering the crisp papers, "why did you not tell me this wonderful news at once? I suppose it is impossible for a woman to realize what it means. Oh, Augustus, what a delightful moment it will be when you give these back to their owner! I do envy you that!"

"Then you shall do it," he said suddenly; and, when she protested, he insisted, refusing to take "No" for an answer. A few minutes later they went upstairs together, and Elizabeth was soon fast asleep; but Augustus lay awake.

III.

Next day, as soon as breakfast was over, Elizabeth went into the City. Night had hardened Augustus's resolution not to touch the bonds again, and he was able to plead indisposition as an excuse for not accompanying her. Indeed, he looked wretchedly ill—quite unfit to brave a cutting east wind and streets sodden with new-fallen snow. Accordingly, Elizabeth set forth alone, in a hansom, tightly clutching a brown-paper parcel, which, for greater security, she had tied to her wrist. On the eve of her departure she saw that the fire in the "livery" was brightly burning, that the book her lord was reading lay ready to his hand, that his pipes and matches and tobacco were within easy reach. As she flitted about, her eyes sparkling with anticipation of an entrancing errand, Augustus watched her with a faint smile upon his pallid face.

"I shall rush home as soon as possible and tell you all about it," she said, as she kissed his forehead. "You are giving me a wonderful treat. Only, I cannot understand why you should not wish to do this delightful thing yourself. Good-bye, my darling. Don't stir from this nice warm room."

She was gone with a gay laugh upon her lips. Augustus lay back in his chair and closed his eyes. He could not read nor smoke. The one thing possible was thought. Some persons have never acquired the habit of thought, but Augustus Peyton-Pilkington was not of these. He had always thought consistently and coherently of himself, of his place in the world, of what he owed the world—let us be fair—and of what the world owed him. Much reflection upon these subjects had made of him the man he was. But now, within a brief twelve hours, a change had taken place—the

unexpected had come to pass. He, Humpty-Dumpty, had fallen from the top of that high and mighty wall which had taken nearly forty years to construct. Shattered though he was, he retained his eyesight unimpaired. Only now he was constrained to look up instead of looking down. He looked up, for instance, at Elizabeth, and hardly recognized her. If he lost Elizabeth—Confound it! this beastly smoke was getting into his eyes. He began to walk up and down the room. What had he been thinking about? Elizabeth. She had changed since yesterday. The child had grown. Good Lord! what a fine, full stature she had attained to! It was pleasant to think of her, God bless her! But if he told her the truth, if he revealed himself as Humpty-Dumpty, if—

"Lord Kingsworthy," said the parlor-maid.

Augustus received the peer with formality. Upon the day after the great crash he had written to his wife's cousin, asking him to do "something." A Cabinet Minister pulls many strings. The great man sent a very courteous and sympathetic letter in reply; but he had done nothing.

"You look peaky," said Lord Kingsworthy; "but my news will give you a fillip. Slowshire would not be Slowshire if it could make up its mind quickly. But I've talked with every man of influence in the county, and, to cut it short, the Chief Constablenesship is at your service. Six hundred a year, a capital house—and perks! My dear fellow, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart. I don't think, mind you, that you've treated us quite squarely, shirking, as you have done, our—er—sympathy, and—er—so forth; but we have all admired your fortitude and integrity. Now you will come back to us, and Slowshire will give you a warm welcome. No, no, I can't stay. I'm in the very dence of a hurry,



as usual. Love to Betty, and tell her that she owes my wife *two* calls."

The door slammed behind him.

Augustus laughed nervously. Why had Kingsworthy come to-day, instead of yesterday? Why, why, why?

And he owed this good fortune to his wife.

"My God!" he groaned. "I ought to tell her; I must tell her; but I can't do it. She would despise me, perhaps—leave me."

The room seemed to grow chill and dark, despite the cheery blaze of the fire.

"I won't tell her," he said desperately.

#### IV.

It was nearly time for luncheon when Elizabeth returned to the house in Albert Bridge Road. Augustus saw her descend from a smart brougham drawn by two magnificent blood bays. A tall man followed her.

"He would come," said Elizabeth, when the owner of the bonds was introduced. "I told him that I believed you were down with the 'flu,' but he said he would risk more than that to thank the man who had saved him from ruin."

"Eh? said Augustus. "I thought that to you the loss was a fleabite."

Dives laughed frankly.

"I'll tell *you* the truth. I happen to need this money to take me out of a tight place. I'm a rich man; yes, but this war has made the richest of us squirm. Humanly speaking, you have done me a colossal service. I am eternally your debtor."

Seizing Augustus's hand, he shook it violently.

"And I have this," said Elizabeth. "It is yours, Augustus—the advertised reward."

"Six thousand pounds!" Augustus stared at the cheque made payable to his order.

"Ten per cent.—and little enough, too," said Dives.

"I cannot accept—a penny," said Augustus firmly. He turned quickly, tore up the pink slip of paper, and threw it into the fire.

"Oh, Augustus!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"My dear sir, this is—quixotic. If ever money was well earned, you—Pray reconsider this decision. I beseech you—for—for your wife's sake."

Augustus looked at his Elizabeth. That she was bitterly disappointed every line of her face and figure plainly showed.

"No," he said; "not even for her sake."

The other stared, opened his lips, closed them again, and bowed. His tact, seldom at fault, warned him that protest would prove unavailing, that the decision was irrevocable. Nothing was left but to respect a magnificent piece of folly. He bowed again, twice—to Augustus first, and then to Elizabeth, upon whom his eyes lingered with pleasure. Then, without a word, he walked slowly out of the room.

Augustus went back to his chair, while Elizabeth stood at the window, pressing hot cheeks against the cool pane. The bays dashed off, as if they were eager to leave Battersea; a piano-organ drew up at the curb, and an Irishman, not very successfully disguised as an Italian, began to grind out the opening bars of Mascagni's "Intermezzo"; farther down the road a man was selling hot chestnuts to a pair of hungry-looking children.

"Elizabeth!"

She turned quickly, running to him when she saw his pale thin face supported by a trembling hand.

"Forgive me," she cried ardently. "You are right; you always are right, and I am wrong. But when you destroyed the cheque, and with it so many pretty little castles in Spain, I

felt such a beast. I was hateful. Darling—you do forgive me, don't you? As if it were possible for you—you—to take that man's cheque. But I—well, I must make a clean breast of it—I was thinking of my diamonds. I told him about them in the brougham; and he said you would be sure to replace them."

"Then you did—care?"

"I am a woman, and we do like our pretty things. I see you are displeased, but I must make you understand that between my likes and dislikes, my fancies and whims, and my love for you there is an enormous gulf. My dear, what a noble man you are!"

"Am I?" he said hoarsely. "Wait!"

He led her, wondering and rather frightened, to a chair, turning it so that her face was in the shadow. He was sensible that an extraordinary quiet had fallen upon the little room. Was it peace? or merely the stopping of the piano-organ outside?

When he had finished his story there was a silence. He had told his tale with the conciseness which characterized his public speaking; and he was sure that his listener had absorbed every phrase of it. Now she was trying to adjust the real Augustus with the sham. He stole a glance at her. Her slender figure filled half the chair; her presence filled the universe. The words of a song which she sang came into his mind:

The mind hath a thousand eyes,  
The heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole world dies . . .  
When love is done—

And then, somehow, she was in his arms, with her head upon his shoulder; and after a few words, not to be repeated, he found himself speaking

of Kingsworthy and the good news from Slowshire. But at the end he hazarded one question:

"If I had *not* told you?"

"Our love would have died," she answered with conviction; then the dimples came into her cheeks. "You know, Augustus, I have sometimes wished that you were less of a saint. All right; I'll say no more, except this. If, if you *had* done it"—her voice fell to a whisper—"I should have stuck to you and loved you, bond or free. You never doubted that—did you?"

He closed her eager mouth with a kiss.

That night a messenger-boy brought a packet which he had been instructed to deliver into the hands of Mrs. Peyton-Pilkington. It contained five splendid diamond stars and a note. The writer begged his dear lady to accept these stars, which he hoped would shine as brightly as those she had lost. A refusal, he pointed out, would add an intolerable burden to obligations which the stars he offered were in no sense expected to lighten, but merely to brighten. Elizabeth gloated over the stars, and shut the case with a snap.

"Put on your diamonds," Augustus commanded.

"Oh, Augustus—"

"Put them on—at once! And don't call me Augustus! It is an absurd, pretentious name, which has been, I really believe, a millstone round my neck."

"But what shall I call you?"

She was so busy pinning the stars into her bodice that she missed the smile which flickered across her husband's face.

"When we are quite alone," he said gravely, "I should like you to call me—Humpty-Dumpty."

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*

## DRAGON-FLIES.

In the heart of the pine-woods below Claremont lies the dragon-fly pool. It is called in the map the Black Pond, but apart from its beauty it owes its fame to being the established home of more and rarer dragon-flies than any pool in the South of England. It is always interesting to try to find reasons for the preference which living creatures show for one place rather than another. In this case it is not difficult to discover why the beautiful but rapacious dragon-flies, the *raptores* of their own world, should haunt this pine-wood pool in undiminished numbers, while so few, comparatively speaking, are found along the banks of the Thames, and almost none on the tidal parts from Richmond downwards. The shores of the pool are encircled by the peculiar vegetation of a vanishing lake, belonging to a class which, like some of the Norfolk Broads, and vast areas of what is now sound peatland, but was in former ages a part of the primitive swamp, tends to disappear, not from lack of water, but by the natural growth of plants advancing from the margin. The brown-floored pine-set cup which holds the pool, studded with the moulds made by the big wood-ants, and covered with cones and "needles" from the trees, is divided from the waters by a flat rim of some of the most beautiful water vegetation possible to see. It is no rank mass of sedges and rushes, sinking into mud and decay every autumn, but something more indebted to light and sun than to mud and mists, of the most wonderful golden green in color, and of the most varied outline and contour. Next to the fringe of the pines there comes a flat plain of mosses, which on the far side from

the water are compacting into whitish peat. These mosses as they approach the lake itself are more watery and spongy, and rise in cushions of green, gold, and pink, with little clumps of green rushes set in them. Beyond, where the water gains on the moss, are beds of water-St. John's Wort, all in flower, and beyond these, at either end, a forest of tall feather-reeds. In the centre is open water, ruffled by the breezes, but it is among the mosses, reeds, and rushes, the St. John's Wort beds, and the little peninsulas of the pine-roots, and the shallows between them, that the swarming larvae of the dragon-flies live until they ascend to the surface, split their cases, and emerge to their swift life in the air. When the sunbeams are dancing over the reeds, the flight of dragon-flies, great and small, slender and thick, azure, green, red, gray, and orange, may be seen in perfection. When the clouds veil the sun they settle on the reeds, and sit motionless across them like rods of azure, of emerald, and of crimson sardonyx.

The most beautiful and numerous of the pool's dragon-flies are of the most brilliant blue conceivable, one being small and slender, another a great blue-and-black fly called the *Anax Imperator*, and another a brilliant black-and-blue insect rather less in size, the *Aeschna mixta*, with huge sapphire-blue eyes. No flowers on earth have such a blue, heightened as the pure color is by the metallic shine of the insect's cuirass. We had the curiosity to count the number and species in one small area, the size of a drawing-room table, and floored with wet green moss studded with round pennywort leaves, and dotted here and there with tufts of thin rushes. There were

fourteen of the slender blue variety, five of the red-sard color, a big ferocious yellow-green dragon-fly, and a few pale ones of a slender green species. From over the water one of the magnificent large blue *Anax Imperators*, the pride of the lake, came dashing up, poised himself for an instant, and then, marking a large bee-like fly passing slowly by, twisted, mounted a foot or so, dashed at it, seized it in its feet or jaws, it was impossible to see which, and sailed away with its prize across the pool like a hawk carrying a partridge. The speed of the flight is like a swallow's, and in addition the dragon-flies, unlike most insects, can fly *backwards*. In the moss at the bottom of the rushes lay something shining and gently moving. It was a medium-sized dragon-fly, just emerged from the larva-case, and as yet too weak to fly. Every one who has watched butterflies or moths after they have emerged from the chrysalis knows the extraordinary natural miracle which accompanies the growth of the wings. When the butterfly or moth struggles out from the chrysalis-case it appears to have only dwarf wings, and any one would think that it was not properly developed. A privet hawk-moth, for instance, will emerge with all its body and legs properly formed, but with wings only half an inch long. In an hour they will have grown to their full shape and dimensions. What happens is that the folded and apparently rudimentary wing is really like a parachute with hollow ribs, which have to be inflated first with juices and then with air. This sets up the ribs, and expands the wing, and as the whole structure hardens, fills, and dries, so the miraculous growth goes on.

The same happens in the case of the dragon-fly, which has what look only like the stumps of wings when it

emerges from the pupa. These the creature quivers and shakes, while it forces air in and causes them to expand. This dragon-fly had apparently satisfied itself in regard to the size of its wings. But the material had not hardened. Instead of the dry, rustling talc-like wings, with veins like fine steel-wire, of the perfect dragon-fly, these were like the thinnest gelatine or wet "cracker" paper or gold-beater's-skin, shining with iridescent lustre in very pale opal hues. The case from which it had emerged must have been close by, but was not discovered. The larvae when in the water are quite as ferocious as are the dragon-flies when in the air. They can both swim and run, and are deadly enemies of fish-spawn, and, indeed, of any living creatures which they can catch. When they feel that they are going to become something else, their first impulse is to climb out of the water up a stick or reed. One of the large green-and-black kind taken as a larva was kept in a basin with a flower-pot partly broken to form a den for it to hide in. Here it fed and flourished for some weeks, until it showed a disposition to climb up the flower-pot. To make things to its liking, a stick was stuck into the flower-pot hole for the larva to walk up and get through its metamorphosis comfortably. Next day it was seen on the stick. A nearer approach showed that it was only the shell, out of which the full-formed insect had crept by a split in the back of the thorax. In the evening the dragon-fly, which had probably been sitting on a tree to "harden," appeared vigorously hawking about in the garden where it had lived as a larva under the flower-pot. One wonders whether it could see its old shape, which remained quite perfect as a shell on the stick, and whether it realized what it had been.

Some of the dragon-flies are very

pale and colorless when they emerge, and only assume their brilliant hues gradually. Possibly high feeding has something to do with their splendor of color. It is said that on almost the last appearance of the vanished great copper butterfly in the Fens the swarm only survived for two days. On the third morning nothing but wings were found lying about, just as pigeons' or grouse's wings are found where a falcon has been feeding. The dragon-flies had attacked and eaten every butterfly. This was told to the writer some thirty years ago by a gentleman who had seen them, and had a very considerable number of the great coppers which he had secured, in his collection. The wing-power of the dragon-flies is probably greater than that of any other insect. They can travel great distances if they please, and have been seen from ships very far out at sea. Not all dragon-flies haunt water or the neighborhood of aquatic plants after they have emerged and can fly. The large common green-and-black species often leaves the waterside altogether and takes up a beat on the drive leading to a country house. This suits it exactly, for the lines of trees on either side prevent the insects haunting the drive from escaping readily, and the fierce, voracious dragon-fly cruises at lightning speed up and down the ready-made trap, in which it has the other creatures even more at its mercy than the greyhounds have the hare at an "enclosed" coursing meet-

ing. Some species do not remain ever on the wing, but sit on boughs of trees, whence they dash off like a flycatcher or a kingfisher watching from a bough, at passing insects, which they bring back to their perch and devour. It is said that certain kinds of dragon-fly become so completely terrestrial that they have to avoid touching the water, yet are obliged to lay their eggs either in that element or in a place or on something which will be eventually covered by water. They meet this difficulty by descending upon the dry leaves of water-lilies and laying the eggs there. In the autumn when the waters rise these leaves, being anchored by their stems to the root below, are drawn beneath the surface, and the dragon-flies' eggs are conveyed beneath the water without danger to the insect when laying them. A rather ingenious class of steam lifeboat built for the Royal Lifeboat Society is something on the same "lines" of design in regard to propelling power as the larvae into which these eggs in course of time develop. The lifeboat is propelled by jets of water sucked in at one hole and forced out at another, thus avoiding a screw, which is apt to be entangled by wreck-age ropes and fouled. The larva, which can swim well enough, has a special "jet" system for silent approach towards its victims, which it thus glides under without moving its legs, and then attacks them like a submarine.

*The Spectator.*



## THE SHORT STORY.

To hear people talk, we might suppose that the short story was one of Mr. Kipling's many inventions, or at any rate that it went back no further than Gautier or Poe. As a matter of fact, any attempt to trace it to its earliest forms would involve an investigation into the relative antiquity of some of the oldest documents in the world. No doubt a certain difference of treatment has grown up—there is a greater latitude of omission and suggestion, of producing impressions by half-words and the color of phrases; and story telling to-day has become a subtler, though not a greater, art. Let any one compare Voltaire with any Frenchman of the *fin-de-siècle*, and he will need no further explanation. Either tells a story complete in itself, raising no further question of origin or sequel; it thus differs from a chapter in a novel and proves sufficient to itself. The thirst for stories is undying; each generation tells them with the devices it prefers. But the stories in the main are the same, and since the beginning of the world they have been short as well as long. At any rate, to regard the short story from the historical point of view is to dispose of the claim that for its elaboration certain elusive qualities of intellect are required, wholly distinct from those which create the ampler proportions of the full-grown novel. In point of fact, since the beginning of modern literature (and indeed there is no need for the qualification of modern) the rule for prose fiction has been the same as in poetry and the other arts; those who have produced masterpieces on the grand scale have been no less great in manipulating smaller and more restricted work.

Almost without exception the great-

est novelists have when they chose, excelled in the writing of the short story. Sometimes it was a more or less irrelevant narrative dragged into the midst of the long novel—as by Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, and Dickens; indeed, the practice, if it be dead, died out only with Stevenson's deliberate imitation of Scott in "The Story of Tod Lapraik." Sometimes it was an entirely disconnected episode in a picaresque novel, as "Gil Blas." Sometimes the writer employs both methods, as Sterne; at others, as in some of the cases we have already quoted, it is hard to say in which category he should be included. The best of all short stories is probably "Wandering Willie's Tale" in "Redgauntlet," a story which Scott wrote and corrected with most unusual care, and which will live as long as any whole Waverley novel, while—to come down to our own day of smaller things—the best of Mr. Hardy's "Wessex Tales" will outlive whole wildernesses of Judes or D'Urbervilles and rank with "The Trumpet Major," and "Far from the Madding Crowd." Among the longer artists there are but few exceptions; it is true that some writers are too voluminous, too much overflowing with vitality and eagerness to observe the narrower limits. Dumas and Hugo never achieved the necessary concentration and restraint, while Thackeray, for all the excellence of his short papers, has left us no indisputable masterpiece in little which will rank with "Esmond" or "Vanity Fair." It is only natural that the converse rule must be laid down with more reservation. The painter of small easel pictures more seldom excels in fresco or broad canvases. So Poe is a great master in the short

story only, unless "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" oversteps the limits we are laying down; and Mr. Kipling has not yet convinced the world of his possession of "la longue haleine" in spite of "Kim" and "The Light that Failed." And when we descend to writers of the second rank it is only natural that we should find them more frequently lacking in the power of construction and management which are necessary to secure success on the larger scale. Of course, the short story which is literature has excellent reasons for its length. It may be that the idea is merely fanciful and would not bear expansion, as in the case of some of Hawthorne's allegories. "Elsie Venner" is an instance of this failing, and was only saved by virtue of Dr. Holmes's genial intelligence and charm. On the other hand, the style most suitable for the idea may be most effective within brief limits, as in some of the almost perfect work of Mr. Henry James. "The Master of Beltraffio" would be no masterpiece if it were protracted to the length of "The Portrait of a Lady."

It is hard to say to which nation the palm for the short story should be awarded. On the Continent it would be hard to deny it to France, and Russia, if only as the mother country of Turgenieff, must surely stand among the highest. But, leaving foreign literature on one side, we must acknowledge that this is the department of the literature of the English tongue in which our native writers of recent years have unquestionably been surpassed by their brethren across the Atlantic. It would be hard to name four Englishmen who, as writers of short stories in the Victorian era, are at all equal to Hawthorne and Poe, Bret Harte and Mr. Henry James. All four of these are entirely individual and have few, if any, points in com-

mon except this, that, while truly original, their work is in consonance with the best traditions of English style. Hawthorne and Poe, besides their actual achievements in writing, are also what has been called "seminal" authors in a high degree; their influence has lived and spread and has affected for good the work of many who have hardly heard their names or, at any rate, come consciously beneath their influence. Who the English champions should be is a question which would depend largely upon questions of length, and the right to extract episodes from books and call them short stories. Dickens is safe for one; but did Thackeray write anything that beyond dispute can be called a first-rate short story? Can we resist the claims of the author of "Will o' the Mill" and "Thrawn Janet," to say nothing of the clamorous demands of his personal friends? What about Disraeli and "Ixion in Heaven"? Are George Elliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" short enough or sufficiently representative of her best work to revive her claims? Is Galt's sketch of "The Wearifu' Woman" enough of a tale to be a qualification? It is in the Elysian Fields that the contest must be held and these preliminaries adjusted, and very different views may there prevail. In the meantime, let us be grateful for those of the possible competitors who remain to us on this side. For all his faults, chief among these is Mr. Kipling, who is before all things a teller of stories, and who hates the superfluous word. This is neither the time nor place to enlarge upon his style, upon its merits or its defects. It is virile, it is full of vividness and surprise, and it is admirably adapted to his needs. If the jerkiness and violence and vulgarity that we find in his imitators be deplorable, at any rate he has taught them a virtue of which they knew little before—they

have learned from their original to be brief.

These remarks have been suggested by the fact that Mr. Sherwin Cody has collected in a small volume what he calls "Selections from the World's Greatest Short Stories, illustrative of the History of Short Story Writing" (Chicago: McClurg. \$1.00). It contains thirteen tales, including four from foreign sources "rewritten" by the editor. We learn with terror that the University of Chicago has established a course in short-story writing, but the work before us is apparently intended not so much "to instruct the professional reader" as to carry out the "large and important work of assisting the general reader to a more

*The London Times.*

intelligent reading of fiction." The result is not exhilarating, and the introductions recall the discourses delivered by a "personal conductor" to a horde of uneducated tourists. A reference to "Beaudelaire" does not reassure us. "Le Collier" of Maupassant is included as "a suitable paradigm for the study of constructive fiction." Of prose style, we are told, "among writers of fiction it was Thackeray who perfected and made best use of it. He is the acknowledged master of limpid and beautiful style . . . his words tripping along with never an ungraceful angle." To vary a story told of Thackeray himself, we feel very much inclined to ask, "How does Mr Cody know?"

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### THE OTHER HALF.

All of us have known learned men. They were perhaps more numerous in the days when they, who received our adoration, and we, who willingly offered it, were young together, for the ruthless years weeded them out, and some of them died, and most of them found their true level; but a picked few proved to be in sober fact head and shoulders above the crowd. Once they held forth while we listened, once they took high degrees while we envied, once they carried off prizes and fellowships while we applauded, then they wrote books which we purchased, and now they are professors or curators of European fame, and we send our sons to sit at their feet.

Now and then we see them. For old time's sake the professorial sanctum is open to us, and we sit with the grave kindly man, our contemporary and fellow-student in the old days, with curiously mixed feelings, wavering from the pleasure of old intercourse renewed

to a queer feeling that we shall presently be cross-questioned on the subject of chapel neglected or lectures foregone in a higher interest. How familiar the room is! In it used to sit another don, long since passed to his account: its occupant is changed, but the room itself is the same. The walls are hidden behind well-lined shelves; books lie on the table, books are on the floor—books which are the professor's property, books from the great library close at hand. In the spaces between the books are dusty manuscripts, and grimy proof-sheets awaiting correction. Everything speaks of learning and of ample means to satisfy the most ravenous appetite for knowledge that even a professor can boast. We do not stay long, for the great man has his time fully occupied. Presently he will be sailing majestically in cap and gown to the lecture-room, or, in the interests of discipline, he will be interviewing an immature student, or he will be serving

on some committee of management in the college, or he will be wrestling with the actualities of finance in their relation to the University chest, for he is concerned not only with the education of youth by tongue and pen, not only with the demolition of pet theories of brother scholars in divers countries, but also with the detailed management of men and affairs in his little world.

Perhaps, as we wander down the staircase and through the old quadrangle on our way to the station to be whirled back to the rush of London, we may think that our old friend might be the better for a few months of life at the heart of things. It seems almost irreverent to suggest it, but can we resist the impression that he is just a little out of touch with the interests and passions of the workaday world, that he is growing too—let us choose a kindly word—too academic?

The quiet college courts have vanished; dons, students, chapels, libraries, scholarships, professors, what have they to do with this working-class street? On one side of the road a huge tobacco factory towers overhead, on the other is a dingy building, much in need of paint, inscribed "Institute and Working-men's Club." At this hour of the evening it is well occupied, as we can see for ourselves on our way through billiard-rooms and up narrow staircases to the reading-room near the top of the house. This is occupied by Mr. Walters, who is perusing the evening paper. Of Mr. Walters—that is not his real name, but no matter—there is **something to be said**. Whatever else he may be, he is not too academic; he is very much indeed in touch with the actualities of the world. He is some forty or forty-five years of age, his hair and his pointed tuft of beard are raven black, with a stray silver thread here and there, his face is ruddy and tanned; he peers earnestly at you with

the fixed gaze of the short-sighted, his manner is brusque, his way with strangers is a little disconcerting, and after you have talked to him for about five minutes you will have determined to plumb his mind or perish in the attempt. Well, here are some facts about him. He is a sort of foreman in a large vegetable and herb warehouse near Covent Garden. Once he was a green-grocer's assistant, and kept his situation for many years. He might have been there still had not his employer decided to open on Sundays, and decided, too, that his assistant should do the Sunday work. In five minutes the situation was vacant, and Mr. Walters was out of work, for he has views on the day of rest as on other matters and he is not in the habit of allowing mere consequences to affect those views. He earns, perhaps, thirty shillings a week, spends half of this on rent, and with the other half maintains his wife and family respectably, supports generously those things which come his way, and are in his opinion, worthy of support, keeps out of debt, and buys books. He used to live in a block of Peabody buildings in much comfort and at moderate rent. The Peabody trustees have certain necessary regulations to prevent overcrowding. Only a certain number of souls are permitted to occupy a given number of rooms. A friend of Mr. Walters died, leaving an unprotected orphan child. Mr. Walters adopted the child, thereby raising the number of inmates in his flat above the standard. That is why he now has to pay more highly for less accommodation elsewhere; but he had views on the application of the parable of the Good Samaritan in these latter days, and such things as mere consequences do not interfere with Mr. Walters's views. It has been said that he buys books; the nature and extent of his library would surprise you. It has been purchased for the most part in sixpenny monthly

parts, which is an expensive method but one which avoids the payment of an unattainable lump sum. When complete, each volume is handsomely bound and lovingly read. Mr. Walters once read "Josephus" (in a translation), and occasionally devours page after page of an encyclopædia to extend his general knowledge. He would gladly give five years of his life for the free run of our professor's study, with the professor at his elbow to guide him. Now we are getting a clue to his soul. Mr. Walters is a professor born in the wrong sphere. With half the chances that reader and writer have thrown away he would have been a *savant*; alas! the beggars at our gates can eat only our bread crumbs, our idle hours and our lost opportunities evade their grasp, hunger they never so sorely. As it is, he reads his books with no one to guide him, he believes the articles which he finds in the ephemeral publications that are issued to tickle his palate and catch his half-penny, he absorbs vast masses of information which there is little hope of his digesting, because the acid juices of criticism are largely denied to him. With all this he is essentially a practical man and a man of business, as you would speedily discover if you discussed with him the news of the day, or if you could see and hear him at the meeting of the lodge of the friendly society to which he is attached, or if you could enter into the detailed workings of the club in which he is now sitting. Once in the year he gets a fortnight's holiday. This he spends in the heart of the country (it is his ambition to explore the whole of England on foot), and this is how he passes his days there. He rises with the sun, swallows an early breakfast, pockets his dinner, and disappears. At sunset he returns, having exhausted the long summer day in tramping over miles of country, hunting for flowers, weeds, butterflies, views, all that na-

ture has to offer, and storing his mind and memory with beautiful things which will enrich his old age, even if he spends it in the workhouse, which God forbid!

To think of professors and of quiet gray colleges is to be caught in memory's most delicious snares, and inevitably to be led a willing captive wherever she would take us. Friendships, escapades, contests, triumphs, failures—we drift aimlessly through the old time. Then the men we knew march in procession before us, and insensibly a shadow begins to fall upon the picture, because some of them bring their tragedies with them. Those who could never be brought to see life with serious eyes, what happened to them when the splendid years were gone? Some were mere sponges afterwards as before, and lived contentedly upon the fruits of the labor of those who had gone before them. Some, for whom a kindly fate had made no such provision, woke up to a drudge's life. Some, the animals, after exhausting fathers' endurance and breaking mothers' hearts, went abroad to—well, perhaps to drive hansom cabs in the Australian bush. Let the vision go. They had their chance, they had their time; they flung away the one and made the most of the other; now they pay the price, to the uttermost farthing, while others tread merrily in their footprints.

The type is repeated in other ranks of society. There are wild sparks also among your working men, who are charming and gay for a while (though their time is short), and then rapidly degenerate and join the ranks of those who were "born tired." They live without scruple upon the scanty wages of their parents and, later, upon the earnings of their wives. Their occupation is to be out of work, and to look for the job which is never found. They begin to stoop and to slouch, and to lose



the firm look and steady carriage of the self-respecting man. Sometimes they take up their abode in the workhouse and drag out their days there, sometimes they remain shiftless and thriftless burdens at home, sometimes they spend long hours between two boards which invite the passers-by to dine at somebody's restaurant, or to go and see somebody else in the latest farce, or to buy somebody's poems, sometimes they make the streets hideous with sentimental hymns sung out of tune.

Not every man whose boots are burst, whose clothes are frayed, who eagerly volunteers to lift your box on to your cab or to do any casual job belongs to the army of ne'er-do-weels. Occasionally a good man meets with reverses; if he be a good man indeed he will do anything and everything to earn an honest penny, which penny when earned he will take to the thrifty wife at home. Such a man, well known to the present writer, met with a series of misfortunes through no fault of his own. Things were hard enough to break down the average man, and the wolf was very near the door; but our friend hired a barrow, was off and away to the country before dawn to grub up fern and other roots to sell in the streets, and somehow he tided over the difficult time. He and his like are not easily beaten; such men in all classes are the backbone of the nation.

Among the varied types of men, the man who is always fit is as familiar as any. He keeps himself before our eyes, not because his class is numerous, but because he radiates energy. He rows in the Varsity boat, he climbs in the Alps, he rides, he runs, he is a cricketer, and in all these things he excels. Even in business, in the office, in court, in the schoolroom, he makes his presence felt, for he carries with him a robustness which suggests the mountains or the moors in the midst of the most

incongruous surroundings. The strong man always receives a tribute of admiration, not unmixed, it may be, with a tribute of vague discomfort, from the less gifted.

Come and see strong men at work in an unfamiliar scene. Our way lies down a broad thoroughfare lighted by the gas standards of the streets, and, still more effectually, by the flaming gas in the shop windows. There are some wild regions at the back of this broad road, and it would go ill with the neighborhood should the light fail. It will not fail. Day by day, night by night, year in, year out, strong men, most of them imported from the country, are making London's gas that the world may turn night into day. We are going to see them at their work. We turn here down a side street, through the main gates, along dimly lighted ways, past huge structures which tower into the sky, across bare spaces, warily avoiding giant pipes, past warehouses, engine-rooms, carpenters' shops, smithies, sheds full of carts, mountains of coke, till at last we find ourselves in a large whitewashed room. A dozen men are resting here for a little while between the shifts. The place is heated by a huge fire on which tea is being boiled and suppers cooked. The men are dressed for their work in flannel shirts, rough trousers, heavy boots, and wide-awake hats whose broad brims can be turned down to shield the eyes. Their everyday clothes are put away in the lockers that line the walls. Huge leather gloves, smirched with tar and grimy with coal, lie on the rough table where some are playing dominoes or shove-half-penny to while away the time. In an adjoining room is a long trough full of hot water which looks as if it had been well washed in. Time is up, and they troop out of the door, we with them, to a long gallery paved with iron, lined on one side with coal bunkers and on the

other with innumerable iron doors from which an overpowering heat streams upon us. Everywhere is the smell of hot iron. The place is full of dark shadows, and the air is thick with steam and dust. Above our heads labyrinths of serpentine pipes coil themselves away and away till they are lost to sight.

One of the men, with a curt word of warning to us, seizes mysterious handles and wrenches open one of the many iron doors. Long tongues of flame leap out at him, but of these he takes no notice. With a mighty effort he raises an iron bar some ten feet long, armed at one end with a huge rake; this he introduces into the furnace, and with it rakes out the exhausted coal, which has been baking for hours. Somebody has opened a trap-door at our feet, and the brawny giant with the rake deftly shoots the masses of glowing coke into the yawning mouth, by which it descends into a row of waiting trucks below, to be carted away, and extinguished and cooled with a water spray. The heat is terrific, for other men are doing the same thing all round us, and the gloomy air shines with the throbbing light of the open furnaces. The trap-doors are shut again, the rake, red hot now, is laid aside, and the man nearest to us has seized an enormous iron corkscrew with which he cleans the boiling tar from the mouths of certain pipes inside the furnace doors. Sometimes jets of tar shoot out and splash upon a part of his bare arm, which is unprotected by those gloves, but he goes on grimly with his work. Now the clearing and the cleaning are finished, and, at the risk of sudden blindness, we peep into one of the retorts. It is but a glimpse that we dare to secure, but we see that the retort is a white-hot tube some fifteen or eighteen feet long, about a yard in diameter, and open for the moment at both ends. From each end it has been raked out,

and now it lies hungrily waiting to be fed. Three men close to us have seized what looks like a cheese scoop, some eight feet long, with an iron bar for a handle, and are filling it with about a hundredweight of coal dust from the bunkers. The clang of iron on the iron floor is heard from the other side of the retorts, and is responded to by a similar signal from our side. Instantly one of our neighbors lifts up the end of the long shovel, the other two slip a bar of iron under it, the three heave it shoulder high and run it at full speed into one of the retorts. With a dexterous twist the man in charge turns it upside down, leaving the coal in the heart of the retort, whence it at once vomits smoke and flame. Already the shovel is full again, and is at once discharged into the retort. Happily, its entrance seems to choke for a moment the licking fires. Once more the process is repeated, then the iron door is slammed to and made fast. All this is done at lightning pace, for if the party on the other side who are charging their half of the retort get their door closed first, all the stray flames will spurt out of our end. Not unnaturally we make it our aim that our door shall be the first to shut. No time to rest or think, though the sweat pours down in torrents, and the place is like the Pit. This time the retort is on the level of a man's hips, and the door is immediately below the one which has just been slammed and made secure. Now this mouth too is fed, and a rush is made to the lowest one, at the height of a man's knees. Surely this is the last! No, three more retorts are charged, and three more after that; then the tollers hurry away to refresh their drouthy selves. They have done the whole thing in twenty minutes, thus adding ten minutes to the time of rest allowed them. Eight times they come and do this work; eight times they retire, the work being

done; then they go home to bed, knowing that London's supply of gas is secure for some hours to come.

Once an enthusiastic philanthropist, who thought he would like to know by experience how men worked, laid aside his superfluous clothing and lent a hand. He cleaned out his share of re-torts and helped to re-charge six of them. Then he staggered away, and it took him three weeks to wash the coal dust out of his skin.

The right time to pay a visit to the old college after the years have gone by is during the long vacation, on the occasion of Founder's Day. Some men go to see their sons in May week, but the sorrows outweigh the joys. Only the porter at the gate remembers their faces, and to read strange names on the stairs, and to see strangers filling the hall and the quadrangle, brings a bitter drop into the cup which had promised to be sweet. In the long vacation the strangers are dispossessed. The authorities, with kindly tact, invite men of the same year. After the first shock of meeting, and realizing that this one with gray hair and portly frame was once a Rugby international, and that one with the clerical stoop once stroked the college eight, while the third, whose face is so dimly familiar, was once an intimate friend, the years drop away like the dead leaves of autumn. Surely there is no change in the old faces! "My dear fellow, I should have known you anywhere; you don't look a day older," is said with perfect conviction on every side. Threads are picked up precisely where they slipped from our hands at the beginning of the last and most enduring "Long"; as the swift moments fly the old battles of senate house and river are fought over again round the hospitable board in the well-known hall. Ah, it is good to live again in such a past, even if it be but for a few

hours, and to know that there is no life like college life!

The trams are rolling grumblingly down the miry street. Mean shops and flaring public-houses light up its dirt and narrowness more effectually than the gas supplied by a thrifty corporation. The reek of a fried-fish shop drives the unwary stranger hastily across the road into the arms of the reek of too much humanity. A narrow door leads into a dim passage; overhead is inscribed the legend, "Beds for single men, sixpence a night, three shillings a week." Every room on every floor of the house, with the exception of a small one on the ground floor, is filled with beds. It is half-past nine at night. Down below is a large kitchen furnished with a few rough tables, a number of strong wooden forms, and one or two broken chairs. The gas flares, the air is thick with pungent tobacco smoke, a huge coke fire glows fiercely in the large grate. The walls are whitewashed and are decorated with pictures of heroes of the old prize-ring, of modern pugilistic champions, and of shining and extinguished music-hall stars, varied by vilely executed prints of stale tragedies from low periodicals. There are men. Most of them are having a frugal supper of fried fish from the shop opposite, or of bloaters freshly toasted at the coke fire, or, if the eaters are in funds, of more substantial fare; others, having supped or being supperless, are smoking over well-thumbed evening papers. In a corner, seated in a wooden armchair, is a powerfully-built man; he is the "deputy," who keeps the king's peace in the place, levies the rent, and evicts the unsatisfactory. The little back room on the first floor is his and his wife's. She, for her part, keeps the whole place clean, while he is the link between the landlord (whose identity is hard to discover), the lodgers, and the police, who

are supposed to supervise the place. A clergyman from a neighboring church is seated smoking on the soundest of the chairs. He has already read a short passage of the Bible aloud, and said a few words about it to indifferent listeners; now he is trying to make himself agreeable and to enter into light conversation with the men. On the whole they are more or less friendly. When he first came and asked if he might be allowed to come one evening a week for half-an-hour or so, some of them gave a surly assent, one or two tried what could be got out of him in hard cash, and, on failing, left him severely alone for the future, and most ignored him altogether. That was some time ago; now they have grown accustomed to him, and two or three willingly chat with him about most things other than religion, while the majority sit and say nothing, though they seem to listen. When the two or three conversationalists are away, the talk is very one-sided and soon sinks into silence, so that the visit on these occasions is apt to be brief.

It is a "common lodging-house," and not an unfavorable specimen of its class. The men who live there are either bachelors or widowers, or husbands who have deserted their wives and families. In the daytime they are or are not employed in casual labor, according as luck will have it; at night they return to their hotel. There are other lodging-houses of much the same appearance but of infinitely worse character. Some are dens of thieves; others, where men and women share the house, are dens of iniquity. A few are really good; the majority are merely dreary.

It may not be good for man to live alone, but there are forms of college life which offer but an imperceptible shade of improvement upon loneliness.

It is but a step from college to public school, for most men come up to the former from the latter. There is some-

thing emotional about those words "public school" to an Englishman. He thinks of sayings about Waterloo and Eton, he remembers "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—surely the best and truest account of school ever written—and he thinks that these great schools have made England what she is. But after all England is many things, and public schools are many-sided. There is a side to life there which is sometimes ignored or forgotten, but looms very large to certain sensitive souls.

A small room, four feet by six feet perhaps, with a blazing fire, lighted candles, and closed window. Round the walls are a few sporting prints and cheap oleographs; a bracket or two and the mantelpiece are decorated with chipped china; a large cupboard full of school books is fastened to one of the walls. In a wooden armchair sits a small boy reading. He has only just sat down, for he has not been quite so careful of the study fire which is to keep warm the sixth-form boy for whom he fags as he evidently is of his own hearth, and consequently he has just spent an anxious ten minutes in begging hot coals and candle-ends from neighbors, to be drawn up into a blaze by means of a duster hastily snatched from the matron's room. Success has crowned his efforts, and a glorious stench of melting candles and burning dusters awaits that sixth-form boy when he saunters leisurely back to his study. No matter, the fire is burning, and the fag's conscience is at rest. So he sits cosily in his sanctum, and is in a moment far away from the realities of life, wandering wherever Gustave Aimard or Kingston will lead him.

Suddenly he is startled by the door being violently flung open. A large form fills the doorway, and a heavy hand is laid upon his shoulder. "Go and tell Jones that you love him, and give him a kiss," says the newcomer. Now the newcomer is one of the bullies

of the house, and a thorough-paced blackguard, and Jones, his intimate friend, is his moral counterpart. The difference between them is that whereas the one is of the wild bull type, the other is like a venomous snake. The youngster quakes, stammers, grins miserably, and tries to wriggle out of the situation. The result is that his head is cuffed, and that he is dragged out into the passage and assisted on his way by a well-directed kick that seems to shatter his spine. "Go on, you — little fool, and tell him that you love him!" So he goes, and the reception that he meets with when he timidly knocks at Jones's door and says, "Please, Jones, Barker says that I am to say . . ." (he is not allowed to proceed any further, for Jones has received funny little messages like this many a time before, and knows what is coming) can be imagined. This used to be a favorite and peculiarly cruel sport. The refinement of it was that it appealed to the imagination as well as to the body. The victim had to choose between the immediate terror of the nearest bully and the distant terror of the things that would follow the delivery of the message.

There was also the dreadful nighttime, when the big fellows came to bed. It was not so much what they did—for as a rule they never got beyond rough horse-play—as the dread of what they might do, and the awful sense of powerlessness in the hands of the strong from whom there was no appeal.

The worst bullying of all was not at the hands of the big fellows. From them, somehow, it was more or less expected. By their prowess at football and the like they had, so to speak, earned the right to bully, and we could take what they gave us without loss of self-respect. Besides we were proud of them, in spite of what they occasionally did to us, for the sake of what they did for the honor of the house. The

present writer still thrills with pride at the memory of a marvellous goal kicked in a great match by a man of whom he cannot trust himself to think in any other connection. No, the bitterest thing to a youngster was to be bullied by a boy just a little stronger than himself, who had no claim upon his reverence, whose tyranny brought with it self-contempt to him who endured. It would be idle to enter into sordid details, nor would mere descriptions explain the resulting bitterness. Let it suffice to say that before the writer's mind rises a picture of a small boy kneeling on his study floor, and praying with scalding tears that God would take vengeance on another who had been amusing himself at his expense.

One more scene, in London again—in a remote and dingy part of London. The monotonous level of the two-storeyed houses is broken only by (comparatively) towering buildings of three kinds, representing three of the great influences brought to bear upon London life, namely, public-houses, schools, and churches. It is the last type that concerns us. The particular church which we are visiting is, like the houses, two-storeyed. Upstairs is the church, dim and ghostly in the wan light of a December evening. Downstairs is a huge room extending nearly the whole length of the building. It is brilliantly lighted, and is packed to suffocation with boys and girls, for it is the Christmas treat of the Band of Hope. Children of ages ranging from five to fifteen are there, all of them inspired with a fixed determination to extract all possible happiness from a crowded two hours of enjoyment. At one end of the hall is a stage, hidden by a curtain on which all eyes are expectantly fixed. A piano is wedged firmly in the midst of a throng of little ones near the stage, and the pianist plays merrily on under difficulties.



Some of the members are going to perform a cantata, "Golden Hair and the Three Bears," which they have been rehearsing busily for weeks. The stage-manager who has trained the children, has taught them words and music and action, has evolved order out of chaos, has known what to do and how to do it—and, above all, has done it—is a teacher from the big Board schools over the way. By day she teaches a large class; in the evenings she is the responsible teacher for the girl's department of the Continuation classes; in her leisure hours she has plenty to do at home. But she has found time to come for the past three months to work up this cantata to a high state of perfection. To-night she will get no credit from the audience, who care nothing for the long hours of preparation, and know nothing of the difficulties with twenty children and cramped space behind the scenes. Her reward is the excellence of the performance, and the uproarious joy of the children, audience and performers alike.

Ha! the curtain has gone up. Like the Elizabethan Stage Society we dispense with scenery. They do it on principle, we for economy's sake; but everybody knows that the red curtains round the stage are really forest glades, that Tom, Dick, Harry, Lizzie and others are not the schoolfellows of yesterday and to-morrow, but fairies or something of that kind, and that their costumes of muslin and sateen are precisely the things that are worn in fairy-land.

The story is the old familiar fairy tale of our childhood with slight modifications; but the story is of as little importance in a cantata as it is in a musical comedy. The supreme thing is to see and hear the bears. They are wonderful creations. Mrs. Bear and the little bear are, in daily life, two small boys: to-night they are dressed from head to foot in bear skins, their heads being concealed in masks of *papier-maché*

covered with fur, moulded to the correct shape, with gleaming eyes and terrible red mouths which open and shut. The effect is grotesque but realistic, for all the world like real bears posing in humanized attitudes. The big bear is in ordinary life the curate. Unhappily he is too large, as agonized experiment has conclusively proved, to squeeze into the third skin, being what milliners call "out-size." He has, however, donned the headpiece, swathed his manly form in a greatcoat borrowed from a friend still larger than himself, covered his hands with fur gloves and his legs with sheepskin door-mats, and the whole effect is indescribable. It is also somewhat terrifying to the youngest part of the audience, as Mr. Bear, when his head is screwed on the right way, stands nearly seven feet high, and looks perfectly capable of dining freely upon chubby children.

Fear is swallowed up in delight as the evening progresses. The rippling laughter and the enthusiastic applause of the child audience tell of consummate happiness. Every heart thrills with sympathy with Golden Hair in her desperate quest. Every mouth waters as she eats the last spoonful of the little bear's sugary porridge. Every nerve tingles deliciously when three hungry bears return to find empty bowls, tumbled beds, and Golden Hair fast asleep. Every voice is uplifted in cheers for the escaping maiden and in jeers for the discomfited bears.

Too soon it ends, but it will be remembered and talked of for years to come. As others date the years by Derby winners, so the children make milestones of their cantatas. Some of them come from rough homes; some know painfully well what it is to be cold and hungry. Well, perhaps the very contrast between to-night and the ordinary days has quickened their enjoyment of the passing hour, and will flood the memory with a more golden glory.

H. G. D. Latham.

## MY LORD THE BUCK.

The following account of a roebuck's career, up to the sixth year of his life, is actual fact, and written from personal knowledge. Of course there are many incidents omitted; but I have endeavored to collect here together those which I considered might be of most interest to the general reader. And I believe that those who have studied the habits of roe-deer will be interested to read of what I saw happen in the "fairy ring." It seemed to me that the old doe wished to combine teaching with amusement, for the game was evidently splendid practice in rapid turning. How often the life of a hunted wild animal depends on its ability to double quickly!

## I.

The first time I saw him was in the company of his mother and a sister, whom he much resembled. He was playing and nibbling along the soft edge of a little tarn. What a dainty, nimble, unconcerned-looking little person he was! I sat hidden on a hillock about 200 yards distant watching the trio. His mother was a very large old doe, whom I had known by sight for several seasons: but this was the only one in which she had been successful in rearing both her infants to such an age of semi-independence. I have reason to believe that a poaching collie destroyed her first family. What happened to the collie I alone could tell, but I have private reasons for not doing so. Out of the old doe's second family of twins one survived—a strapping young daughter.

The third year of our acquaintance, of which I now write, she had two really bonnie bairns to show, and very careful and watchful she was of them. Her former experiences in trying to raise a family had taught her much. How constantly she jerked up her

head and stood almost motionless for minutes together looking and sniffing, the only movement being the twitching of her large ears to keep off the gnats, which were almost intolerable. She was evidently very determined to succeed in raising a son and heir, and meant to avoid risks, for at this period of his life her male offspring was a very irresponsible person, and never seemed to consider danger. When she fed, he amused himself picking and nibbling along at no great distance from her heels. When she bolted, he generally bolted too, running alongside with his little sister; but I have seen him object to go, and then his mamma had to hustle him, with nose and foot, in no gentle manner.

On the August day when I first beheld my young forest lordling I was out with my rifle in search of a relation of his, whom I had observed while returning one evening from duck-shooting, and who had seemingly a nice head. He had made himself many deep beds in the long heather in the hollow below where I sat, and it was standing almost in one of these beds that I put a Mannlicher bullet through him on the following evening.

I specially refer to this relative of my hero because he was a buck remarkable for a feat of strength of which he carried the proofs to his dying day. When he lay dead in the heather before me I noticed a curious mark on his neck, and stooping to examine, discovered a stout wire snare fastened round it. On removing the snare, which I have carefully kept as a curiosity, I found a deep groove in the poor brute's skin, with white hairs edging it, proving that he had worn this unwelcome collar for many a long day. The jagged ends of wire had also

scraped a white patch on the neck. He must have had a desperate struggle to break free, and had many moments of discomfort afterwards; but he was in fair condition, and had a very nice head, with strong rough horn.

I have found and removed poachers' snares set for roe more than once, but have never seen a roe before with any mark of a snare on it.

It might have been a week later ere I saw the old mother-doe out again with her family, when again, I found her feeding by the little tarn in the hollow. I had my rifle with me, and had intended pushing farther east to stalk a buck that lived about a mile and a half away; but the family attracted me, and I resolved to stay and study them, so far as wind and cover permitted. I was well rewarded.

I had seen them directly I came over the ridge, and assuring myself that I was unobserved, I dropped back and walked along under the crest of the hill parallel to the line on which the doe was moving.

The heather was deep at the head of the tarn, where the ridge ended, and I wormed my way through it on knees and elbows until I came to a fat fir-tree, with an old seedy-looking whin-bush sticking up beside it. Here I halted, squatted, and fetched out my binoculars. I prefer binoculars to a telescope when stalking roe. They are lighter and quicker to get into action, and can be used in long heather and among trees, where a telescope from its length would be almost useless.

Having got into a nice comfortable position, I proceeded to watch Mrs. Roe and her infants, but was not permitted that pleasure for long. The old lady ate and moved quickly, her children close at heel. The latter seemed to taste more than they ate, and, like other Highlanders I have known, "tasting" seemed to produce in them hilarity; for occasionally down went

their heads, up went their heels, and after their mother they dashed with a sort of squirming side-kick, quite their own and not easily imitated.

Suddenly the old doe halted, looked round at her little dappled brats, then turned to her left and set off up and over the ridge on her side of the tarn, the brats following, and in a few seconds all three were out of sight.

I could not understand the reason of this movement. There appeared to be no sign or sound of an enemy, and I felt absolutely certain that they had not winded me, for the air was still as air as could be. I resolved to stalk them, and to try and spy their movements a second time.

Some 400 yards ahead was a deep young fir-planting, to which roe often run when danger threatens. A wide fir-studded hollow lay between the ridge and the planting. If the old doe had not taken her infants straight to covert, my best chance of a second view was to turn southwards and come in at the top end of the hollow near the young planting. This I did, and as I was cautiously advancing to spy I suddenly caught sight of a large pair of ears appearing over the edge of the hill, and not more than thirty yards from me. I dropped into the heather at once, and crawled a yard or two to the right to the cover of an old broken tree. Here I cautiously raised myself and peered forward. I could see no more than the back of the head and ears of a large doe, apparently standing listening. Presently the head and ears disappeared, and quickly and silently I crept forward to another tree some ten yards farther on. Here I raised myself again, and found the doe in full view, and certainly within a gunshot of me. She appeared totally unaware of my presence and what she was about I could not imagine, for she strolled backwards and forwards,

as a man might who was making up his mind about something.

Suddenly she sprang forward a yard or two into a round open space in the heather, hitherto unnoticed by me, and began running round and round. As if from out of the very earth, and almost at the same moment, into the circle jumped Master Buck and his sister, and before I had time to guess at what was going to happen, I found myself the solitary spectator of certainly the most novel and graceful circus I had ever seen, or may ever hope to see again.

Round went the old doe faster and faster, her children after her; then she faced about, chasing the latter this time; again, she turned and was followed; and so the game went on. Presently all three were out of the ring, led by the doe, and bounding away through the heather, over the ridge and out of sight. I thought that I had seen the last of them for one day; but not so: back I beheld the performers coming at full gallop, and this time they had another performer with them. Last year's fawn had joined the troupe. On they all came without a stop, and into the fairy ring, where I was treated to another graceful performance, which seemed rather more complicated than the first. I wish I had studied it better; but I was so surprised at the whole thing, and it was over so quickly, that I really had not a fair chance to grasp every detail. In a few minutes the ring was empty, the performers out of sight, and I left alone to wonder if what I saw was real or imaginary. Real it certainly was, for when my astonishment had worn off a little I got up and went forward to view the fairy circle, where I found abundant traces of my fairies, and a few yards away I found another circle, which was evidently in use, and farther on, another, which appeared old and disused. In one stood

a tree, in another two stumps of trees cut down, the latter being the one most in use, to judge by the state of the ground.

I went home happy that evening, for I felt that I had been a witness to a spectacle few sportsmen have had an opportunity of witnessing. It was all beautiful too, and strangely picturesque. The tall dark firs with their long shadows, the deep fading heather all around, the bright gleam of water through the trees, and the real fairies caught playing in the magic ring. The picture was my own, to hang for ever in my mind's long gallery of sporting scenes. At present it is the gem of the collection.

## II.

To the roe-stalker the second year in the life of a buck is particularly uninteresting, inasmuch as a year-old buck might as well be a ghost, for in stalking language he has no "head" and no "body." Nor has he properly materialized even in his third year. He may show something of a body, if the feeding is good; but his horns are just little sticks of things, trying to throw out brow-points. In the fourth year I have seen bucks with quite nice heads, but have always noted that these fourth-year heads were more remarkable for length than strength. Long thin points, weak stems, and shallow coronates was the general style; but though slender, I have seen them nicely rough. I attribute the roughness to the exceptionally good feeding roe obtain on the ground where most of my studies in roe-life were made.

From the time when I first saw my young lord of the woods playing in the fairy ring with his mother and sister until he reached his fourth year, there is not much of interest to write about him. I saw him frequently each year, and usually about the same spot. Af-

ter the beginning of September, however, he, with the others, would shift about from end to end of the big wood, always returning in the summer to the old haunts.

There is a loch of fair-sized dimensions lying among the trees a little to the west of these haunts, and late in September, when most of the barley is cut, many wild-duck gather in to its waters at dusk. Hidden in the heather by this loch I and my old brown spaniel have often lain at sunset, and waited, sometimes through a long period of darkness, for the big sea-fed mallards to flight in at the rising moon and flowing tide. It is not well for the timid to be out by a woodland Highland loch in the early moments of darkness. The strange cries and sounds from earth, air, and water are weird in the extreme. I know a man who was followed off the hill by something shrieking at him in the dark. He had a fishing-rod with him and hit at the thing, which was close to him, but he never touched it, and it was too dark to see a yard's distance. A bird it must have been, but of what sort would be difficult to tell; probably it was an owl.

When the shadows were beginning to deepen round the loch how often I have seen the Buck, sometimes alone, sometimes in company, appear suddenly by its waters, as if from nowhere, and come feeding towards me, often to within a very short distance of my hiding-place beneath a low-spreading 'fir-tree. Once I could almost have thrown my cap on him; but he passed away feeding across the wind, without ever seeming to be aware of danger. And when it was almost too dark to see anything, he has come splashing through the shallow water till I fancied he could only be a few yards distant. Several times this happened within less than half an hour of rapid firing at ducks. Either the darkness

rendered him bold or it made him foolish. I have never decided which. If he happened to get wind of me when I was going off the hill in the moonlight or darkness, he would go bounding away through the heather barking like a collie, and I could hear him stamping about on the hard dry knolls on my left, evidently in no end of a rage at being disturbed at such an hour.

I saw him fired at more than once during this third year, when the guns were out after blackgame, but, to my joy, each time he escaped—once from a shot at close quarters. How he was missed is a wonder, but he was, and I was glad, for he looked a promising buck, and I had a personal interest in him.

How many roedeer are knocked over by shot-guns in a drive, like hares and rabbits! If only the organizers of these roe-drives knew what splendid stalking the gallant little roebuck affords, I am sure they would spare him for the more noble method of sport. And, as I believe I have read in Millais' excellent work on deer, a good pair of roebuck horns is a far rarer trophy than a pair from the head of a stag.

### III.

My lord the Buck in his fourth year was more advanced for his age than any roe that I remember to have seen. I studied his head through the glass on more than one occasion, and was struck at once by the fine set-on of the horns for so young an animal. Most of the heads which I have seen at my old home, belonging to what I judged to be four-year-old bucks, have shown a distinctly narrow tendency; indeed the horns in most cases were almost parallel to each other. But in older beasts the set-on is different. It becomes a V-shape, which of course gives the head a far better appearance. This



increase in span comes, I believe, in the fifth-year growth of horn, and once it appears it remains until old age. There hangs from the wall at home the head of a very old roebuck, with horns that have distinctly deteriorated, but their set-on is perfect. I shot that buck on the 22nd of November, 1889. I believe that, as a rule, roebucks shed their horns about three weeks before that date.

I was returning home rather late one evening from a long and tiring prowling after a good buck, whose haunts lay a mile or two eastwards from those of my hero, when I suddenly sighted the latter scraping his horns on a fir-sapling, about 200 yards or so away from me. This was my first view of him as a four-year-old. I guessed it was him at once, for the forester, who knows something of the ways of roe, had informed me that he was back on the old ground.

As my lord appeared to be busy and had not noticed me, I lay down by a tussock of heather and proceeded to examine him through the glass. He was certainly an exceptionally fine animal for his age, inasmuch that I began to doubt if it was my old friend. But roebucks, unless much disturbed, seldom wander so early as August, and the forester, who had told me where I should find him, is seldom wrong as to the movements of the deer. He watches them closely, and has opportunities of doing so that no one else has, for he lives among them.

I had time to study my lord well before he moved off, which was in the wrong direction, and as darkness was approaching I resolved to leave him unstalked for that day. I considered, however, that he was worth having, there being few good heads to be seen that season, so was up and after him at daybreak next morning. But no luck. I saw him and stalked him, but he vanished in some mysterious fashion

before I could get within shot. And the same thing happened the next morning, and on many other mornings. Then I tried the evening stalk again. I saw nothing of him the first evening. On the second, as I came over a ridge into deep heather, up jumped a buck about a gunshot away, and bolted off towards a brake of whin on the opposite side of the hollow, where he stood broadside on, offering a fair chance for a shot, if a trifle too far off. It was a buck I could see well enough, and I felt pretty sure the one I sought; but there was no time to fumble for the glass to make sure. If I wanted to get him I must take my shot quickly, and standing, for a kneeling shot was out of the question in heather that reached to the waist. I stood firm, took as quick and cool an aim as I could, and fired. He fell.

It did not take long to get up to where he lay; but judge of my disgust to find that I had knocked over a wretched little three-year-old, with horns like penknife handles—"just wee bit stickies," as I heard them described afterwards.

However, it is well to be philosophical. My big friend was still to be got, and no doubt this little fellow would taste as well as he in a pasty. I found, too, that I had made an interesting, if flukey, shot. My rifle was sighted rather high and to the right, which fact I had forgotten to allow for in firing, with the result that the bullet had caught the little buck on the extreme end of his spine and paralyzed him. So the venison was very little spoilt; but otherwise he had no luck, for half an inch more to the right would have missed him!

I soon had him gralloched, and with feet coupled together I slung him over my shoulder and strode off to the forester's house, about three-quarters of a mile distant.

Whether my lord the Buck was a

witness to the murder of his relative I know not; but this I know, that he deserted this part of the big wood for the remainder of the year. At any rate, I saw him there no more before I had to go South.

#### IV.

The year following I was late in getting North. It was the beginning of September ere I got up to the haunts of the roe. As usual, I made my first inquiries from the keepers, and balanced what they told me against what I heard later from the forester. Without a doubt, from both accounts, my lord the Buck had been back in his old haunts all the summer, and was reported to have "jist a graund heed."

He had been frequently seen feeding, late in the afternoon, on a field of clover belonging to the forester, and generally in the company of two large does. The clover had been cut by this time; but he had been seen also on the "foggage" (*Anglice*, aftermath) once or twice, just before dark.

The clover-field bordered on the fir-wood directly below the big hollow, which was my lord's domain. I easily found two paths leading from the hollow to the clover, and on the second evening of my arrival home I took up a position shortly before dark in view of one of these paths, but saw nothing of the Buck. The next evening I watched the other path, with no better luck. I made up my mind that he had shifted his quarters, for I saw the two does on each occasion drifting down towards the clover without their lord and master. I therefore resolved on an early morning prowling, and two or three days later was on the hill before dawn. There was a fading moon in the western skies, whose silver light helped me on my way and brought me without mishap to the back of a long ridge, the summit of which commanded a view

of the edge of the wood, and some rough boggy grazing right in front, with the forester's croft and the clover-field to the right. To the left a belt of firs ran from the top of the ridge to the wood.

I crept softly to this belt, and lay down to wait for the dawn.

If time and space permitted, what a lot could be written about the mystic hour of shades, which daylight drives hence. The tamest, dullest nature must have its strange imaginings in that hour before dawn. Some weak natures I have seen to dread it, and croak for the daylight. Let these latter stay in their beds. This mystic hour is no time for them to be abroad. Would those dark quickly moving objects on the stubble alarm them into thinking some terror was upon them? They are only blackgame, probably descended from the trees on the belt but five minutes before my arrival. And those two forms beyond. What are they? Something uncanny? No; keep your eye steady on their movements. They are hares, strangely magnified in this queer morning gloam. Things are gradually beginning to define themselves now. The light is coming. What a wet, gray, silvery look everything has. How strangely those little streaks of mist hang over the scraps of water in the hollow beneath me. What is that form standing up by the rushes? A roe? Too big. It must be some crofter's beast. More daylight. It must be a roe. No, yes, yes; a roe, and another lying down near it. Both large does. I have my glass well on them. Accidentally I shift to the right, and what is that comes into focus? The head, neck, and shoulders of a buck, lying down, his body more than half concealed behind a big tussock of rushes. For a few moments I feel rather shaky with excitement, so I put down the glass. I watch steadily. There is daylight now to see quite plainly. It is a buck with a very nice

head. The shape is perfect, the points are long, but I have seen stronger horn. "Another year, and what a grand head that would make," was my first thought. "Another year, and some one else may have got it," was my second. From his appearance, position, and the society he was in, I had not the slightest doubt that once more I beheld my lord the Buck. Query, Should I take the first chance from where I stood, 200 yards distant at least, or should I skirt round down wind to the left and come up behind the opposite ridge to stalk him through the trees? While I weighed the matter in my mind he rose, and I decided to risk a long shot then and there. I got into a comfortable kneeling position, took a careful, steady aim, pulled. I missed him clean. The bullet passed over his back, and sputtered into some shallow mud beyond. There was no good trying another shot at that distance when he ran, so I just sat down and felt glum. I should have aimed lower, I suppose, having to fire down-hill.

I never had another chance of a shot at him that season, although I saw him frequently, and stalked him again and again. He became as cunning as a fox, and knew every turn of the undulating wooded ground on which he lived.

After I went South others tried for him, but with no better luck than mine.

He was easily distinguishable, having broken the top off the left horn.

I have now beside me what I feel pretty certain is the right horn shed in this, his fifth year. It was picked up by the forester in the heather near his haunts. It measures 9 1-2 inches in length and 5 3-4 inches round the burr. The brow-point is 3 1-8 inches long.

#### V.

There is a curious prejudice in my part of the world against killing roe before August. Our folk say that roe

are not in season before that month, which of course I have not the slightest hesitation in saying is crass ignorance. As a matter of fact, bucks are off on their honeymoon about the beginning of August. In late spring and through the summer they are in fair condition, and have heads clear of velvet, besides having thin coats, which, in my humble opinion, show up good heads far better than do heavy gray winter ones. After August, too, a roe's hair gets loose, and by October, when most roe are killed, they have coats which could be pulled out in handfuls.

But for fear of offending I have never attempted to kill a buck before August, a mistake that I regret; for had I had my rifle with me one day in April last year when out for a spy on the hill, I doubt not but that I could have slain the finest buck I ever saw. And that buck was undoubtedly my lord of other years.

He was standing, when I came on him at midday, by a little loch among the trees and heather, near to the spot where we had first met, six years before. His head was turned from me as he gazed windward across the water, and a doe lay at his feet. I had come suddenly over a ridge, and found myself not thirty yards from either of them, with the doe looking straight at me. She rose stiffly, and her movement caused the buck to turn his head. He was really a grand beast. The full deep coronates, stout dark horns, rough as ancient birch-trees, with long curved points above, formed a head such as I have never seen on any living buck before. It was a head to dream of,—and if I had only had my rifle, the wearer of those grand horns was at my mercy.

I plugged an imaginary bullet at him as he jogged slowly away with his lady. He seemed to know that there was no cause to hurry, and frequently turned to gaze back ere disappearing from sight into the next hollow. I sat

down in the heather and sighed, longing to have such a head as a trophy, and yet inwardly wondering at man's lust to kill so beautiful a creature as a roe.

The next day I had to go South.

I wonder if those well acquainted with the habits of roedeer have often come across the newly shed "velvet" from a buck's horns. Near to the spot where I saw the big buck was a little fir-sapling, peeled nearly white, and at its base I found, almost complete, the velvet of both horns of a roebuck. I put it in an envelope, which I happened to have in my pocket, and have it now laid by somewhere as a curiosity.

It was autumn when I returned again to the Highlands. Many prowls had I in search of my lord the Buck. At misty morn, at midgy eve, was I upon the hill, but no sight of him could I obtain. Signs there were plenty. His lordship's beds were newly laid in the heather, his scrapings on the bare hillocks were new and numerous, his spoor was on every path, and the young trees which he had ruined were as plentiful as fungus. Twice in the early morning, when nearing his lordship's old haunts, I heard the loud raucous bark of a roe, and the klip-klip, bump-bump of its heels; but that was after the red dawn had come and the dazzling sun shot its slanting rays through the great wood, so that I could not see well ahead, nor tell if the form threading along through the trees was that of a buck or doe.

My lord and I were, however, destined to meet once again; but the fates decreed that the day of meeting should be the Sabbath. O my lord Buck, what kind fortune is yours! For what fate are you destined?

My brother, a friend who had never seen a buck, and I took a walk one Sunday afternoon to visit a loch on the hill which had lately been stocked with trout. We lay for a long time in the

heather watching the fish rise, and finding the hour, when we rose to go, was later than we had imagined, we took a short cut back through the big fir-woods, which short cut led us through my lord's domain. Our friend was particularly anxious to see a good buck, so I led the way first by a track where I happened to know a nice beast was often to be seen, but of course on that day he was invisible. Proceeding homewards, we entered a little valley to the east of the part of the wood that my lord was supposed to have selected as his own, and where I had not seen a roe that season. As we came out at the far end, there, lying down on the slope before us, was my lord himself. He must have seen us before we saw him, but had allowed us to approach to within sixty or seventy yards. We all three stood still gazing at him in rapt astonishment, while he gazed inquiringly back at us, with a look which said, "Is not the Sabbath my own to rest?" Then he rose, and with two loud sharp barks disappeared over the hill. I have never seen him since. I sought him many times, but his powers of evasion were superior to mine of pursuit. At times I almost wondered if he was not some uncanny phantom, the ghost of a great buck of the Pleistocene Age. But no, it is he whom I knew from babyhood, grown now to be a great lord of the forest, and a master of woodcraft. Are not the marks of his horns on every sapling within his domain? Everywhere there is evidence of a material body,—and of mischief and temper. I feel practically certain that the shed horn on the table beside me is one that I once saw gracing my lord's noble brow, and that the "velvet" in the drawer was stripped by himself from the horns he carried last spring. He is just a cunning, cunning old buck. Whether we may ever meet again seems doubtful. Circumstances have made it unlikely from my point of

view. But if he is not to belong to me, after knowing and studying him for so long, I can only wish that he may go scot-free all his days. His grace is his

own, his charm perhaps that of the fairies. Who has ever shot a buck that he saw initiated in the bewildering turns and doubling of the fairies' ring?

*Hugh M. Warrand.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE HORROR OF HOME.

Judging by a good deal of the conversation of the present day, there are a large number of people who have a positive horror of home. This curious revulsion of feeling is taken by many persons as a sign of social deterioration. For our own part, we find it difficult to take it quite seriously, or to see in it anything more than a passing whim. Nobody nowadays likes monotony. Change is what people desire, not, perhaps, any great change, but lots of small change, not necessarily for the better, but for its own sake. Now there is a great sameness about one's own four walls, be they never so handsome. We all feel at times an overpowering desire to look at something else. We cannot change the patterns or the pictures on them every day, and neither they nor the home furniture ever seem to alter in expression. Again, there is a terrible sameness about one's own cook. Experience enables us to foretell the taste of everything at home, from the soup to the savory if we are rich, and from the mutton to the cheese if we are poor; whereas if we dine at a restaurant everything down to the salt is different, and the restaurant is refurnished daily with new faces. Then, again, the music and stir going on around one avoid the necessity for much conversation; and conversation in the home circle is sometimes difficult and sometimes dull. It does not do always just to say what one thinks, it is such bad practice for dining out; and this being the case, it is not easy sometimes to think what to

say. Nowadays we get, socially speaking, tired of our friends, and even of our acquaintance. We want them to pass continually before us like a street procession. Instead of that, they rather resemble a stage crowd and keep coming on again. There is a limit to those we know, a limit even to those we should like or should be likely to know even by sight, and at a restaurant this latter limit is disregarded. The barrier of good manners which forbids that those who are unacquainted with one another should speak is sufficient to protect our station or our dignity, but it is not a very high fence, and it is one which it is amusing to look over. How many lunches and teas and dinners are eaten every year in public places, and how does that number compare with those eaten in public twenty years ago? Now is the heyday of great hotels and restaurants, and of humble refreshment-rooms and tea-shops. Certainly the monotony of meals may be easily mitigated in London, but what about the country? In the country there are no restaurants. Unless we are very rich and our friends are very rich, unless, indeed, we belong entirely to the leisured classes, we cannot have a continual succession of visitors, because they are at work during the week, and cannot come to us except from Saturday to Monday.

So far, then, as meals are concerned, the disabilities of home are more pronounced in the country. A provincial lady suggested the other day to the present writer that a system of itine-



rant cooks might provide a certain variety, an element of surprise, as it were, at each day's dinner. The circuit, of course, could not be very large; it would be bounded by similarity of income and size of household. Several difficulties, however, beside sameness of food might be overcome by some such experiment. Change would thus be provided for servants who object to the dullness of country life, and those who advertise "town and country" might be persuaded to put up with an entirely rural existence. Any little discomforts arising from continual moving would be amply compensated by the increased matrimonial facilities offered by constant change of situation without detriment to characters. The double life becomes, no doubt, very necessary to those who lead it, and we heard the other day of a lady's-maid who gave up her place because an invalid father and mother required her services. She was sad at leaving, fearing she might be obliged to pass the rest of her days with her family in the country, and never see London again in the season when the spring flowers begin to appear in the streets. Happily, however, both father and mother recovered under her care, and after a month or two she wrote to her former mistress explaining that "having done up her parents," she "found that home was not for a permanence," and would like to return to service.

Four or five years ago we used to hear a great deal about mothers and daughters and how it was that they did not get on. Just now that particular quarrel seems to have been made up. We do not know if all the disaffected daughters have left home, but anyhow the threatened revolution in the family seems to have fizzled out. Perhaps there may be still some malcontents left in out-of-the-way places. If so, it might be advisable to try on a small scale a system of itinerant daughters. We remember to have been told quite

late of an only daughter who left a delicate mother because she could not stand living at home any longer. The lady promptly procured a niece to live with her who was also in danger of being worn out by her family. All three persons became very happy. They recovered "nerve power," as it is called, in a wonderful degree; in plain language, they managed to shift the friction, and suffered no longer from the chafing effects of custom. Parents and children do strike one at times as wonderfully ill-assorted. The "old block" and the "chips" do not always resemble one another, metaphorically speaking. Perhaps with a little management things might be better arranged. Supposing, for instance, the philanthropic daughter of a fashionable mother were to take her curates and her poor people with her and establish herself with the philanthropic mother of a frivolous daughter, and *vice-versa*. The change might prove beneficial to both families. It might, but we do not know. Some shades of the same color harmonize worse than any contrasts. Two sorts of frivolity do not always mingle easily, and different shades of philanthropy are apt to "swear" horribly. Still, there is no knowing what people will put up with when once they are abroad. The home-hater is generally pretty hardy and ready to bear up against very various privations. Living in ladies' flats on a small allowance, getting up in the morning to cook your own breakfast and trim your own lamps, does not strike the outside observer as a pleasant change from a luxurious home, but it appears to be acceptable to those who are sufficiently tired of what they are accustomed to.

But joking apart, is this new form of home-sickness a serious malady, or one likely to affect the general health of the community? We do not believe so for a moment. Household affection does not depend on a desire to eat in one's own dining-room, and grown-up chil-

dren do not like their parents any the less because the recrudescence of energy observable in all classes during the last twenty years has made them show a restless desire to lead their own lives. It is this new energy which is, as we believe, at the bottom of the increased appearance of frivolity, and of this lessening of the love of home about which we hear so much in the present day. Worldly people are more actively worldly than ever they were, just as useful people are more actively useful. We used to hear of women who lay on a sofa and read novels all day. Now such women do something perhaps quite as useless, but at least less lazy. An increased love of society, an enormous widening of the area of what is called society, have no doubt augmented the amount of time which the average man and woman spend outside their own homes, but a love of social life is on the whole, we believe, beneficial. With the widening of social limits has come a strengthening of the power of social minorities. There are more pleasure-loving and more labor-loving people than ever there were in the social world, but it is the numbers, not the proportions, which have altered. Of course the love of society may become, in many cases it does become, synonymous with a love of frivolity, but there is no reason why it should. Frivolity is a dry-rot destroying every strong feeling, but it is by no means the monopoly of those persons whom a social training enables to feel

*The Spectator.*

at home everywhere. The character of Rosamund Vincy was riddled with frivolity before she had left the seclusion of a middle-class country family. Take the class of people who live entirely at home, who may be said to have no social life beyond that of the public-house. What is the result upon household affections? We should say it was very bad. The relation between husband and wife in the lower classes is notoriously unideal. They certainly love their children while they are young, but with a love which by no means always lasts. We should be greatly surprised if the most fashionable lady of our acquaintance were to tell us that she did not know her son's address, and that though both lived in London, she had made no effort for the past year or two to ascertain his welfare. Yet such indifference is common enough in families who by the misfortune of their circumstances have no society outside their homes. All who know the London poor agree as to the urgent necessity for making them desire a social life. Half the work of an East End clergyman consists in providing good amusements, in drawing people out of their own homes and getting them to take pleasure in social intercourse. There is no use in shutting people up in order to make them love each other. The affections which alone make home worth having depend on character, not on confinement. and character is a matter altogether outside and above small, or even great, changes in social custom.

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#### A VISION OF ENGLAND.

For where, remote from smoke and noise,  
 Old Leisure sits knee-deep, in grass;  
 Where simple days bring simple joys,  
 And lovers pass.

I see her in those coming days,  
Still young, still gay; her unbound hair  
Crowned with a crown of starlike rays  
Serenely fair.

I see an envied haunt of peace  
Calm and untouched; remote from roar,  
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease  
On a still shore.

*Emily Lawless.*

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## IMMORTALITY.

### I. FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.

It is thought by many that the great question suggested by the title of this essay—viz., that of survival after death, is not among the most pressing problems of the age; that for once at any rate the highest and the most practical point of view coincide, and that to "leave the world a little better than he found it," to add some iota of material benefit, of scientific knowledge, or of philosophic truth to the general store accumulating through the passing generations for the generations yet to come, is at once the wisest, the most feasible, and the most unselfish aim that a man can set before himself. REGARD for a life beyond the grave, an ordering of the present life so that the interests of this larger life to come may be subserved, is looked upon somewhat askance and dubbed as "otherworldliness," a mere recrudescence under a specious form of selfish individualism. Even Christian Ideals have been modified by this prevailing tendency of thought. The amelioration of the "life that now is" has become a foremost—we might almost say the foremost—aim of the Churches, social regeneration being apparently the one watchword they have in common, the one ground on which they consent to bury differ-

ences and unite forces for the general weal.

There is unmixed good in this widespread and practical recognition of the Golden Rule, this frank acknowledgment that we are our brother's keeper, and that it is folly and worse than folly to preach to his "immortal soul" while no effort is made to raise and purify the conditions in which his mortal body pines and languishes. So much is unquestionably true, and the crusade against ignorance, under-payment, overcrowding, foul air, vicious surroundings which the earnest-hearted in all Christian bodies support and pursue in unison (to their honor be it said) with many who obey the maxims while they repudiate the dogmas of "traditional Christianity," is more worthy of the name of "holy war" than any which has preceded it in the annals of mankind.

And yet this appreciation of the value of life now and here, of its possibilities, of the seemingly cruel and unnecessary obstacles which lie in the way of their fulfilment, has its own dangers. Not to speak of those which are more purely spiritual, the fact that so large a proportion of hope, effort and desire are concentrated on the life that now

is, is productive of an over-eagerness for visible results which is apt to defeat its own end. There would be less of the unrest, the unwise haste, the disappointment, which too often characterize and impede workers in the cause of social regeneration if they were able to realize that even in the case of individuals there is a larger hope, a wider outlook than this present life affords. And indeed such an encouragement is sorely needed by those who know anything of its conditions to the majority of human beings living under the sway of our boasted Western civilization. They cannot, save in the case of a few irresponsible enthusiasts, deceive themselves into the belief that the vast problems involved, the radical changes necessitated, will even be faced by a general determination to deal with them in the comprehensive and thorough-going manner which alone could avail, in the lifetime of the present, in all probability of more than the present generation. And if in the end the Utopia of their dreams is realized, and peace, sufficiency, and the means of full self-development are placed within the reach of all, there yet remains that tale of ruined lives and uncompensated suffering through which its attainment will have been achieved. Even were full social regeneration capable of immediate accomplishment, individual life would not be rendered satisfactory.

Another consideration demands attention. It is the fact that under present conditions, even when, as human experience goes, they are altogether favorable, man never appears to himself to attain the true zenith of his powers. There is always a beyond which could quite conceivably be reached were this or that limitation, perhaps the universal one of the shortness of life, removed. The old man may indeed, owing to the very decay of vitality which causes it, acquiesce calmly in the arrest of his powers, but would he do so before decay has touched him, when body

and mind are still in full vigor and activity? Let each man in possession of the *mens sana in corpore sano* ask this question of himself. And indeed if the first half of the condition alone be fulfilled, it is hard for a man to give up the hope of achievements for which he feels full mental capacity on account of physical infirmity, whether the latter be due to age or illness. Those who have read the Letters of J. R. Green will remember the pathetic exclamation uttered when it was supposed he had but six weeks to live: "I have so much work to do." As a matter of fact his frail life had yet two years to run, and he accomplished—kept alive, his physician said, more by sheer force of will than anything else—the chief part of the task which lay so near his heart. But can it be doubted that even then his intellectual power was unexhausted, and that had it not been for physical limitations and premature death, far more would have been successfully attempted? The same remark applies with even more force to one whose death came with a shock of surprise to friend and foe alike: "So much to do, so little done," are reported to have been the last words of Cecil Rhodes, who in his fiftieth year had to leave unfinished at a peculiarly critical period a gigantic task to which perhaps no other living man is equal. Nor are such cases exceptional, save in the particular of unusual talent and energy. We have but to run over in our minds the list of our personal friends and acquaintance, and we shall find that in the case of successful and unsuccessful alike a falling short of possibilities is the rule. So and so has done well, but he might have done so much better if—and then follows the inevitable qualification; or such another would have succeeded, *but* he was overweighted by poverty, or family cares, by ill-health, or by some other of the ordinary hindrances of ordinary life.

Again there is the injurious effect on

others than the individual immediately concerned which this individual limitation occasions. The statesman who is lost to his country's councils just when she is most in need of him, the mother who is snatched from her children at the age when they chiefly require her care, and the loss of whose tender watchfulness in early years is felt to the end of life, the father whose counsel and ripe experience would have been invaluable to the son just setting forth on his career, but whose voice is silenced by Death at the moment when it seemed indispensable, these and countless other instances are so familiar and so often dwelt on that even to mention them savors of the trite. Each time, however, that they enter into a living experience they are felt with the same keen and bitter strength as though they were the first sorrow of the first man.

Social regeneration is no panacea for these things. It cannot secure to the individual the certainty that his powers shall ripen to their full development, that work which he has undertaken shall be accomplished, that his life shall last long enough to shelter, till shelter is no longer necessary, the lives dependent on him; that the desires either of affection or intellect shall come even near to satisfaction.

And if it is thus with the successful,—for so far it is chiefly those whom the world would deem successful that we have been bearing in mind, in whose case there has been at any rate a partial fulfilment of their best potentialities—what shall be said of the unsuccessful, of the world's failures, of the incurably diseased, vicious, miserable, who might have been so different had their environment been different, who, had the halcyon days of social regeneration fallen upon them, would at any rate have attained an ordinary level of virtue, decency, satisfaction? Does it content us to regard them as the necessary sacrifice to the well-being of fu-

ture generations? Are the victims to war, pestilence, inefficient legislation, to their own and others' ignorance, neglect or despair, mere age-long object lessons of how not to live? Our intellectual and moral nature alike shrinks from thus regarding them. And it is this fact, quite as much as our private needs, aspirations and affections, which makes of Immortality primarily an individual question. We ask indeed, at moments when the brevity and uncertainty of life are personally brought home to us by bereavement or the first warnings that our physical powers have passed their zenith: "Shall I survive? "Will those I love survive? Will the desires, the capacities that have never found fruition here 'bloom to profit other where? " But it is at times of wider sympathy, when not our own lot nor that of any dear ones within the narrow circle of home and friendship is chiefly present to us, that we realize the awful futility of individual life if death indeed be its term.

Nor are such questionings satisfied, though they may be silenced, by the representation that no life can cease to be, and that the perishing of its individual forms no more affects its persistence than the subsidence of ocean waves into a great calm affects the persistence of the ocean itself. The merging of the finite in the Infinite cannot be rightly called Death; yet to the general mind, the term life is even less appropriate.

It may be supposed that Christians at any rate can give a more satisfactory answer. "The life everlasting" is an article of their faith, and the Resurrection of Christ, to those who indeed hold it true, places the continuance of individual life beyond a doubt. But how many would shrink from a searching inquiry into their real belief on the matter, how few if they are honest with themselves would venture to assert that the Resurrection is a fact, or the "life to come" a certainty! And this



doubtfulness among persons who have nevertheless a very real belief in the strength and spirituality of Christian teaching is another determining cause of that narrowing of the Christian horizon to which reference has already been made. It is difficult for faith and hope to overleap earthly bounds. Let us therefore do our utmost within them. Duty cannot fail us though all else may grow dim and uncertain. There is truth and noble purpose in this determination, but it is obvious that to carry it out effectually, knowledge of the true range and bearing of our present life is of the utmost importance. It will make—it ought to make—a vast difference in the duty of each individual *now* whether his outlook, not as regards himself only, but all other individuals past, present, and to come, is limited to earth or reaches beyond it. The training and discipline which would suffice for mortals, the conditions of life, the power of perseverance and endeavor, the outlook of hope which would be great enough for them, are wholly inadequate for immortals. These, too, need not shrink as mortals must from apparent failure, or certain suffering either in their own case or in that of others. The issues of life are so large that illimitable courage should be theirs. We know, alas! that practically it is not so. Yet though in the period through which we are passing the "heavenly horizon" has grown blurred and faint to many as truly Christian in aspiration and effort as those early martyrs who felt earth, not heaven, to be the illusion, the overclouding has its great and practical uses. Not till the faith which we thought dying revives in greater power than before, shall we know what it owes to the darkness which obscured for a while its vision of the unseen. For in truth a radical change in the conception of what Christian Immortality means was sorely needed, and it is difficult to see in what way, save by the

teaching of experience, it could have been effected. It is not so much historical criticism, or lack of scientific proof which has shaken Christian confidence in the "life everlasting," as the inherent weakness of the ideal formed of it. It is to this aspect of the subject that the rest of the present essay will be devoted. In a subsequent paper the writer hopes to approach it from a wider and more fundamental point of view.

Whatever may be the drawbacks of Western Civilization, there can be no doubt of the increased variety and complexity of life it has brought about. There never has been a time when so large a number of interests, so many branches of knowledge, such wide fields of activity, were opened up to mankind as now, and as a consequence life is to a vast number of people fuller to an almost immeasurable extent than it was to their progenitors some hundreds of years ago. There are those, as we know, who are very far from considering this state of things an unmixed advantage—even as an advantage at all; but the fact remains, and it inevitably affects our whole mental attitude. A man of the twentieth century, though he be of mediocre culture and intelligence, has a wider outlook, a larger experience than the most highly endowed intellect of the tenth century could attain. Yet our conception of Immortality has filtered down to us through the dark ages. It is still tainted by their narrowness of outlook, their scientific ignorance, their opposition of the natural to the supernatural, and we can hardly be surprised that it fails to satisfy or to attract a generation before which such amazing vistas of the Universe have opened out. It is true indeed that to the saints of all ages, to those who—whatever their intellectual attainments may be or may not be, to whatever grade of society or culture they belong—are the spiritual salt of the earth, one desire, one pos-

sibility is alone present in their hope of Immortality—the perfected consciousness of the Divine Presence—that “Sight” of God which is the especial blessing of the pure in heart. To such as these no other belief regarding Immortality is possible or desirable save that that highest aspiration should be fully satisfied. But such single-hearted lovers of God, those to whom God only, God always, is consciously the Supreme Object of their desire, have ever been in a minority. There are many different types and castes of human character, and in life beyond as in life before death, room is needed for all. Christians should not have difficulty in realizing this, and the fact that they to whom no children of the Divine Father should be common or unclean yet seem frequently to regard one class of mind alone as fully acceptable to Him—the saintly, in the conventional sense of the term,—is greatly owing to the undue exaltation of the contemplative over the active side of the Christian life which for long obtained in the Church. It was an inevitable consequence of the “dark ages,” when intellectual and spiritual culture were alike hard to come by, and could only be preserved under the hot-house conditions of the cloister. Such a one-sided ideal leads to as mistaken a conception of the life to come as of life on earth. The latter we have corrected. We no longer draw the sharp line between the “religious” (*i.e.*, the conventual) life and that of the world which our fathers drew. The best religious thought of our day recognizes that Christianity claims as its own all art, all science, all culture, all philanthropy, that no department of life or of service lies outside religion. But our grasp of the sacredness of activity, the consecration of knowledge, even of affection, is most frequently limited to the sphere of earth. Beyond there seems nothing before us but a life of passive contemplation, an existence of which we can form no conception save

that it will be one of rest, of freedom from care and sorrow and evil, a condition of negative beatitude in fact, to which, at times of sick weariness with the restlessness and turmoil of the world, we turn with joy and relief, but which has no attraction for the young, the strong, the healthfully busy, the happy.

Surely there is a fundamental error here, one which it is well worth while to track and refute. If the spirit of New Testament teaching on this subject gives us as one great object of hope untrammelled service of the Divine Father we are wrong to fix our eyes only on rest; we are injuring those whose greatest need and desire is not to cease from activity but to be granted full scope for it.

Ideal Immortality should satisfy all healthful and innocent aspirations, utilize all capacities, embrace within its wide scope all intellectual, affectional, and spiritual activities which in the widest sense of the term are “good.”

Some may regard such an ideal as too material to be permissible from the Christian standpoint, and if material is to be taken as a synonym for sensual, then it is true that there is no place for the material in the Christian conception of life, either present or to come. The restriction of human beings to, or their absorption in the life of the senses is inimical to every spiritual religion—to Christianity most because it is most spiritual, because there is in it no lower path for the ordinary man, no esoteric mysteries for the initiated, but the same demand made on each and all, *viz.*, to live up to the highest they know.

But if by “material” be intended man’s relationship to the natural universe, nay that universe itself in all the marvels of its known order, with all the dimly hinted possibilities of what yet may become known, then the Christian conception of Immortality embraces that relationship, applies to that

universe. One of the "notes" of Christianity is that it neither ignores, condemns, nor supersedes the natural, but raises it to a new dignity and confers upon it a larger scope by treating it as itself the expression and the pledge of spirit. According to New Testament teaching the universe of Nature is a spiritual creation which in the Divine Ideal of it is throughout "very good," and which in its actual state of (to human perception) non-attainment, groans and travails together with man until the adoption, that is the redemption of the body; until the material expression is so perfectly moulded to the spiritual meaning that the latter shines forth undimmed in its eternal beauty and splendor. Man's intellect, affections, moral consciousness are spiritual attributes, none the less so that not having themselves attained to the Divine Ideal, and being therefore imperfect, they are expressed through the imperfect medium of the "natural body." Christianity does not teach that when this medium falls human knowledge, love, righteousness are to be without expression, but that a more fitting expression is to be given them. First the natural expression, afterwards that which is spiritual, for *if* there is a natural body, there is a spiritual body. If, that is, under earthly conditions, man needs an earthly body and an earthly environment by means of which to express what he is and does, so under conditions which are not earthly but which are and must be *human*, he will need a human though non-earthly body and a human though non-earthly environment for the same reason—to express his being and his activity.

The Divine Ideal of human life is the life of Christ, manifested before death under earthly conditions, after death under non-earthly. To the "witnesses of His Resurrection" He did not reveal Himself either as bodiless, or as disconnected from His former life. On the contrary His Risen Body—that

which was the perfect expression of the Perfect Life informing it—bore the marks of His Death and Passion, at once bringing home His identity to the minds of His sorrowing disciples with a strength of conviction which no other evidence could have afforded, and deeply impressing upon them the fact of the intimate connection between the earthly and the non-earthly life. "It is I Myself"—I whose experience before death is so indelibly wrought into the essence of My life, that It would not be fully expressed unless Its physical manifestation bore the marks of My Passion. There can be no plainer teaching than this that human life before and after death is continuous, and it must be carefully borne in mind if we would enter into the Christian conception of Immortality. It will be "I myself" to each one in the life to come, the same unique individuality retaining the "marks" and the memory of those experiences of suffering, of sorrow, of joy, which are the warp and woof of the earthly life: so common that they make all men brothers, yet so distinct and peculiar in each case that no other has been or can be identical with it.

This belief in the continuity of each individual human life has very important practical issues which have been obscured by the too frequent restriction of its meaning to the meting out of reward and punishment. Without doubt this is one aspect of the subject, but it is one aspect only and cannot be rightly appreciated save in relation to the whole. In past ages, when even the most cultivated intellects were unable to recognize beneath the apparent lawlessness of the Universe its vast and unchanging order, it was inevitable that spiritual truths also should be invested with a certain amount of arbitrariness. Thus the "reward" of the just equally with the punishment of the unjust was regarded as not in essential connection with the life which had merited either. Consequently the

former could be bought by certain rites, ceremonies and benefactions, the latter could be avoided in much the same way by indulgences, penances, gifts of money to ecclesiastical purposes, etc. It was not clearly understood that the punishment of a sinful life was wrought out by that life itself, and was of the kind which the particular sins indulged in must inevitably entail, just as a burned hand must inevitably follow the thrusting of it into the fire. The punishment of sin equally with the wages of virtue is progress in the path chosen. Browning has finely illustrated this in his description of the man found at the Last Judgment choosing earthly before spiritual joys. His sentence is to possess that which he has chosen, earth, but without the power which he in common with all men had hitherto possessed, of looking if he would, beyond the transitory and apparent to the real and abiding.

"Thou saidst,—'Let spirit star the dome  
Of Sky, that flesh may miss no peak,  
No nook of earth,—I shall not seek  
Its service further.' Thou art shut  
Out of the heaven of spirit; glut  
Thy sense upon the world; 'tis thine  
For ever—take it."

"How?—Is mine  
The world?" I cried (while my soul  
broke  
Out in a transport). "Hast thou spoke  
Plainly in that? Earth's exquisite  
Treasures of wonder and delight,  
For me?"

The austere voice returned:  
"So soon made happy? Had'st thou  
learned  
What God accounteth happiness,  
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess  
What hell may be His punishment  
For those who doubt if God invent  
Better than they—Let such men rest  
Content with what they judged the  
best.

Let the unjust usurp at will:  
The filthy shall be filthy still:

Miser, there waits the gold for thee!  
Hater, indulge thine enmity!  
And thou whose heaven self-ordained  
Was to enjoy earth unrestrained,  
Do it! take all the ancient show!

\* \* \* \* \*

*"I promise not thou shalt forget  
The past now gone to its account,  
But leave thee with the old amount  
Of faculties, nor less nor more,  
Unvisited as heretofore  
By God's free Spirit that makes an end."*

Considerations of space preclude longer quotation, especially from a poem familiar to almost all readers, but the italicized lines contain the crux of the whole matter, indicating alike the cause of the extreme anguish of the punishment and the possibility (more clearly developed later) that it is purgatorial, not penal merely, "I promise not thou shalt forget the past." "It is I myself—I who might have judged that the use of flesh 'was to refine the nerve beneath the spirit's play,' who might have chosen to follow 'the spirit's fugitive brief gleams,' until they issued in the unveiled light of God. It is I myself who have thrust away my spiritual inheritance, have fixed myself where 'God's free spirit that makes an end' no longer penetrates. It is I myself who have lost myself." That is the keen edge of the suffering, a very sword of the Spirit before which the man shrinks and quails. But because he can thus suffer, hope has not altogether departed, the pain that an immortal spirit condemned to dwell amongst shadows must experience so clears his vision, that at the end of the poem we find him whose one desire had been the enjoyment of earthly life to the full, exclaiming:—

How dreadful to be grudged  
No ease henceforth, as one that's  
judged,  
Condemned to earth for ever, shut  
From heaven.

And we are left with the closing note of hope:

But Easter Day breaks! But  
Christ rises! Mercy every way  
Is infinite, and who can say?

These considerations illustrate forcibly the meaning of that central fact, the continuity of human life—round which, if once realized, all other facts of human life would group themselves in due order and subordination. And needless to say the same remarks apply *mutatis mutandis* to reward. This is no arbitrary bliss bestowed upon all alike who at some time or other of their lives—it may be upon their deathbed—have “made their peace with God.” It is the inevitable consequence of the aim and endeavor after the highest (according to the light of each individual) in thought and practice; of the unworldly temper of mind, which, in whatever way shown, however painfully connected with a sense of failure and shortcoming, yet recognizes that earth is but in some sense or other a prelude, a forecast, an intimation of something better, nobler, more worthy of attainment than itself, “God’s ante-chamber” by whose variegated “arras folds”

The wise who waited there could tell  
..... What royalties in store  
Lay one step past the entrance door.

But as the sharpest edge of punishment lies in the realization of what might have been, only possible because what might have been is continuous with what is, so the supreme reward, or one element in the supreme reward, is the knowledge that what is, is essentially connected with what was—“It is I myself—I who strove and fell, and rose to strive again, blinded, maimed, scarcely daring to hope I could attain, yet keeping amid all darkness, amid all defeat even, the unquenchable desire of the highest. I have been found faithful, my

feet are set forever upon the upward path, and to me is given my heart’s desire.” And if that desire has not known and does not yet know itself to be none other than the thirst for the Divine, God is not straitened in the means whereby He will in the life beyond draw those who have been true to the light they had under earthly conditions into full apprehension of and participation in that supreme desire, the response to which is the vision of Himself.

A real living belief (not a mere intellectual acquiescence,) in this continuity of individual human life has issues of infinitely greater importance to society at large than those which it debates with such fervor and heat. It can hardly be said that we are in a position to estimate them as yet. One thing however should be abundantly plain. If death is indeed no break in life, but merely an entrance into different conditions of life, this fact of itself should weigh immensely in education. Before it could do so, however, a public opinion in favor of its practical importance would have to be created. At present what public opinion is being brought to bear on the subject leans all the other way. To think much of life beyond the grave is supposed to unfit us for work in the world as it is. Could we realize that every activity of which human beings are capable is a sacred thing (and this is the teaching of Christianity)—a thing which may be defiled, defamed, prostituted to low uses, but which in the Divine Ideal of it is altogether noble, beautiful, worthy of all honor, not destined to perish in the using, but to be trained to ever higher and higher perfection till its scope, compared to what in our present ignorance we suppose, is well-nigh illimitable, then we should deem no effort too strenuous, no sacrifice too great to ensure to ourselves and to others the full development of all human powers



and capacities. Our chief aim would be so to think and work that when we take that "one step past the entrance door" to fuller life, neither we nor others through our action should be weighted by limitations which our experience under earthly conditions should have taught us to surmount. This would debar none from giving their full energy to every honorable profession and pursuit, but it would immeasurably raise the standard of individual effort and responsibility. It would save the artist and the author from prostituting talent to win the poor meed of contemporary or posthumous fame, the statesman from committing his fellow countrymen to a policy which Christian wisdom condemns, either for the sake of present popularity or a name which posterity should call great. It would save the educator from aiming at immediate results rather than eliciting the true personality, the best self in the young people committed to his charge, and the philanthropist from adopting hasty expedients which, though they may give momentary relief, are no true medicine for the social body. It would rob bereavement of its keenest pangs and take the edge off all disappointment. And this being the case, it would set free even under actual conditions an amazing amount of human energy and capacity which are at present cramped and stunted by the overhanging fear that whatever the individual cannot accomplish before death is, so far as the individual himself is concerned, incomplete. He may sow, but another will reap; he may labor but another will enter into the fruit of his labors; he shall not himself see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Nor need we condemn such a feeling as egotistic. To do so would be to run counter to a universal human characteristic, the characteristic of all others which raises man beyond animal to spiritual life,

the capacity to perceive, and the determination to strive after, the Ideal. The man who has such faith in the reality of his ideal that he can say "It will come to pass though I shall not see it," is strong; but he who can assert "It will come to pass and I shall see it," is stronger still. This is the strength that belief in the continuity of individual personality should give to every man in whom it is a living, active power, and not a half acquiesced-in truth which has no practical bearing on life as it is now.

Another effect, far-reaching in its results, but more purely personal than any which has yet been touched on, might well be produced, viz.: the more strenuous endeavor on the part of each individual to attain to the Divine Ideal for him, to fulfil the Divine Conception of his own being. There is a certain school of thought, of which Nietzsche may be regarded as one of the principal prophets and exponents, which insists before all else upon self-realization as the one important end of individual life. "Be yourself" is the cry of these teachers. "Be what you are, whether that be what is conventionally called good or evil. Experience all you can, live all you can. Fulfil yourself in every way that is open to you, regardless of any consequence so only that you can achieve and complete yourself." Let this advice be taken by one whose outlook is limited to life on earth, and in most instances we know but too well the lamentable physical and moral wreck which would ensue. But widen the horizon. Say as before: "Fulfil, complete yourself, yet bear in mind that Self's undying Nature, that as you are making it now, so will it start beyond death with larger powers, a greater scope, an unforgotten past. Be therefore not only yourself, but true to your Self. Do not prostitute it, do not place in its hands that awful power of reproach so terribly depicted by Rossetti

in one of the finest of his sonnets, where he exclaims that at death—

God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.

"I am thyself, what hast thou done to me?"

"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)

"And thou thyself to all eternity."

Such a possibility as this, placed in juxtaposition to that other possibility of approximating ever nearer and nearer to the Divine meaning in "My Self," would prove, if indeed confronted, an almost resistless deterrent from those forms of supposed self-realization which are in truth its destroyers.

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One last word seems called for. The present essay is addressed to Christians. It is an attempt to place in a more vivid and practical light a belief which is by hypothesis theirs already and it can hardly therefore appeal to those whose mental standpoint precludes them from accepting the Christian doctrines. The utmost to be expected—and this the writer would even in a single instance be glad to attain—would be the recognition that belief in the persistence of individual life after death should not be a hindrance, but a great motive power in human progress now. To those who, perceiving this, yet feel that the belief is not justified, the writer hopes in a future paper to address herself.

*Emma Marie Caillard.*

## NOVELS OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.\*

It was not until the beginning of last century that any successful attempt was made to represent the Irish as they really are in their own country. There were, indeed, gross caricatures of national character, which condensed in one impossible person all the qualities supposed to be specially Irish. Even more popular, perhaps, was the simple combination of brogue and blunder that was made to do duty for the typical Irishman, both on the stage and in fiction. If we put aside a few well-drawn figures in the plays of Sheridan and other contemporary writers, these

were the only representations of the Irishman known in England. It was Miss Edgeworth who first treated the Irish seriously, and wrote of them with intelligence and sympathy. Hitherto the comic Irishman had been taken out of his own country, put into unknown surroundings, and used as a foil to the more solid English character. But Miss Edgeworth carries the English reader over the sea, and by her graphic sketches of life makes him tread with her the Irish soil, breathe the atmosphere of the country, and become familiar with the home life of the people,

\*1. "Castle Daly." By Miss Keary. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1876.)

2. "Hurriah: a Study." By the Honble. Emily Lawless. (London: Methuen and Co., 1896.)

3. "Grania: the Story of an Island." By the same. (London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1897.)

4. "Mrs. Martin's Company, and other Stories." By Jane Barlow. (London: Dent, 1896.)

5. "Irish Idylls." By the same. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1892.)

6. "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. (London: Longmans, 1899.)

7. "My New Curate." By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P. (London, 1900.)

both gentle and simple. Miss Edgeworth never wrote anything better than *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*, but it must remain her greatest distinction that, according to Sir Walter Scott's own statement, she inspired him to write the *Waverley Novels*.

"Without being so presumptive," he says in his general preface, "as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind as that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favorable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their follies."

It was, we believe, Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels that also suggested to Tourguéneff to write his tales of Russian peasant life.

In reading Miss Edgeworth we must admit that we do not become acquainted with the deeper forces which have influenced both the people and the fortunes of the country. There is a careful avoidance of religious and political questions, and scarcely a hint of the passionate discontent caused by the injustice of the penal laws. In judging of the darker features of the character of a nation, it is necessary to distinguish between what is natural and what is the result of circumstances. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in Ireland we have a nation who for centuries have struggled against misrule and religious oppression, with the result that under certain conditions their moral sense becomes blunted and deteriorated. The Irish peasant, when his feelings have been fomented by political agitation, seeks to right his wrongs, real or imagined, by crime, amid the universal sympathy of his

neighbors, who look upon him as a hero and a martyr. Mischief of this nature is not easily undone; for the past is always whispering in the ear of the Celt, and reminding him of what it were well for his own happiness that he should forget.

In *Castle Daly* Miss Keary gives us a faithful picture both of the violent misdeeds and of the uncomplaining patience of the people at a time when Ireland was not only decimated by famine, but also torn by internal revolution. It is a book to which the words that Ruskin is reported to have said of *The Absentee* may fitly be applied: "You can learn more by reading it of Irish politics, than from a thousand columns out of a Blue Book." Miss Keary through her imaginative sympathy realizes not only the larger issues involved, but those subtler contrasts of character that make it difficult for the English and Irish to understand one another. Strange as it may seem, she only spent a fortnight in Ireland in her life; but her father was Irish, and had so impressed her mind with the "sweet misty pictures of the West" that after her visit she found little to alter in her descriptions of the country which she had chosen as the scene of her plot. *Castle Daly* is the story of an Irish family in the forties. The owner is a typical Irishman, endowed with the virtues and the faults of his race. On a visit to England he is captivated by the dainty reserved grace of the daughter of a well-ordered English house; he thinks she has just the qualities wanted to remedy the evils that he feels incompetent to combat, and that the ardor of his love will awake her from her somewhat cold stillness. When the story opens, which is after twenty years of married life, his sanguine nature has not given up hopes of making her more responsive. But a continually unsuccessful attempt to check her husband's light-hearted

extravagance, and some years of ill-health, combined with a sad temperament, have not helped to make the well brought up English girl adapt herself to her surroundings.

In the first chapters of *Castle Daly* we have a delightful picture of a happy-go-lucky Irish home, the centre to which all the peasants congregate from the surrounding mountains in their joys and sorrows, to have a word with the "masthan," a friendly talk with Ellen and Connor, the two younger children, and a meal in the hospitable kitchen. The most interesting personality in the book is undoubtedly Anne O'Flaherty, an old maid, who lives in a lonely valley, spending her life in trying to cure Irish evils by Irish virtues, and who by the arresting qualities of her mind makes the wild peasant population both love and obey her. Miss Kearney treats all her characters with sympathy. Even the dogmatic brother-in-law is given his due: he is one of those Englishmen who is convinced that all that is wanted in Ireland are English methods administered by a firm hand, and who speaks to the people "not angrily, but in the cheerful decided tone he thought appropriate to uneducated people, whose intellects could only be reached by strong words or shouting." It is scarcely possible to praise too highly the skill with which the English agent and his sister, who come over to restore order in the chaos of Mr. Daly's affairs, are drawn. Their high-minded and conscientious but ungenial dealings with a peasantry unused to *impersonal* treatment and distracted by famine and political ferment forms the chief interest of the book. The difference of the old system carried on by Anne O'Flaherty and the new as introduced by the agent, Mr. Thornley, is well described in their first interview. The wisdom or folly of the work of Anne's life is in question. She shows the practical young agent her

industrial works, and expounds to him all her most cherished schemes for the betterment of the people. He listens politely, and then proves by well argued and thoroughly established laws how baseless all Anne's arguments are, and how sure her work is to fall to pieces in the long run.

He stood still and looked over the valley lying in the golden sunset, where the laborers stood in groups about the gates of their garden enclosures, and the women came out and put their babies into their fathers' arms, and children filled the air with joyous evening clamor, and he talked quite calmly of the inevitable evils attending the subdivision of the land, and the certainty that an over-stimulated population like the one he was surveying must come at last to the point of being decimated by want and sickness. . . . "You are young yet," Anne said with a deep sigh. "If you live to be as old as I am, and by chance get interested in the lives and troubles of the poor people you reside among—I think you could—you will learn to be glad to take the most practical way that comes to hand of rescuing them from present degradation and suffering, and you will leave remote consequences to take their chance."

"I shall know that the remote consequences must come when they are due. I shall not expect by any efforts of mine to bring about results which economical and social laws are dead against."

"You speak about laws as if they were alive," cried Anne; "horrible, heartless things—I don't believe in them. I believe in God, and I don't think He is dead against honest effort to do good to our fellow-creatures, even if it be a somewhat mistaken one. He will take care that some good, physical or moral or spiritual, comes out of it somehow."

Mr. Thornley shrugged his shoulders. . . . Here were questions which he had decided did not concern him, into the discussion of which he absolutely and always refused to be drawn.

Mr. Thornley acts according to his theories, and deals blind justice to the

people of whose characters and convictions he knows nothing. He is quite unaware that to them his justice appears like the cruellest wrong and injury. But when he is brought face to face with crimes and tragedies, and when the death "keen" of famine drowns "all other voices, both John Thornley and Anne O'Flaherty come to acknowledge their mistakes and limitations. Anne sees that there are other laws besides hers ruling in her populous valley, laws that could not be ignored; and Mr. Thornley recognizes that it is at least as important to understand human beings as it is to know political economy. He says, in a conversation with Ellen Daly, after they had knelt together in the cabin of the starved family of the man who had intended to murder him:

I begin to see where the fault lies. A few minutes ago I was saying vehemently to myself that at least I have been guilty of no injustice, yet I felt that the sting of remorse would not strike so deep if I were really blameless. Now I see how it is. I ought never to have come here knowing so little of the people I had to deal with, having scarcely glanced at the problems that rise up before me now as almost unfathomable. . . .

He is beginning dimly to perceive that there is a spiritual side to the character of some of those peasants whom he had looked upon as merely squalid and improvident. One day he follows Ellen into the little white-washed chapel:

The women drew apart as he approached to make room for him at her side, and almost involuntarily he knelt down a little way behind her. There was preaching going on. He had not come in at the beginning, and could not make out whether any text for the sermon had been given out; but the sentence "Man doth not live by bread alone" was repeated several times by

the preacher, and each time a groan of acquiescence burst forth from the pale lips of the famine stricken people kneeling round, who seemed to hang upon the speaker's words as if they were food indeed. Then the preacher went on to describe in glowing words, and with much metaphor and eloquence the spirit life—nourished by the true bread—into the full enjoyment of which the good priest who had addressed his flock from that spot two days ago, had now entered. At another time John might have listened critically, questioning the wisdom or the utility of such an exercise under such circumstances; but now, kneeling on the mud floor, among the sea of pale faces that were gradually losing their ghastliness under the illumination of hope in the Unseen thus set forth before eyes that in every other quarter beheld only despair, he could not question.

Though *Castle Daly* was written in 1875, the story deals with a time when Ireland, owing to unequal laws and social anomalies, afforded a peculiarly rich and varied field for the novelist. In later years when Ireland has sat heavily on the conscience of England, and English statesmen have been inspired to treat Ireland not only with justice but with generosity, civilizing influences have penetrated to the remotest parts of the country; and as an inevitable result, there is less of that picturesqueness in which, as Sydney Smith observes, utility and order are the last ingredients. But fit materials both for the agitator and the novelist are yet to be found in Ireland, and when Miss Lawless wrote her first novel, *Hurriah: a Study*, political disturbance was rife. Irish patriotism, apart from the professional agitator, owes much of its reality and permanence to the fact that it is largely made up of sentiment, and sentiment pervades the whole nature of the Celt and influences all the relations of his life. It is, perhaps, the quality which makes it difficult for the English and Irish to understand one another, for it is one



that is peculiarly irritating to the common-sense of a successful race. It is sentiment that makes the Irishman fight against the inevitable, and refuse to accept the despotism of facts. This is that "eternal source of folly" which, as Renan says, all the Celtic races have in their hearts, and the very malady which is their charm. Even love is more a sentiment than a passion with the Celt. The satisfaction of sense does not so much appeal to him as emotion and excitement. Love is inseparably connected with the home, the village, the chapel, and all he has been familiar with since his birth. If the sentiment of the Celt were united with the sanity, the perseverance, and the steadiness of the Saxon, the result would not be far from genius, for true sensibility means spiritual perception, quick sympathies, and an intimate fellowship with the mysteries of nature. Authors who, like Miss Lawless, have succeeded in bringing out this predominant characteristic, have produced the most living pictures of Irish peasant life. But Miss Lawless is not only a writer of fiction; her readers feel that she has also much of the inward vision which belongs to the poet and the mystic.

The scene of *Hurrish* is laid in a wild desolate region in the West, and the story gives us an admirable picture of the land war in Ireland in recent times. The characters are few, but singularly distinct. Hurrish, his mother Bridget, his niece Alley and her lover Maurice Brady, stand out like cameos against their background of gray bare rock. Hurrish, a loose-limbed, good-natured giant, is half farmer, half fisherman:

He was a sentimentalist—though he had never heard the word; and the ground which he was born on—that rock-bound ground was the object of his sentimental worship. . . . To Hurrish, life in general, past, present, and future, was an abounding mystery, which might be understood per-

haps by Father Dennehy, or other competent authorities, but into which he himself never dreamt of probing.

Though he had been brought up a Fenian, and hatred to England was part of his creed, yet temperamentally he was out of sympathy with crime and bloodshed, and in this respect he is a grievous disappointment to his old mother who lives with him. She is an ardent patriot of the cruel and vindictive sort; it is she who knows the why and the wherefore of all the agrarian outrages, and she is the first to raise the war-cry of exultation in which she fails to persuade her son to join.

For what, it may be asked, is a good-natured and naturally gregarious man to do, when all the sociability of his neighborhood is concentrated round one single focus, and that focus a criminal one? His own impulses were all of the old-fashioned, easy-going, jovial kind. He hated fighting—except, of course, the open and fisticuff variety—he hated dark deeds and dark secrets, and everything that savored of unpleasantness and treachery. He would have liked from year's end to year's end to live in the same genial, friendly fashion, the same happy-go-lucky indifference to the future. Pity such natures when their lot has been cast into the bitter yeast of a social revolution. They are the clay pots among the iron ones, and the fate of the clay pot is theirs.

Hurrish has a very warm spot in his heart for his niece Alley. She is, as we are told, one of a type not uncommon in Ireland, a born nun, to whom the convent appeals not only from a religious motive, but as a welcome refuge from the perils of the world. For to a nature like hers "the horizon of fear will always be far, far wider than that of hope." If Maurice Brady had not asked her to marry him, she would have joined her sister in a convent. She does not love Maurice; she hardly knows what love is, and all she has to

bestow is given to her uncle, whom she adores. But Maurice dazzles her with his handsome face and educated speech. He belongs to the Americanized, modern, progressive species of Irishmen, a species becoming more common every day. He is the exact opposite of Hurrish, and is in no way a sentimentalist, but he does not altogether gain by this loss. Between Maurice and Alley the gulf that separates the practical self-seeker from the sentimentalist is fixed; and when he tells her that he will take her away to Limerick, or may be to Dublin itself, and give her the best of meat and drink and dress her as a lady, the idea only terrifies her and does not appeal to her in the least. She tells him,

Me heart seems just tied to the things I know. . . . I don't seem able to think of going away—not altogether. I'm like them little yellar shtrikes ye may see round the idges of the say pools, that go jumpin' an' hoppin' an' dancin', an' pullin' away, as if they was wantin' to be flyin' off all over the country; and all the while they niver get raaly away from the wather, and I don't suppose they're wantin' to nayther.

Alley's pure and childlike personality permeates the dark tragedy that gradually gathers round Hurrish, whose easy-going genial nature seems singularly ill-suited to play a tragic part in a struggle which is forced on him, not by any militant will power of his own, but by the environment of which he is the victim. Alley finds her natural refuge in a convent, and Maurice, branded and scorned as an informer, flies to America.

Miss Lawless's second Irish novel, *Grania: the Story of an Island*, is perhaps a work of higher artistic merit than *Hurrish*, because it is untrammelled by the disturbing influences of passing conditions. It is more concerned with what is universal in human

nature, and affects us with the quiet power of elemental tragedy, though the story is limited to a description of the life of a few peasants in a small island in the Atlantic—an island so barren and windswept that the reader is tempted to think that the mere effort of living would absorb every faculty and leave no room for the cultivation of any of the finer arts of life. But Miss Lawless, even when she writes in her most minor key, softens the harsh and disfiguring things of reality and conveys an artistic emotion, too sad indeed to be exactly pleasurable, yet far removed from the harsh impression produced by direct contact with squalid life. Unfortunately, dirt and discomfort are still only too prevalent among the peasants in Ireland; but when they are found, as is often the case, combined with delicacy of feeling, modesty and well-bred consideration for others, the ideals of their lives are far removed from squalor, whatever their material surroundings may be. Miss Lawless is specially successful in revealing the more attractive qualities of the peasants, and this gift, together with a delicate sense of humor, brightens the somewhat sombre tone of her writing.

There is a distinct flavor about the style of *Grania*. The characters do not talk with the usual brogue—which, we learn from the dedication to the book, Miss Lawless considers "a tiresome necessity always," and one which can be dispensed with when no single character can talk a word of English. Apparently the conversations must first have been written in Irish and afterwards translated into English, and the result is at once poetical and racy of the soil. We first make acquaintance with Grania when as a child she is sitting in her father's hooker in the Bay of Galway—a wild little figure with the vivid dark southern coloring so often to be met with in the West of Ireland. Her father, Con O'Malley, of Inish-

maan, one of the Aran Islands, might have passed as an ideal picture of the typical Connaught peasant. But in one respect he was not typical, for he had ventured so far to depart from the custom of his class as to make a love match, and this as a second marriage, without even youth as an excuse. His first marriage had been of the usual kind, settled with a due and punctilious regard to the number of cows, pigs, pots, and pans that each side could produce. But his wife died, leaving one daughter, and we learn that some years after he outraged public opinion by falling in love with a girl from the "Continent," as the islanders call the mainland, a tall, magnificently handsome creature who had not a possession of any sort in the world.

It was a genuine love match on both sides, that rarest of rare phenomena in peasant Ireland. That it would, as a matter of course and for that very reason, turn out disastrously, was the opinion loudly expressed of every experienced matron, not in Inishmaan alone, but for forty miles around that melancholy island. A "black stranger," a "foreigner," a girl "from the Continent" not related to anyone or belonging to the place! worse than all, a girl without a penny piece, without a stool or a feather-bed to add to the establishment! There was not a woman, young or old, living on the three islands but felt a sense of intense personal degradation whenever the miserable affair was so much as alluded to before her.

But in spite of all these dark prophecies, the marriage was a most happy and successful one.

But the happiness was short-lived, and in three years Con O'Malley was again a widower, with one little girl, Grania. When the second part of the story opens, six years later, he too is dead, and Grania, a tall vigorous maiden, is left to the pious care of her half-sister, Honor, who is a confirmed

invalid. Grania is a source of great anxiety to her sister, who adores her, for she is a born rebel, and will not accept all Father Tam and Honor's teaching without question. "This, rather than her own broken health, her own fast approaching death, was the real sting and sorrow of Honor's life, the sorrow that, day after day, impaled her upon its thorns, and woke her up pitilessly a dozen times in the night to impale her afresh." But Grania possesses many of the finer human qualities, honesty, courage, pitifulness for the weak, and an underlying and scarcely recognized current of passion, inherited, it may be, from some far off Spanish ancestor. It was probably this unusual quality that made her neighbors still suspicious of her as a "foreigner," as we see from the following conversation between two old women:

"Auch, my word, just look at the length of her! My word, she is the big girl that Grania O'Malley, the big girl out and out! . . . It is the mighty queer girl that she is though! God look down on us this day, but she is the queerest girl ever I knew on this earth yet, that same Grania O'Malley. Yes, indeed, yes." . . .

"Auch, Rosha Durane, don't be over-looking the girl. 'Tis a decent father's child she is, any way," said the aunt from the other side of the island, apparently from an impulse of amiability, in reality by way of stimulating Rosha to a further exposition of what Grania's special queeriness consisted in.

"Did I say Con O'Malley was not a decent man? Saints make his bed in heaven this day, when did I say it?" The other answered, apparently in hot indignation, but in reality perfectly understanding the motive of her aunt's remark. "What I do say, and what is known to all Inishmaan, and that it is no invention of mine nor yet thought of by me, is that he was a very wild queer man. And Grania is just the same; she is a very wild queer girl, and a bold one too, and so I suppose I may say even in my own house, and before you, Mrs. O'Flanagan, though

you are my mother's sister, that's these seven years gone back to glory. . . . She has no fear of anything, not of anything at all, I tell you, neither upon the earth nor under it either—God keep us from speaking of harm, Amen. She will as soon cross a fairies' ring, as not! Just the same and sooner, and it is not two months, or barely three at the most, that I saw her with my own eyes walk past a red jackass on the road, and it braying hard enough to split at the time, and not crossing herself, no, nor a bend of the head, nor spitting even! It is the truth I am telling you, Mrs. O'Flanagan, ma'am, though you may not choose to believe me, the truth and no lie!"

Grania is engaged to Murdough Blake, the constant companion of her childhood, and it has never occurred to her to think of marrying anyone else. As for Murdough, his views on marriage are those of his class—largely a matter of barter and convenience, and the convenience to him of marrying the richest and strongest girl in Inishmaan is distinctly unmistakable. He is not in the least emotional or imaginative as regards marriage, for all the emotion and the very large share of imagination he possesses he bestows upon himself. He is handsome, lazy, and self-indulgent, but he succeeds in surrounding himself with a glamour which has always imposed on Grania. The tragedy of her life begins when dimly and painfully she discerns the true character of the man she loves with all the force of her strong simple nature, though to acknowledge this love even to herself fills her with impatient shame. In the end Murdough fails her, and lets her go alone in a fog he will not face to fetch a priest to her dying sister, and death comes to her in a silent and unruffled sea. But the priest is in time.

Honor was still alive and perfectly conscious of his coming. . . . After her long probation, after her tedious wait-

ing, she was at last upon the verge of that looked for, that intensely desired country; a country which if to most of us it seems but a dream within a dream, a floating mirage, a phantom made up of love and faith, of hope and of yearning desire—unthinkable, untenable, all but impossible—was to Honor, and is to such as Honor, no phantom, no mirage, but the soberest and solidest of living realities; the thing for which they live, the hope for which they die. . . . Already even while the priest stood beside her, while the prayers she had so longed for, those prayers which Grania had died to obtain for her, were being uttered, she was drifting across its borderland; already its sounds rather than his voice, rather than any earthly voices, were in her ears; already her foot was upon its threshold. And upon that threshold, perhaps—who knows, who can tell?—they met.

It is almost a relief to turn from the sustained tragedy of *Grania* to Miss Barlow's idyllic pictures of peasant life. She too, like Miss Lawless, is an artist and a poet, but she works within narrower limits and with a lighter touch. It may be doubted whether any other Irish writer has sounded so many chords of sympathy, humor, and pathos. She creates, out of the most commonplace materials, idylls true to nature, which yet hold and charm the imagination. Her readers seem to hear the witty talk and quaint philosophies of the peasants as they toil in the misty rain, and she not only reproduces exactly and picturesquely their dialect, but has also a marvellous insight into the feelings and emotions of their hearts. She so identifies herself with the people that the language they use and the sentiments they express appear inevitable, even to those who are not familiar with the country. In this respect her stories may be compared to Carleton's best work, *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. We feel in both the same sincerity—not so much to be wondered at in Carleton, who was born

and bred a peasant and writes from inner knowledge. But Miss Barlow enters through sympathy into a life of which she has not herself been part; and though we cannot claim for her the masculine vigor of Carleton, yet her intuition and delicacy of perception create an atmosphere in which her characters stand out as vividly as those of the great Irish writer.

Miss Barlow's stories are nearly all short, and each incident is so perfectly fitted into its context that it is difficult to detach anything in the form of quotation, or even to mention one sketch in preference to another. *Mrs. Martin's Company*, which gives its name to a small volume of stories, brings out the distinctive qualities of Miss Barlow's writing. Mrs. Martin is only a solitary, rheumatic old woman who lives at the end of a long lane. From one cause or another all her neighbors, on whom she depended for company, so essential to the happiness of an Irish peasant, have drifted away. She does not mind her poverty, but her loneliness eats into her very heart, for sometimes from week's end to week's end never a foot goes past her door. One day her solitude is relieved by a visit from her priest, who brings her a little present from foreign parts in the shape of a small alabaster statuette of the Virgin, which he takes out of its wrappings and puts on her tiny window-sill. Every evening the poor lonely soul says her prayers before the niche which contains the statuette, and prays the

"Lady dear" to send "just a neighbor running in now and again; acushla, I wouldn't make bould to ask you for them to be living convanient alongside of me the way they was, but to see an odd sight of one, Lady jewel, if it wouldn't go agin you to contrive that much. For it's onnatural still and quiet here these times, Lady dear, with sorra a livin' sowl comin' next or nigh me ever. But sure, 'tis the lonesome house you kep' yourself, Lady dear,

one while, and belike you remember it yet, for all you've got back your company again, an' have you, glory be to God. And with the help of God it's slippin' over I'll be, meself one of these days to them that's gone from me, and no fear but I'll have the gran' company then. Only it's the time between whiles does seem long and dhrary."

But the weeks went on into the spring and no company came, only a little green spray shot up from between the cracked mud at the foot of the statuette, which gradually grew and spread before the old woman's astonished eyes until the niche was filled with delicate tangled greenery out of which glimmered the white figure of the Virgin. But what, she thinks, is the use of this daily increasing wonder if there is no one with whom she can share it. So she takes courage and writes to the priest, and tells him that

"the Qaurest that ever you witnessed has got clamberin' inside on the wall and the creelin' of it and the crawlin' of it would terrify you. Makin' offers now and again it does be to smoothen the Houly Virgin, but sure I'd be long sorry to let it do that bad thrick, after all the goodness of your reverence."

This letter naturally causes some uneasiness to the priest, who thinks poor Mrs. Martin must have gone clean demented. He goes himself, and brings others to wonder at, and if possible explain, the mysterious appearance. And soon its fame spreads far and wide over the townland, and the neighbors flock to see the surprising sight; and instead of wearying through long desolate afternoons there is a cheerful clack of tongues and clatter of cups in Mrs. Martin's kitchen when the "Quariness" is naturally much discussed. But to Mrs. Martin's devout mind there is only one explanation:

"Ah, women dear, what talk have we then at all, at all? Sure now it's clane clear in my own mind this instant



minute that whatever it may be, 'twas the Virgin herself, Heaven bless her, set it growing there wild itself, just of a purpose to be fetchin' me in me company." "Thru for you, Mrs. Martin, ma'am," said Mrs. Brennan. . . "What else 'ud be apt to make it go clamberin' all round the image of her, as if it was her belongin'? And didn't the gentlemen tell you 'twas nothing that grows be rights next or nigh this country? Ah, for sure, 'tis from far enough 'tis come, if 'twas the likes of Them sent it. And a kind thought it was too, glory be to God."

Mrs. Martin's theory was generally accepted, for it appealed to the religious sentiment of the people, and the once solitary old woman found herself the constant object of what might almost be called a pious pilgrimage.

In *Irish Idylls* we have a series of sketches of life in a village drawn with consummate skill and delicacy. In the chapter called "A Wet Day," there is a description at once poignantly pathetic and delightfully humorous of one day out of a long dripping series in the tiny village of Lisconnel, consisting of about six houses in the middle of a bog which stretches in brown monochrome for miles around. It is July, a month in the year when dinner is often a failure, for it very seldom happens that the potatoes hold out beyond June, and the new ones are not dug till August.

Hence it follows that July, with its soon-glimmering, long-lingering daylight, when one wakens early, and has a great many hours to put over before it will be dusk enough to think of sleep again, is even proverbially a month of short commons and hunger; a Ramadan with no nightly feasting to make up for the day's abstinence; a Lent whose fast no church ordains or blesses. You might have safely laid a wager that eight out of the nine dinner parties assembled at Lisconnel on this wet day prospective potatoes were a theme of discussion, to which a wistful tone was often given by their absence in any more substantial form. At

the Pat Ryan's, for instance, Mrs. Pat remarked hopefully. . . "Well, I suppose we'll be diggin' next week, please goodness, if the weather's anyway christianable at all."

"And bedad we wont then, nor after that agin," said her husband, "or may be the next week to the back o' that. Sure the forradest of them's scarce in flower yet, let alone a sign of witherin' on them."

"Some people do say," Mrs. Pat said, looking disconcerted, "that they're fit enough for liften the first minyit ye see the color of a blossom."

"Some people says more than their prayers," Pat rejoined, with despondent sarcasm. . . .

"I am sure I dunno what pleasure anybody," said Mrs. McGurk, secretly attaching a definite idea to her indefinite pronoun, "can take in ruinating a poor person's bit of property. If I was ane now that had the mindin' of such things, and took notice of a little green field setting in the black of a bog, it's after I'd be to let it have its chanct, at any rate, to ripen itself the best way it could, than go for to sluice the great dowses of rain on the top of it, and have it all bathered and bet in flitterjigs like yon."

"Deed then, it's a pity to behold, so it is," said Mrs. Kilfoyle, "and as for plisure I see no signs of plisure for anybody in it, good or bad. It's liker a sort of accident, to my notion. Such a thing might happen ready enough, if you come to consider the power of wet there to be streelin' about over our heads. Sure them that has the conthroulin' of it might alsy slop down a sup too much of it on some little place widout any harm intendin', the same as you might be doin' yourself when you're fillin' a weeny jug out of a big can. I wouldn't wonder now if that was the way of it; just an accident like, and no thoughts of ruinating anythin'. . . ." They were interrupted by a summons from without; as peremptory-sounding as a sudden clatter of hail on your window-pane: "Mrs. Brián—Mrs. Brián—Mrs. Brián, ma'am." Mrs. Quigley, who lived nearly opposite to the Kilfoyles, was calling from over the wet way, very audibly exasperated. "I'll throuble you, ma'am, to speak to your Tim there. He's just

after slappin' a big sod o' turf over the dyke into the middle o' me chuckens, that went as nare doin' slaughter on the half of them as ever I saw. The crathurs were that terrified, I give you me word they lep up ten fut standing off of the ground." . . .

"Tim," quoth Mrs. Brian to a cluster of huddled together heads, which were designing brocken-crockery works among the puddles at a short distance, "you'll sup sorrow wid a spoon of grief if I hear of your doin' anything agin to Mrs. Quigley's chickens."

And therewith the incident would have terminated amicably, Tim being happily indifferent to the prospect of that often repeated repast, had not Mrs. Quigley's still vibrating wrath moved her to say, addressing nobody in particular, "Begob, it's a quare way some people has of bringin' up their childer to be mischievous little pests, whatever they get to meddlin' wid."

Of course such a pointed thrust had to be parried, so Mrs. Brian at once bawled with very distinct enunciation, "Tim, Tim, come in out of that, and bring Norah and Biddy along wid you. You've got decent rags of clothes on you to be spoilt wid de wet, not the scandalous old scarecrow dudeens that some I could name think good enough to be makin' shows of their children in."

I doubt but that an unbiassed judge would have pronounced the respective wardrobes of the young Quigleys and the young Kilfoyles to be much on a par; however, Mrs. Quigley took the observation as it was meant, and rejoined: "Well, then, it's lucky for them if they've got anything dacent about them at all; for what else they're like to be gettin' where they come from except ignorance and impudence is more than I can say."

These few extracts give a very inadequate idea of Miss Barlow's work, and we can only advise those of our readers who do not already know it to become acquainted with a writer who has struck out so happy and original a vein of story telling.

It is sometimes said that Irish politics have killed Irish wit, and no doubt

the unrelenting war of the Land League did not encourage a light-hearted spirit. But sport, which has always been the chief bond between the classes in Ireland, still holds its place, and it is in the hunting field and at race meetings that the irrepressible humor of the people asserts itself, when the crushing influence of the agitator is removed. Miss Somerville and Miss Martin Ross, the authoresses of *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.*, have made full use of these happy interludes in Irish social life, and have produced an irresistibly humorous series of sketches. Even those who find it difficult to appreciate Irish wit are carried away by the pure fun of these stories. A retired major is appointed resident magistrate in the West of Ireland, and gives an account of his experiences in society, in the hunting field, at the national sports, and at the petty sessions over which he presides. There is a freshness, a reality, a *joie de vivre* about this book which makes it most exhilarating, and we can hardly imagine any circumstances, however depressing, that would not be cheered by the reading of "Lisheen Races," "Second Hand," or "Phillippa's Fox Hunt." The Irish peasant's talent of hitting off a scene or a situation with an appropriate phrase might be exemplified by endless quotations from these pages. The following is a sample of picturesque narrative:

"I hadn't the switch barely thrimmed," repeated Slipper firmly, "when I heard the people screechin' and I seen Driscoll and Clancy comin' on, leppin' all before them an' owld Bocock's mare bellusin' an' powdherin' along, an' bedad! whatever obstackle wouldn't throw *her* down, faith she'd throw *it* down, an' there's the thraffle they had in it."

"I declare to my sowl," says I, "if they continue on this way there's a great chance some one of them'll win," says I.

"Ye lle!" says the band masher, bein' a thrifle fulsome after his lunch-eon.

"I do not," says I, "in regard of seeing how soople them two boys is. Ye might observe," says I, "that if they have no convenient way to sit on the saddle, they'll ride the neck o' the horse till such time as they get an occasion to lave it," says I.

"Arrah, shut your mouth!" says the band masher; "they're puckin' out this way now, an' may the divil admire me!" says he, "but Clancy has the other bet out, and the divil such leatherin' and beltin' of owld Bocock's mare ever you seen as what's in it!" says he.

"Well, when I seen them comin' to me, and Driscoll about the length of the plantation behind Clancy, I let a couple of bawls.

"Skelp her, ye big brute!" says I. "What good's in you that you ar'n't able to skelp her?"

The yell and the histrionic flourish of his stick with which Slipper delivered this incident brought down the house. . . .

"Well, Mr. Flurry, and gentlemen," recommended Slipper, "I declare to ye when owld Bocock's mare heard thim roars she sthretched out her neck like a ghander, and when she passed me out she gave a couple of grunts and looked at me as ugly as a Christian.

"Hah!" says I, givin' her a couple o' dhraws o' th' ash plant across the butt o' the tail, the way I wouldn't blind her; "I'll make ye grunt! I'll nourish ye!"

*Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.* is certainly the most amusing Irish book that has appeared in recent years, and is in itself a sufficient contradiction to those who hold that women are wanting in humor. We hope that the authoresses will again earn our gratitude by once more contributing to the gaiety of life.

The last book on our list, *My New Curate*, by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., is different in character and scope from those previously noticed. It is a book of unusual interest in itself, and has the rare peculiarity of being written by a Roman Catholic priest resident in the

south of Ireland. In bygone years the priest and his people were bound together not only by the ties of kindred, but by suffering endured together under the penal laws. In recent times the political movement with its socialistic doctrine, and its rebellion against law and order, has strained the relations between Rome and the priests, running counter, as it does, to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. The priests, therefore, have had to face the painful choice between siding with the peasant class, to which they are united by every historic memory as well as by family affection, and obeying the authoritative voice of Rome. At the critical moment the greater number threw over the Papal authority, and it seemed as if the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland had placed itself in the position of a schismatic body. Since the political agitation has subsided there has been, apparently, an anxious desire on the part of some of the bishops and priests to recover the spiritual hold over the people which they were in danger of forfeiting by throwing themselves into a movement which could only be maintained by crime. The author of *My New Curate* would, if we mistake not, divert the influence of the priest from political into religious channels, and show the beauty of that simple and primitive piety which is natural to the Irish people. The book attracts by its spirit of religious aspiration, by its charm and humor, but the conclusions at which it arrives are deeply pessimistic. It is obvious that the author has a profound disbelief in all those elements of economic progress and enlightenment on which the material welfare of Ireland must in future depend.

In *My New Curate* Father Sheehan tells the story of a scholarly priest who is sent to a remote Irish village on the shores of the Atlantic. He arrives at his new parish, young, ardent, full of

glorious hopes, but the inertia, which the author tells us is incurable in Ireland, by degrees paralyzes both him and his dreams, and at the age of seventy, when the story begins, he describes himself as "poor old Daddy Dan, with no great earthly trouble indeed, and some few consolations—my Breviary, and the grand Psalms of Hope—my daily Mass and its hidden and unutterable sweetness—the love of little children and their daily smiles—the prayers of my old women, and, I think, the reverence of the men." Father Dan is a most lovable character, and gives us a singularly beautiful impression of the ideal relationship between the priest and his people, though he feels that he himself falls far short of it.

But readers of *My New Curate* must be warned that Father Sheehan's clerics cannot be said to be typical of the Irish priesthood. They are, no doubt, to be met with in Ireland, but it is a rude disenchantment to turn from Father Sheehan's account of the younger generation of priests, "clean cut, small of stature, keen-faced, bicycle-riding, coffee drinking, encyclopædic," whose "passionate devotion to their faith is only rivalled by their passionate devotion to the Motherland," to the young priest of to-day as he is to be seen on the platform of Irish politics. Father Sheehan has used the privilege of the novel writer, and has given us a picture drawn from his own imaginative wishes rather than from the every-day realities of life in Ireland.

The Bishop sends to Father Dan a new curate, well educated and overflowing with youthful zeal and new ideas—in fact, he is much what Father Dan had been fifty years before, only more modern and energetic.

Father Letheby, the new curate, works loyally under the old priest, and listens reverently to his affectionate

warnings. But he will not admit that the faults of the people are inherent and incurable, or allow his enthusiasm to be chilled by the disappointed experiences of the older man. He gains the love and apparently the confidence of his parishioners, but his industrial enterprises end not only in failure but in disaster at the very moment that success seemed certain. The author proposes no remedy for the defects of his countrymen, but a deep note of religious faith runs all through the book, and with it the pervading influence of the teaching of the old priest—that it is not by material prosperity that spiritual life is nourished and sustained, but that the safeguard of the nation is to be found in a return to the ideals of the ancient Irish saints and sages. Father Sheehan is not afraid to criticize his brethren, but he does so with a sympathetic humor which is void of offence. He also gives us a glimpse of the subjects which are exercising the minds of the younger generation of priests. He presents them to us discussing problems of the Higher Criticism at their conferences and symposiums with a freedom which strikes us as remarkable in a Church so rigid in its discipline and doctrine.

We learn, too, from the book the opinions of the priests on subjects nearer everyday life. The following quotation gives Father Dan's views on marriage.

We agreed in thinking that the Christian ideal of marriage was nowhere so happily realized as in Ireland, where, at least up to recent times, there was no lurid and volcanic company keeping before marriage, and no bitter ashes of disappointment after; but the good mother quietly said to her child: "Mary, go to confession to-morrow, and get out your Sunday dress. You are to be married on Thursday evening." And Mary said: "Very well, mother," not even asserting a faintest right to know the name of her future

spouse. . . . Married life in Ireland has been the most splendid refutation of all that the world and its gospel, the novel, preach about marriage, and the most splendid and complete justification of the supernaturalism of the Church's dogmas and practices.

This is indeed an astounding basis on which to rest happy wedlock; we could better have understood the author if he had said that *in spite* of the young people knowing nothing of one another beforehand, these marriages turn out well "by virtue of the great sacramental union." For it must be owned, if we look at the result, that the claim put forward by the priest cannot be denied; in no country are the duties of married life better observed, and irregular connections are almost unknown. But we cannot agree with the suggestion that marriage is not a question of barter, for it is a matter of common knowledge that in the farmer class a girl's chances of matrimony can be accurately gauged in terms of cattle or land. Often the young people do not

meet until two or three days before the wedding. In an instance known to the writer of this article, a young man came to his priest on a Saturday saying he wanted a license to be married the following Tuesday. The priest asked for the name of the girl. The man looked puzzled and said, "I disremember it entirely, if ever I knew it indeed, but I'll go up town and find out and be back in ten minutes." In a few minutes he returned, gave the priest the name, and on Tuesday they were married.

Novels such as those that we have noticed, deserve to be read not only for their own sakes, but also for the insight they give into the character and feelings of a people of whom Froude, who cannot be said to be too favorable to Ireland, writes: "Every cloud has its sunny side, and when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world, and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill-matched with ours, are still among the most interesting of peoples."

*The Church, Quarterly Review.*

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### THE WELL O' THE WORLD'S END.

Beyond the four seas of Eri, beyond the sunset's rim,  
It lies half forgot, in a valley deep and dim;  
Like a star of fire from the skies' gold tire,  
And whoso drinks the nine drops shall win his heart's desire—  
At the Well o' the World's End.

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,  
O girl white-bosomed, O girl fair and young?  
"I seek the well water, the cool well water,  
That my love may have love for me ever on his tongue."

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,  
O lad of the dreaming eyes, slender lad and tall?  
"I seek the well water, the cool well water,  
That the colleen I love best may love me best of all."



What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,

O, mother, with your little babe, folded on your arm?

"I seek the well water, the cool well water,

That nine drops upon his lips may shield my child from harm."

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,

O gray head, long weary of the vigil that ye keep?

"I seek the well water, the cool well water,

That nigh it I may rest awhile, and after fall asleep."

Anna McManus.

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### GEORGE ELIOT.

The first of living English critics has been fitly chosen to inaugurate the new series of Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters." Mr. Leslie Stephen's *George Eliot* is a grave, sober, and measured estimate of a great Englishwoman. A clever and learned Frenchman, who speaks English like a native, said of the same publishers' *Twelve English Statesmen* that they included Henry the Second, who was a Frenchman; William the Third, who was a Dutchman; and Elizabeth, who was a woman. The masculine gender, say the grammarians, includes the feminine, and, by Lord Brougham's Act, the word "man" in an act of Parliament includes woman, unless such inclusion be repugnant to the context, or where it would confer upon her any sort of right. Some of the best novelists are women; and since the time of Fielding, if not since the time of Defoe, it has been impossible to say that a novelist as such was not a person of letters. George Eliot's adoption of a fictitious name may have had something to do with her domestic circumstances. It deceived many, though not Dickens, who had no doubt of the author's sex after reading *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The fact that most people did doubt, while some were confident and wrong, seems to show that Messrs. Macmillan are

right; that sex has nothing to do with literature, and that, even in the delineation of character, a woman may take the man's point of view. Mr. Stephen, by implication, denies this, and says that George Eliot's men are not so real as her women. "Convincing" is, I believe, the epithet which finds most favor in such cases with the modern school. I must confess that, to my mind, Adam Bede and Caleb Garth, Arthur Donnithorn and Fred Vinny, Brooke and Lydgate, Featherstone and Bulstrode, are as convincing as Mrs. Poyser herself, and even more convincing than Dinah Morris. It is impossible for the most acute reader always to determine an author's sex. Sometimes, of course, there can be no doubt. Nobody ever attributed *Rob Roy* to a woman, or *Northanger Abbey* to a man. Fielding is irredeemably masculine. So is Thackeray. So is Dickens. But a woman might have written *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Clarissa*, or *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Miss Martineau was as masculine as Mrs. Gaskell was feminine, and Miss Edgeworth was as well acquainted with a fine gentleman as she was with a fine lady. Miss Austen, with singular self-control, abstains from an attempt to reproduce the conversation of men among themselves. But very few writers in the

world's history have understood so well the limitations of their own genius, even when they had any, as Miss Austen felt rather than understood the limits of hers. George Eliot had a man's education, and the course of her life brought her into contact with more men than women.

Mr. Stephen, in his sketch of George Eliot's uneventful life, has made the best use he could of very unpromising materials. George Eliot's own letters, published after her death by the trustful piety of her husband, are even less interesting than Jane Austen's. They are ponderous, conventional, and dull. Why any human being should have preserved them, let alone printed them, it is difficult to conceive. Yet Mr. Stephen has discovered here and there a phrase worth record and remembrance. Like George Sand, whom she did not otherwise in any way resemble, she sympathized with Louis Blanc and the Red Republicans of 1848. In her disgust with the Philistinism of her own people she wrote, "I feel that society is training men and women for hell." No one who has ever read it can forget the description in *The Mill on the Floss* of the Imitation and its effect on Maggie Tulliver's mind. Its effect upon Marion Evans's was less intense. "It makes one long to be a saint for a few months," she says. Most of us would like to be saints for a few months, to see whether it agreed with our constitutions. There would be crowds of Good Samaritans, said the witty divine, if it were not for the oil and the twopence.

With all her admiration for George Sand and Rousseau, George Eliot never caught the magical charm of their style. Her own, even at its best, had a hard, metallic tone, and the metal was not silver. She was not only a very learned woman, conscious of her learning, and a very able woman, conscious of her ability. She had also very warm

affections and a deep feeling for the inexhaustible pathos of human life. But her powers of expression seldom found a simple and natural outlet, except indeed (and it is a great exception) in the mouths of her characters. It is difficult to sympathize with Dorothea Brooke, Mrs. Casaubon, when we read that her "grand woman's frame was shaken with sobs, as if she had been a despairing child." George Eliot had to move in the fetters of her own stored and cultivated mind, which grew heavier with years. Charles Dickens testified to the exquisite truth and delicacy both of the pathos and of the humor in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. When they appeared in *Blackwood* they made, as they well deserved to make, a profound impression upon the educated public. Janet Dempster and Milly Barton and Mr. Gilfil are as real as genius could make them. *Janet's Repentance* has the melodramatic element which the other two stories are without. But they are all three true bits of human nature, and real efforts of the imagination. For George Eliot knew no more about the clergy than Trollope himself. The charming chapter of that otherwise tiresome book, *Theophrastus Such*, called "Looking Back," which Mr. Stephen strangely omits to mention, has great biographical value. It tells how little Marian or Mary Ann, Evans used to drive about Warwickshire with her father, whom she transforms into a clergyman, though he was really a land-agent. The country clergy of the Midlands in those days were for the most part laymen in white ties, hunting three times a week and preaching once. George Eliot passed from evangelical faith to sceptical free-thinking without taking the Establishment by the way. But she had a true and sincere sympathy with goodness of all kinds, with sorrow, with suffering, and with childhood. The famous, too famous, line of Terence was as true of her as

of Chremes in the *Heautontimorumenos*. "Depend upon it," she wrote to Blackwood, "depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks through dull gray eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones. To that doctrine, if it deserves so formal a name, George Eliot was always faithful, and nowhere has she expressed it with more eloquence than in the closing sentences of *Middlemarch*, her last great work of fiction: "That things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs." Such are the final words of what I cannot help regarding, though I know it is an unfashionable opinion, as the culminating effort of her genius. But there is the other side of the picture. "We insignificant people," she reminds us, "with our daily words and acts, are preparing the lives of many Dorotheas, some of which may present a far sadder sacrifice than that of the Dorothea whose story we know." For George Eliot was always didactic. She never made any pretense of not having a moral. From *Scenes of Clerical Life* to *Daniel Deronda* she preached to the conventional masses of her fellow-countrymen the gospel of self-sacrifice, self-surrender, and self-restraint. Although, or perhaps because, she broke away from orthodox religion, and even to some extent from orthodox morality, she held up a standard of duty, and maintained the loftiest ideals. She had not the smallest sympathy with what is called sentimentalism, with easy-going indulgence in the natural inclination of amiable and luxurious people. "The evil principle deprecated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind." Mr. Swinburne classes

George Eliot with the "realistic" school because she allows Maggie Tulliver to fall in love with Stephen Guest. I do not yield even to Mr. Swinburne in my loathing for that "counterjumping Adonis," though I fall very far short of him in my power of expressing it. But I always thought that the modern realists boasted of having no morals, whereas George Eliot, so say the flip-pant, gives you "Moral, moral everywhere, and not a drop to drink." I cannot admit that she is ever dull, but she certainly is sometimes dry.

George Eliot's capacity for work was astonishing. Not even Southey was more methodical, and she did give herself time to think, which he was accused of not doing. "She finished *Janet's Repentance*," as Mr. Stephen tells us, "on the 7th of October, 1857, and began *Adam Bede* on the 22nd of October. She completed the first volume by the following March, and the second during a following tour in Germany, and after returning to England at the beginning of September completed the third volume on the 16th of November." Her later books are said with some truth to show signs of effort and strain on the writer's part. But nobody could say that of *Adam Bede*. Mr. Stephen does not care for the lady preacher, Dinah Morris; and Seth Bede, Adam's brother, he abhors. It is one of the many charming features in this little book that the author makes no attempt to conceal his personal prejudices and predilections. For my part, I cannot help feeling pity for Seth, and Adam and Dinah, and Hetty, and all the rest of them. They are involved in a common misfortune. They are eclipsed by Mrs. Poyser, whose sayings are still quoted by a world too oblivious of Mrs. Poyser's creator. "I have no stock of proverbs in my memory," said George Eliot, "and there is not one thing put into Mrs. Poyser's mouth that is not fresh

from my own mint." Mr. Stephen regrets that Mrs. Poyser had no successors. None equally good perhaps. But Mr. Macey, and Dolly Winthrop, and Mrs. Cadwallader are not to be despised. Some of Mrs. Poyser's wit has passed into the language, like Falstaff's, and is, in the hackneyed phrase, too hackneyed for quotation. But Mr. Stephen has done well to reproduce the less familiar contrast between the old-fashioned rector Mr. Irwine and the more theological Mr. Ryde, who followed him. "Mr. Irwine was like a good meal o' victual, you were better for him without thinking of it; and Mr. Ryde was like a dose of physic, he gripped you and worried you, and after all he left you much the same." There is nothing so good as that in Swift's advice to a young clergyman, which, indeed, is rather like a dose of physic than a meal. It is certainly curious that George Eliot should have been her own Mrs. Poyser. A critic would almost certainly come to the conclusion that she was faithfully copied from real life. For George Eliot herself never approached nearer wit than a grave and temperate irony. Even that is in her books alone. In her letters she is severely literal. She is perhaps the one novelist, if not the one writer, who cannot be humorous except by proxy. Just as Goethe, having no religion of his own, could by the sheer force of genius counterfeit religious emotions in *Wilhelm Meister*, so George Eliot, on a lower level and a smaller scale, could become for the moment "one of the untaught wits that help to stock a country with proverbs."

With the true instinct of the true critic Mr. Stephen points out in felicitous words George Eliot's combination of reverence for the past with hope for the future. "Her affectionate recognition of the merits of the old world," he says, "makes one feel how much

conservatism really underlay her acceptance, in the purely intellectual sphere, of radical opinions." George Eliot's radicalism was not altogether confined to the purely intellectual sphere. She declared that she was neither an optimist nor a pessimist, but a "mellorist," and she was an advanced Liberal in politics. But she had, as Mr. Stephen says, a deep feeling of respect for the characters of men like her father—Tories of the old school, devotees of law and order, upholders, as the Duke of Wellington was, of government as such. There is indeed a haunting beauty and charm in the rural life of England seventy years ago, despite the scandalous condition of the criminal law and the poor law. Sometimes the squire was a tyrant, sometimes the parson was a toady. As a rule, they were honest Christian gentlemen doing their duty as they understood it, and holding themselves responsible for the moral and material welfare of the parish.

Most people will, I think, be disposed to agree with Mr. Swinburne that the third part of *The Mill on the Floss* is, as Dogberry would say, most tolerable, and not to be endured. The earlier parts are among George Eliot's very best work, containing humor not unworthy of Dickens, and sentiment as delicate, if not as tenderly refined, as Mrs. Gaskell's own. Tom is a brute, no doubt, and stupid as well as brutal. But Maggie's devotion to him would have been less touching if he had been more like Sir Charles Grandison, whom George Eliot admired with her whole soul. The aunts are inimitable, especially Aunt Pullet, and Mr. Pullet is worthy of his wife. He was oppressed, it will be remembered, by the mysteries of etymology, and could not understand why Lucy Deane was called "the bell of St. Ogg's." Even a little knowledge is sometimes a useful thing. Mr. Stephen judiciously quotes the in-

comparable scene in which Mrs. Pullet discusses her new bonnet with her sister, Mrs. Tulliver. "I may never wear it twice, sister, who knows?" "Don't talk o' that, sister," answered Mrs. Tulliver, "I hope you'll have your health this summer." "Ah, but there may come a death in the family, as there did soon after I had my green satin bonnet. Cousin Abbott may go, and we can't think o' wearing crape less nor half a year for him." It is impossible not to be reminded of Susannah and the death of Bobby. "My young master in London is dead," said Obadiah. "A green satin nightgown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Well may Mr. Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. "Then," quoth Susannah, "we must all go into mourning." But note a second time the word mourning, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself, failed also in doing its office; it excited not one single idea tinged either with gray or black—all was green. The green satin nightgown hung there still. Then the whole of Mrs. Shandy's wardrobe passes in procession through Susannah's brain. For how can her mistress wear colors any more? There is a cynicism in Sterne from which George Eliot was free. But his humor goes deeper than hers. It goes to the roots of things. Locke would have stared and gasped at the vagaries of his too faithful disciple.

To Mr. Stephen it seems that Guest was "another instance of her incapacity for portraying the opposite sex." As I have said before, I do not believe in this alleged incapacity, and I wish I could think that there were no Stephen Guests. Whether Maggie would have fallen in love with him is another question. He was the very last person she ought to have fallen in love with, and that, according to Sheridan, is an ex-

cellent reason. Almost any man would say beforehand that Anna Karenine could not really care for a mere animal like Wronsky. But Tolstoi forces conviction upon the mind, and George Eliot does not. The episode is strained and unnatural, although she herself says that it is an essential part of the book, and that, if she is wrong, then she had better not have written the book at all. "The affair gains upon us," as Mr. Stephen truly says, "because it is not a development of her previous aspirations, but suddenly throws a fresh and unpleasant light upon her character." To Anna, Wronsky was at least the antithesis of a husband she disliked and despised. Maggie succumbs to a temptation which ought to have been no temptation at all. George Sand, in whose stories of French country life Mr. Stephen finds the nearest parallel to *Silas Marner*, would never, with all her occasional wildness, have committed such a mistake as that. Her taste was better than her morality. George Eliot's morality was better than her taste. A comparison between the two authors could only be a contrast. George Sand, as Mr. Stephen puts it, "poured forth novels with amazing spontaneity and felicity," while "each of George Eliot's novels was the production of a kind of spiritual agony." George Sand seems to have been born with a style. George Eliot acquired a command of language and a large vocabulary, by the process of translating Strauss and Feuerbach into English. But lightness and ease she never attained. Perhaps, if they are not innate, they are unattainable. It is impossible to deny that George Eliot wrote good English. She was apt to write it as a good classical scholar writes Latin prose.

Nothing can be better, or more life-like, than Mr. Stephen's account of the formidable receptions held by George



Eliot in the sixties at the Priory, Regent's Park. As he justly observes of all such ceremonies, "the shyness generated by the desire to prove that your homage is genuine, and that you are so brilliant a person that it is also worth having, gives one of those painful sensations which is not least among the minor miseries of life." Perhaps it is not absolutely necessary to be quite so self-conscious. But George Eliot allowed herself to be enthroned as a sibyl and approached by humble admirers in a reverential attitude. It may have been very good for them. It was certainly very bad for her. She was weighed down with a sense of responsibility for the message which she must deliver to mankind. It became essential that she should write poetry, and she wrote *The Spanish Gypsy*. There are some noble lines in *The Spanish Gypsy*, as, for instance:

The saints were cowards who stood by  
to see  
Christ crucified: they should have flung  
themselves  
Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain—  
The grandest death, to die in vain.

That is a paradox of course. But I cannot agree with Mr. Stephen in regarding it as mere nonsense. The grandeur is the complete sacrifice of self, and that is increased by the absence of any return or reward. But the fatal objection to *The Spanish Gypsy*, and to all George Eliot's poems, is that, save for a few lines here and there, they might as well, or better, have been written in prose. Verse was to her a laborious exercise. She did not publish any till she was forty-four. It may safely be said that good poetry is only written by those to whom verse is the most natural vehicle for their thoughts. "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," said Pope, and Horace said much the same thing before him. Forty-four is an age for ceasing to

write poetry, not for beginning. But George Eliot is put by Mr. Stephen in good company. He is a master of the art known as damning with faint praise. "If," he writes, "*The Excursion* is undeniably dull, it is still a work, which, in spite of all critical condemnations, has profoundly impressed the spiritual development of many eminent persons."

Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense, or by the dreaming  
soul.  
The appearance, instantaneously dis-  
closed,  
Was of a mighty city, boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a boundless  
depth  
Far sinking into splendor—without  
end.  
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of  
gold,  
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace high  
Uplifted; here serene pavilions bright  
In avenues disposed; there towers be-  
girt  
With battlements that on their restless  
points  
Bore stars—illumination of all gems.

Undeniably dull, deserving critical condemnation, but conducive to the spiritual development of eminent persons? Of course Mr. Stephen did not mean that his words should be applied to the passages of ideal splendor in which *The Excursion* abounds. He meant that the poem was dull as a whole, and cast, as it is, in a form which has prevented it from becoming as popular as *The Lady of the Lake* or the *Idylls of the King*. No critic has written of Wordsworth with more appreciative enthusiasm than the author of *Hours in a Library*. It is not from him that we expect a repetition of Jeffrey's too famous verdict. If there were an ochlocracy in literature, the multitude might not disagree with Jeffrey. But from Mr. Stephen one looks for better things. He, if any man, is

qualified to show that *The Excursion* stands in the front rank, the small but splendid rank, of philosophical poems; that it must be read as a whole, and that only those who read it as a whole can fully appreciate the magnificence of the "purple passages" which even Jeffrey could admire.

One of those true readers was George Eliot, whose early books, especially *Silas Marner*, abound in Wordsworthian touches. *Silas Marner*, and *Adam Bede*, and *Scenes of Clerical Life*, and *The Mill on the Floss* need no vindication. If they are not so much read as *Guy Mannering* or *David Copperfield*, or *Vanity Fair*, their permanent place in English literature is fixed as securely as theirs. Of *Romola* and *Middlemarch* as much cannot, I suppose, be said, while *Felix Holt* and *Daniel Deronda* are almost forgotten. To the merits, the undoubted merits, of Felix the fanatic, and Daniel the prig, Mr. Stephen does ample justice. Upon *Romola*, the historical novel, and *Middlemarch*, the novel of manners, he is, I cannot help thinking, unduly severe. If *Romola* be compared with the masterpieces of Sir Walter Scott in the same line, with *Waverley*, or *Old Mortality*, or *The Fortunes of Nigel*, it appears cold and tame. As an historical novelist Scott has neither equal nor second. Even the brilliancy and the beauty of *Esmond*, that strongest of all literary imitations, are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine. *Romola* is full of faults. The learning is too obtrusive. There is too much and too obvious an effort at minute historical accuracy, which is the mint and anise and cummin of every historical romance. *Romola* herself, though a portrait lovingly drawn, is hardly a creation of flesh and blood. But, in spite of Mr. Stephen, I respectfully maintain that the figure of Savonarola stands out in almost startling reality, and that Tito Melema is absolutely true to life. It may be that,

as Mr. Stephen says, he is half a woman. He is not the only man with that moiety in his composition. He is, so far as a foreigner can judge, intensely Italian, and deserves a place in the *Purgatory* of Dante. When we have reached the end of the book, and can survey his career as a whole, we are apt to pronounce him incredibly base. But for each separate action of Tito's there is always some plausible excuse, and he cannot be convicted of any crime unexplainable by weakness of character or by coldness of heart. Bishop Creighton, in one of those penetrating and fascinating lectures which no one else could give, warned his hearers not to over-estimate the importance of Savonarola. An undue regard for the value of history is not perhaps the besetting sin of the present generation. Dr. Creighton was endowed with a double portion of the iconoclastic spirit, which in him was half stimulated and half checked by a passionate love of historic truth. The man in the street is not likely to injure himself or others by thinking too much about Savonarola. George Eliot does not conceal the frailties of the Florentine monk. He was ambitious; he meddled with matters too hard for him; he was a better Christian than Florentine. He had not the wisdom of Erasmus, nor the force of Luther; but when he said that he would not "obey the devil" in the person of Alexander the Sixth he did more for the honor of Christendom than the worst of the Popes had done for its discredit. "If we can put aside the historical paraphernalia," Mr. Stephen tells us, "forget the dates and the historical Savonarola and Machiavelli, there remains a singularly powerful representation of an interesting spiritual history"; in short, the story of *Romola* herself. The private taste or caprice of the individual reader may indulge itself in the amusement of treating books after this

arbitrary fashion. But George Eliot herself always insisted that *Romola* must be taken or left as it was, and this is surely a choice she was entitled to make. *Romola* is not a smooth tale, chiefly of love. It is a serious attempt to depict Florentine life four hundred years ago, and by its success or failure in achieving that object it must stand or fall.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when George Eliot was still alive, Mr. Swinburne published an exuberantly eloquent and passionately enthusiastic eulogy of Charlotte Brontë. Not content with praising his idol, whom indeed it would be difficult to overpraise, Mr. Swinburne bestowed some rather stern, though not unfounded, censure upon the novelist whom he chose to take as her rival. He had been moved to this entertaining and thoroughly characteristic essay partly by Sir Wemyss Reid's excellent monograph, and partly by a rather stupid remark in *The Spectator* not worth reproducing at this distance of time. Dipping into the future, he predicted that Charlotte Brontë would be read by a discerning public with enjoyment and delight when *Daniel Deronda* had gone the way of all waxwork, when Miss Broughton no longer came up as a flower, and Mrs. Oliphant had been cut down like the grass. Miss Broughton still flourishes like the bay-tree, and Mrs. Oliphant's death was mourned by myriads of readers. But George Eliot is no more to be judged by *Daniel Deronda* than Charlotte Brontë is to be judged by *The Professor*. Charlotte Brontë was one of those whom the gods love. She died young, which, as Miss Austen says, is an excellent clearer of ill fame. One may agree with Mr. Swinburne in thinking that she had more natural genius than the author of *Middlemarch*, and yet think *Middlemarch* a very great book. Miss Brontë's style at its best is scarcely to be surpassed in the Eng-

lish prose of the nineteenth century. There are passages, for instance, in *Villette* to which the word "inspiration" may without pedantry be applied. George Eliot's style, though sometimes beautiful with a grave and dignified beauty, never rises above a certain level. She never really lets herself go. Most people would probably agree with Mr. Stephen's coldly judicious estimate of *Middlemarch*. He seems to have at the back of his mind a conviction that books ought not to be written at all, but that, as they are, one must try not to exaggerate their importance, and yet to say what one can for them. He can say for *Middlemarch* that "it is clearly a work of extraordinary power, full of subtle and accurate observation; and gives, if a melancholy, yet an undeniably truthful portraiture of the impression made by the society of the time upon one of the keenest observers, though upon an observer looking upon the world from a certain distance, and rather too much impressed by the importance of philosophers and theorists." This view is not quite consistent with the opinion, also held by Mr. Stephen, that the moral of *Middlemarch* is to do your work well and not to bother about ideals. But, consistent or inconsistent, if it be correct, there seems to be no particular reason why anybody should ever read *Middlemarch* again.

I must confess, though the confession may invalidate my judgment, that I cannot look at *Middlemarch* in the light of cold reason at all. I remember too well the hungry, boyish appetite with which I devoured the green paper volumes in which it successively appeared. Celia's dislike of hearing Mr. Casaubon eat his soup, and her wonder whether Locke had a mole on his forehead, were, I think, to be quite candid, a welcome relief after the faultless Dorothea's ideal aspirations. But Dorothea's unhappy marriage, and the misfortune of Lydgate coming too late,

and the irresponsible Ladislaw sprawling on Rosamond's hearthrug, and Mr. Casaubon's pathetic hunt after the key to all mythologies, and Mr. Brooke's universal sciolism, which never carried him too far, and Mr. Borthrop Trumbull's pomposity and Mrs. Cadwallader's wit were all delightful, as to me they are delightful still. And what a wonderful character is Caleb Garth! Mr. Stephen calls him a "pale duplicate" of Adam Bede. To me he seems an entirely fresh creation, and in many ways Adam's superior. He is the type of the strong, silent, capable man, who can act but not talk, the perfection of British energy and modesty, resembling that far older class concerning whom the son of Sirach says that they are not found where parables are spoken, but they maintain the state of the world, and all their desire is in the work of their craft. In absolute contrast to him stands Mr. Brooke, who can talk but not act; "such a leaky fool," as Lydgate says, always ready to take up his parable at a moment's notice on any conceivable subject, with the genial preface, "I went into that at one time, you know." "Wordsworth now, I knew Wordsworth." "Virgil?" But Mr. Brooke reflected just in time that with the Laureate of Augustus he could not claim acquaintance. He did not shine at the election meeting "with a glass of sherry hurrying like smoke through his ideas." On a private occasion he was never wanting; with the small change of conversation he was amply provided, and he had a subtly mysterious instinct for not being a bore. Bulstrode, the sanctimonious and fraudulent banker, is more conventional. Yet, as we are reminded, he was not one of those coarse hypocrites who consciously affect beliefs and emotions for the sake of gulling the world. He believed in himself. He had his point of view. The sixth commandment in Clough's *Latest Decalogue* exactly de-

scribes the extent to which he would go in contravening the moral law—

Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not  
strive  
Officially to keep alive.

His dull wife, who became heroic when her husband was in the dust, is a beautiful example of the way in which George Eliot could ennoble the sordid and commonplace. Old Featherstone the miser is not a pleasant picture, but he is marvellously vivid, with his almost pathetic inability to go to sleep in church. His conclusion from long attendance upon divine worship was the very mundane one that God Almighty stuck to the land, making folks rich with corn and cattle. He was an ignorant and graceless old sinner, but as real as Sir Peter Crawley, and less disgusting. The courtship of Fred Vinoy and Mary Garth is delightful in its simplicity, tempered by humor. Mr. Farebrother, though not quite such an attractive clergyman as Mr. Gilfil or Mr. Irwine, is admirable in his geniality, his independence, and his thirst for knowledge. Dorothea and Mr. Casaubon are comparative failures. They are supposed to have nothing in common, but they have the common element of stupidity. "No man is the wiser for his learning," said one of the most learned men in a learned age. But even Mr. Casaubon's learning is sham, and he could not have imposed upon a really intellectual girl. As for Dorothea, she might have been a good listener to a clever husband, but her own remarks are vapid in the extreme. *Middlemarch* contains an inordinately large number of characters, and yet every one of them is distinct, and most of them the reader feels that he must have personally known. Mr. Stephen desiderates "a closer contact with the world of realities." Unhappy marriages are real enough, and there are two in *Middlemarch*. He would also

have "less preoccupation with certain speculative doctrines." The chief speculators in *Middlemarch* are Mr. Casaubon and Mr. Brooke. Both are held up to ridicule and contempt. Lydgate's researches are purely biological, and eminently suitable to his profession. If *Middlemarch* be not read, the world even the world of realities, is the loser.

Like all sound judges of good literature, George Eliot was a warm admirer of Henry Fielding. She envied him the leisure, the days of slow-ticking clocks, when he wrote his introductory chapters. But Fielding was no dawdler. He died before he was fifty, leaving behind him four novels of the highest order, besides plays which are no longer read. George Eliot lived to be sixty, and survived the freshness of her imagination, though not the vigor of her intellect. Daniel Deronda's proper place is, as Mr. Swinburne says, over the rag-shop door. He is a pale reflection of the brilliant and fascinating man with whom Mr. Stephen compares him. But to my mind there is all the difference in the world between *Daniel Deronda* and *Middlemarch*. *Middlemarch* is George Eliot's climax, and those who depreciate it are really depreciating the author as well as the book. *Middlemarch* is her *Vanity Fair*, her *David Copperfield*, her *Heart of Midlothian*. If you do not like the *Heart of Midlothian*, you do not like Scott. If you do not like *David Copperfield*, you do not like Dickens. If you do not like *Vanity Fair*, you do not like Thackeray. If you do not like *Middlemarch*, you do not like George Eliot. *Adam Bede* may be more amusing, *The Mill on the Floss* may be more pathetic, *Silas Marner* may be more poetical. But *Middlemarch* is George Eliot herself, with her large, grave, earnest, tolerant view of human nature and human life. It is pervaded by the melancholy of a reverent, regretful scepticism which surren-

ders with reluctance a store of cherished beliefs. It is impressed with the value of a scientific education and the futility of mere antiquarianism. It brings out more than any ostensibly political novel that I know the rooted and ingrained conservatism of the English character. It exposes, or endeavors to expose, the inadequacy of political reforms, being in that respect a completion of *Felix Holt*. But these are its superficial aspects, like Mr. Partridge's contempt for Garrick, or the French proclivities of Squire Western. The types which it is the fashion nowadays to call "human documents" abound in *Middlemarch*. The growth of an intellectual passion in Lydgate from the day when he discovered that the valves of his heart were folding doors is not really disturbed by his passing fancy for the woman he marries. Yet no other English novelist has drawn with more consummate skill the mastery which may be achieved by the weak over the strong: if the strong be of Samson's sex and the weak of Delilah's. "Drop heart's blood where life's wheels grate dry," says Browning, in that wonderful poem which compresses a novel of three volumes into a score of stanzas. Dorothea Brooke does that, and perhaps deserves no pity for doing it, inasmuch as Mr. Casaubon is neither a Milton nor a Locke, nor even, as some surmised, a Mark Pattison. But her illusion and her disillusionment are portrayed with the sure touch of a master without the exaggeration which provokes incredulity. Mr. Brooke is no doubt a caricature. Yet he only says in plain English, and in a crude form, what many people say in an indirect and roundabout manner. That human reason—or is it logic?—will carry you too far, over the hedge in fact, if you don't pull up, has formed the staple of many speeches and of more conversation. I met Mr. Brooke



myself once. It was before *Middlemarch* appeared, at the time of the match-tax, and he undertook to explain, for the benefit of the ladies present, the meaning of Mr. Lowe's celebrated motto, *ex luce lucellum*. "*Ex luce*, from light," he said; "*lucellum*, a little light." We all felt what a witty man Mr. Lowe was, and how valuable was a classical education. Celia and Sir James Chetham and Fred Vincy are as natural studies in flesh and blood as the infinitely varied gallery of English fiction contains. Of Bulstrode I have already spoken. He and his relations with Raffles are the one touch of melodrama in the book, unless old Featherstone may be considered melodramatic when he throws his stick at Mary Garth. But the state of Bulstrode's own mind, the arguments by which he half convinces himself of his own innocence, and quite persuades himself that other people are worse, would be intolerable if the art were a shade less perfect. "When immortal Bunyan makes his picture of the persecuting passions bringing in their verdict of Guilty, who pities Faithful? That is a rare and blessed lot which some greatest men have not attained, to know ourselves guiltless before a condemning crowd—to be sure that what we are denounced for is solely the good in us. The pitiable lot is that of the man who could not call himself a martyr even though he were to persuade himself that the men who stoned him were but ugly passions incarnate—who knows that he is stoned, not for professing the right, but for not being the man he professed to be." If it is superfluous to pity Faithful, it is difficult to pity Bulstrode. But George Eliot succeeds, as perhaps no one else could have succeeded, in conveying by suggestion not by assertion, that the contrast between the banker's religion and his frauds was not really greater than the gulf which separates the ordinary

practices of society from its professed and conventional creed.

Fielding had a richer, racier humor than George Eliot. He had mixed more with all sorts and conditions of men. He wrote an incomparably better style. But since *Tom Jones*, "that faithful picture of life and manners," there has been no English novel painted, so to speak, on larger canvas with a broader brush than *Middlemarch*. George Eliot might have said with Juvenal:

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor,  
ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

To her all classes were alike. *Middlemarch* is no more than a country town and Lydgate no more than a country doctor. It was the human nature in people, not their social position, for which she cared. Her displays of learning were not always happy. Cicero was not, as she supposed when she wrote *Romola*, in the habit of ending his sentences with the words *esse videtur*. She could no more have described the Homeric battle in which Molly Seagrim suffers so severely than she could have written *Hamlet*. She lives not by her learning but by her sympathy, not by her science but by her imagination, not by her positivism but by her humor. Her allusions to Aristotle, her digressions on Bichat, have done her more harm than good. They come from George Henry Lewes, who wrote a *History of Philosophy* to prove that there was no such thing, and described the physiology of common life in such an uncommon way that it ceased to be recognizable by physiologists. Mr. Stephen complains that the law of *Felix Holt*, for which Mr. Frederic Harrison was responsible, is too good. But it is not too good to be true, and a "base-fee" is not a very recondite branch of jurisprudence. We

are all of us interested in law, for we never know when we may suffer from it. *Clarissa Harlowe* suffered from the want of it, and none of Richardson's contemporaries seemed to feel the strangeness of the complete license enjoyed by *Lovelace* a hundred years after the *Habeas Corpus Act*. There is always something uncivilized in pure romance. *Clarissa* and *Middlemarch* are, I fear, almost equally unfashionable now. To resuscitate *Clarissa*, a work of sheer genius, if ever there was one, seems to be beyond the spells of even a literary magician like Mr. Leslie Stephen. But I cannot help thinking that his delightful book will send many readers back to the author of *Middlemarch*, and in the long run to *Middlemarch* itself. I plead guilty to being an enthusiast, and enthusiasm often defeats its own object by exaggeration. Mr. Stephen is a calm, judicious, and impartial critic, whose praise is all the more valuable for being economically bestowed. It may be said, of course, that good wine needs no bush, and that if George Eliot's own merits do not revive her reputation nothing else can. That is plausible, but it is not quite true. If ever a novelist deserved immortality, it was Jane Austen. Yet it is an undoubted fact that Macaulay's posthumous testimony to her inimitable excellence, published in his biography, ran up the sale of her books at once. That was enthusiasm no doubt, but then it was Macaulay's. Mr. Stephen attributes to George Eliot "a singularly wide and reflective intellect, a union of keen sensibility with a thoroughly tolerant spirit, a desire to appreciate all the good hidden under the commonplace and narrow, a lively sympathy with all the nobler aspirations, a vivid insight into the perplexities and delusions which beset even the

strongest minds, a brilliant power of wit, at once playful and pleasant, and, if we must add, a rather melancholy view of life, in general, a melancholy which is not nursed for purposes of display, but forced upon a fine understanding by the view of a state of things which, we must admit, does not altogether lend itself to a cheerful optimism." No one can say that that is unqualified praise. Every one must admit that it is very high praise indeed. Mr. Stephen knows well, for he has quoted in his *Life of Fawcett* the noble lines—

There is a soul of goodness in things  
evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

George Eliot might have taken them for her motto, and she might have shared them with Count Tolstoi. There is much in *Resurrection* which recalls George Eliot. That wonderful and beautiful book is bolder than a woman, or at least an Englishwoman, could well venture to be. It sets at nought all institutions and conventions. It is built upon the roots of things and the religion of Christ. But in its breadth and its humanity, in the depth of its feeling, in the vividness of its satire, and in the width of its charity it resembles George Eliot at her best, the George Eliot of *Middlemarch*. After all, the proper study of mankind is what Pope said it was. As Lady Mary Wortley put it, the only two sorts of people are men and women. Circumstances are no more than clothes, and have even less efficacy of concealment. The true artist, be he painter or writer, divinely through all hindrance finds the man. Because George Eliot did this, as Tolstoi does it, her work is sure to be permanent, and the eclipse of her popularity must pass away.

## CANTICLE

When all the sky is pure  
 My soul takes flight,  
 Serene and sure,  
 Upward—till at the height  
 She weighs her wings,  
 And sings.

But when the heaven is black,  
 And west-winds sigh,  
 Beat back, beat back,  
 She has no strength to try  
 The drifting rain  
 Again.

So cheaply baffled! see!  
 The field is bare—  
 Behold a tree—  
 Is't not enough? Sit there,  
 Thou foolish thing,  
 And sing.

T. E. Brown.

## BIBLIOMANIA.

Book-collecting has been described as "the melancholy pleasure of the poor." We might, of course, as well describe golf as "the last refuge of the senile." Old men can play golf, after a fashion, and, after a fashion, poor men (by which term I mean men with less than 15,000*l.* a year) can collect books. But real golf demands youth and strength, a keen eye, a sturdy body, a wrist of steel. In the same way genuine book-collecting, the accumulation of books of sterling permanent value, requires wealth. On the other hand, just as the duffer can "foozle" round the course "in a manner pleasing to himself, but disgusting to others" (as Herodotus says of the dancing of Hippocleides), so the poor man may potter about book-stalls and contrive to invent new cheap objects of desire, and divert himself

among his twopenny treasures. *Regum æquabat opes animo* says Virgil of his old contented gardener, and the poor collector may be as pleased with himself and his rubbish as a Spencer, a Roxburghe, a Huth, or a Mazarin, with his regal possessions. The poor man also resembles the humble bottom-fisher, the angler for roach, and perch, and dace, and barbel, and other coarse fish. They do very well for him, though trout and salmon are beyond his reach. The poor man keeps hoping for "a bargain," to pick up a tract worth hundreds in a fourpenny box. Such things occur—once in a blue moon. But these treasures are usually a forgotten child's tale by Lamb, or a topsy-turvy set of proofs, or a chaotic sketch of a work later issued by Goldsmith. Personally I do not covet such things, though they

are vendible for large sums. Besides, it is not fair to give a stall-keeper sixpence for what one knows to be worth 100*l.* in the market. You would not buy from a poor man for half a crown what you knew to be a diamond, and he believed to be a piece of glass. For my part I never had the chance; perhaps it is as well for the poor man that I never did! But, even with the best of luck and the worst of morals, a poor man cannot hope to buy a really good volume, one of the pillars of a library, cheap. We must then distinguish between the ambitions of the poor and of the rich collector.

The rich collector, first, is apt to want manuscripts. By these he seldom means historical manuscripts, to a well regulated mind perhaps the most moving of any. They are not pretty, they are not gilded and illuminated; but who knows what secrets of the past may lurk under the crabbed hands? Personally I want the originals of Queen Mary's Casket Letters, the poisonous letters which she is said to have written to the Earl of Bothwell. Did she write them, or are they, in part, forgeries? We shall never be certain. They are known to have been in the hands of the first Earl of Gowrie in 1584. Collectors were in the market. Queen Elizabeth offered largely, so did Queen Mary, but Gowrie would not part.

Now it is not impossible that you or I might have bought these papers lately for a sovereign! I tell you the story as it was told to me, only suppressing a name. In 1584, we know, Gowrie held these priceless treasures, having received them through a bastard of the Earl of Morton about the time of that nobleman's execution. In the spring of 1584 Gowrie was awkwardly situated. He was suspected by his king of intending a new rebellion, and he was suspected by his fellow conspirators of having taken to the fine arts and lost his taste for high treason, then the rul-

ing passion of the Scottish gentry. In these circumstances he left his new gallery of Italian art at Perth and went to Dundee. Here he had the sea open before him: if the conspiracy of his friends was a success, he could join them; if it failed, he could sail to England or abroad. Now since nothing would have made him so welcome to Elizabeth as the Casket Letters, Gowrie probably carried the letters with him to Dundee. But here he was arrested by Colonel Stewart, after attempting to defend the house in which he was living, and we never hear more of the Casket or the letters. But five years ago the house in Dundee where Gowrie resided was pulled down, and a gentleman begged the workmen employed to search carefully for any old papers. None were found, but the inquirer learned that, five or six years previously, another old house hard by, named "Lady Wark's Stairs," had been demolished, and that in a secret recess in the angle of a chimney place a workman had found a bundle of old MSS. The workman carried them (the story went on) to a person whom he regarded as an authority in things antiquarian. This authority looked at the papers, said that they "*were only old letters in French*," and gave them back. No more is known of them. Any old letters in French, concealed in a secret hiding hole of a sixteenth-century house in Scotland, would deserve attention. But if these papers had been conveyed by Gowrie to a friend at Dundee, and if they were the contents of Queen Mary's Casket, what a bargain the collector might have bought from the finder of the treasure! I tell the story as it was told to me, and the moral is to look at old MSS. before throwing them away. The number of valuable old papers which have been destroyed by ladies as useless rubbish is incalculable. Other ladies sell them for waste paper, and the historical collector is not unlikely

to find treasures in rag and bone shops.

The rich collector is not usually a Sir Thomas Phillips. The MSS. which he desires are illuminated mediæval books. These are beautiful *bibelots*, owing to the gold and colors of the illuminator and the exquisite handwriting, while occasionally the old covers in the precious metals, set with crystals and antique gems, are preserved. The poor collector might as well take a fancy to collect diamonds or Raffaelles as set his heart on these luxuries. Personally I possess exactly one beautiful fourteenth-century MS. in a glorified modern binding, in morocco mosaic. But *that* was a present from a friend (and publisher, the Society of Authors may be pleased to hear). The weak point about the majority of these lovely MSS. is that they are "Sunday books," psalters, gospels, breviaries, and so on. Now many of us do not hanker after mediæval Sunday books, which is just as well, for we cannot hope to possess them, nor to own the very earliest printed Bibles, without which no real collector's library can exist. For devotional and literary purposes I much prefer a cheap Bible of to-day to the celebrated Mazarin example. But this merely proves that I am not really a collector, as I do not desire to possess any book, were it the Dante with engravings after Sandro Botticelli, which I cannot read with tolerable ease. Caxtons allure me not; yet a collector worthy of the name must have Caxtons, must also have early printed romances, which cost a pretty penny. Then he must have a perfect example of Shakespeare's plays in the first folio, again a volume which I can readily do without. Only about half a dozen perfect copies are known, writes Mr. Slater, and the slave is base who puts up with an imperfect or "faked" copy. As much as 1,080*l.*, and again 1,700*l.*, has been paid

for a perfect example of the folio, though 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* purchased the article in 1781. In 1812 the Roxburghe folio fetched only 100*l.*, writes Mr. Slater. I would not give more than fifty shillings myself, except to sell the book again: a practice unworthy of a gentleman. We ought never to buy books (or anything else) with an eye to pecuniary profit, and he who does so is a tradesman, not a collector. It has occurred to me to buy the first edition of Ben Jonson's works cheap; but that was because I thought that I might read them. Mrs. Gallup may have them at a reduction; there must be a good deal of Bacon in them, in cipher. Ben is not fashionable in early editions; Bacon (as Shakespeare) is, and a true collector must have not only the folio, but the quartos. He may leave "Americana" to the Americans—we do not grudge them these treatises. The British amateur prefers fourteenth-century MSS., as anyone may ascertain by looking at the publications of the Roxburghe Club. Many of them are beautiful reproductions of mediæval MSS.; for example, the Mandeville, presented by the late Marquis of Bath, and the beautiful Metz Pontifical, recently presented by Sir Thomas Brooke; and another gem, by Mr. Yates Thompson. But there is more lively and otherwise inaccessible matter, just to *read*, unpublished, in MS. in the "Confessions of a Solicitor," which I hope to lay at the feet of the President. This ornament of the legal profession (the notary) was hanged on August 12, 1608, and he richly deserved it.

The list of Roxburghe Club books, then, proves that the higher bibliophiles, on the whole, prefer mediæval MSS. and the stately reproduction of these beautiful tomes to any other class of manuscripts, literary or historical. This fact indicates the line of division between great collectors and the humble collectors who make up the



body of the army. Meanwhile, the person who, in the first place, wants to read his books for pleasure or for purposes of history is hardly a collector at all. Thus the maker of the very curious library at Abbotsford was only a true collector in a secondary sense. His books were not mere garden flowers, but treasures of honey, the stuff of history, poetry, and romance.

Not being able to purchase the true pillars of a great collection, the manuscripts, and incunables, and Shakespeare folios, and magnificent illustrated works, and so forth, the lowly collector invents curiosities within his reach. For long he believed vaguely, but strongly, in Aldines and Elzevirs. He might almost as well collect Tauchnitz novels! The famous Dutch and Venetian printers published very large editions of the ancient classics, and the Elzevirs dealt freely in pirated French literature and in books which could not safely be issued in France. So large were their editions that examples are very common. They are therefore only esteemed when the book chances to be very rare, like the well-known "Pastisier Français"; or is unusually "tall," that is uncropped by the binder; or has been bound in morocco for some celebrated collector; or, in the case of the Aldines, presents readings from some ancient manuscript which, perhaps, has disappeared. But the man who begins to collect often rejoices (I did once) over any Aldine or Elzevir, as if it were a rare treasure. The Elzevir Virgil, the "Imitatio Christi," and a few others are quite worth possessing, but such cases are rare.

Then we aim at first editions, and this taste is sympathetic. It really is pleasant to see the book as its author first beheld it, whether the type be as bad as that of Lovelace's "Lucasta," or Herrick's "Hesperides," or merely the commonplace type of early Keatses, Shelleys, Tennysons, and so forth. But

since I began to take an interest in these matters the market value even of the great poets of the nineteenth century has risen out of all knowledge, especially in the case of Keats. I got all three original Keatses for some eight or nine pounds. Now they vary in price, but probably you might have to give ten times as much for the three, unless you are lucky, and some poor stall-keeper is ignorant. When a previous owner has had any of this class of book bound, even in morocco, he has knocked most of its market value away. The poets esteemed by the collector were published only in small editions, which did not sell; whereas Byron and Scott, with their huge editions, are only valued in rare cases, such as Byron's "The Waltz," and the Waverley Novels as they came from the booksellers, in boards, uncut. Among the poets of the eighteenth century Goldsmith is dear to the collector: and certain editions of Gray and Collins, such as Walpole's edition, and that which Collins burned in a pet, being seldom met with, are esteemed. Collins's Odes I happened to buy cheap, but it seems very seldom to come into the market, so perhaps, for once, I secured a bargain. The bargain of all bargains was bought by the Bodleian Library at the sale of the undesirable lots of an English parish library. The owners wanted to buy books more "up to date," and sold the Gospels of Margaret, Queen and Saint, for about five pounds. On the fly-leaf was a record of the miracle (her only one) wrought for the Saint in the case of this very book, as narrated by her confessor and biographer, Turgot. Now, as Margaret was contemporary with the Norman Conquest, and was a lady as famous as she was charming, her Gospels were very cheap at some five or six pounds. Happily they did not go to America!

As first editions even of Keats and Tennyson are sold at prices beyond the

purse of the ordinary collector, he took for a couple of years to buying large paper editions of mere moderns, even of the present writer! But this craze died an early death, like that for the huge *éditions de luxe*, which were so called because they could not be read with comfort. Mr. du Maurier in a series of sketches depicted the amateur adopting various distressing postures in the vain attempt to read a book in an *édition de luxe*.

New authors were then added to the first-edition brigade, such as FitzGerald in the first edition of Omar Khayyam. Even the early rhymes of the present writer (1872) ought not to be parted with by happy owners for 11. 5s. A persistent person keeps advertising an offer of twenty-five shillings for these old rhymes and for many better books. But their market value, if not "far above rubies," is far above twenty-five shillings.

Quite juvenile authors relatively, like Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, were next fixed upon by collectors who wanted to "get in on the ground floor." The plan was to buy an early, perhaps a boyish trifle that no mortal had thought of wanting, and then to make people want it. It is not likely that the owners of the Huth or Holford Libraries or that the Duke of Devonshire "plunged" upon early Kiplings; but somebody paid 155*l.* for that author's "Schoolboy Lyrics," which, as common-sense returned and more copies came into the market, "realized" only 3*l.* 5s. The "United Service College Chronicle" (to which I presume that Mr. Kipling must have been a contributor) sank from 135*l.* to 3*l.* 5s. Mr. Stevenson's boyish trifles or privately printed skits also soared and dropped. Mr. Slater, whom I cite, says that Mr. Swinburne's "Song of Italy" was well thought of till "a large remainder was accidentally discovered and thrown on the market." The poem itself is undeniably energetic, and injurious to the susceptibil-

ties of Austria—of the Vatican also, I fear. But the collector did not value it for these merits, poetical and political. He thought that it was "very rare," and it was not. Can we suppress a smile at the disappointment of the collector?

In the case of the Kelmscott Press books the collector knows how many copies exist, and no surprise can be sprung upon him. They are pretty books, and most creditable to the taste of Mr. Morris, but as they are not very easily read one feels no ardent desire to possess them.

As we go back in time—to the Cavalier poets, to Milton, to Spenser, and so on—first editions become rarer; but Izaak Walton in "The Compleat Angler" and Bunyan with his "Pilgrim's Progress" win the most prodigious prices. They are both amiable books, these dumpy, modest tomes, in the original sheep; but they are so expensive merely because they were so cheap and popular that they were worn almost out of existence. They were carried in the pocket of the devotee, in the creel of the angler; they were left lying about (being so cheap) among the flowers and grasses of the Test or Lee, or wherever an unawakened pilgrim might "take one" (like a tract) and read and go away the wiser. So the books are of the utmost rarity; no "large remainder" of them will ever be discovered. They are like our sixpenny editions of novels, in the way of being worn out and vanishing.

A century hence, when Mr. Hall Caine shall be where Walton and where Bunyan are (and there is no better place), no doubt a copy of the first sixpenny edition of "The Eternal City" will be worth much more than its weight in gold. The "Angler" and the "Pilgrim" (while money and collectors endure) can never come down with a run, like the "Song of Italy" and "Schoolboy Lyrics." Meanwhile Spenser and Milton do not seem so popular

with collectors as Lovelace and Herick. Among first editions, if a fairy would give me my choice, I should select Walton, the quartos of the plays fondly attributed to "Mr. Shakespeare" by his contemporaries, the "Contes" of Charles Perrault, the poems of Edgar Poe, the plays of Molière; and that would content me. But probably no private, perhaps no public, library contains all the volumes in that simple little assortment.

The lowly collector desires to acquire books of value. He has, I think, three courses open to him. First, he can collect what people do not desire to-day but will desire to-morrow. Fifty years ago the books illustrated by the little masters of the eighteenth century in France were not appreciated. If Le Cousin Pons, that miracle of a poor collector, had bought them, his heirs might now "unload" at an incalculable profit. Let the poor collector, then, exercise the gift of prophecy, and pick up for a song what will sell later for hundreds. Let him "get in on the ground floor." Let him collect the *juvenilia* of Mr. Stephen Phillips—if there are any—or the manuscripts of novels which fall to-day but will be esteemed by posterity. I can let him have one or two of my own, at a low figure, being anxious to realize. American collectors may apply. By such artful prescience of a future demand the humble collector may amass things that will not disappoint him at his sale. But it needs heaven-sent moments for this power of forecast.

The second plan for the impoverished bibliophile is to make a collection valuable in the mass, though not very expensive in detail. This may be done by cleaving to a single subject. There are about three thousand books and tracts on Mary Stuart; there are the pamphlets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Great Rebellion, Jacobitism, and so forth; there are all the un-

signed tracts of Swift and De Foe. The beauty of such a collection is that you can never complete it. I do not know that it has any other beauty.

The third way is to consider how much you can afford to spend yearly on books—not modern things, but *books*—and then, avoiding waste on dubious trifles, to purchase only one really good thing every year or half-year, or as your finances may permit. This is the most satisfactory plan of all, and the last which I could practise.

Remember that condition is everything. An imperfect copy of even a really good and rare book—a copy lacking a plate, a dirty copy, a copy that has been cropped by the binder—is only fit to be read, and is quite unworthy of a self-respecting collector. Monsieur Eugène Paillet is said to have bought some five copies of the same book, and, by selecting the most perfect leaves from all, to have made up an example fit to go to the binder—Trautz-Bauzonnet, for choice.

There are collectors who ought to be sent to penal servitude. Their idea of collecting is to buy a living author's books, send them to him, and ask him to write a verse or "sentiment" in each. This costs *them* nothing, and, to their feeble minds, appears to add pecuniary value to their volumes. These caitiffs are usually bred on the other side of the Atlantic. They ought to be sternly suppressed. No notice should be taken of their communications.

There is a great deal of humbug about bibliophiles. In the last century there existed clubs of so-called book-lovers, like the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the Spalding, and the Abbotsford. Lords, lairds, advocates, and others were members. They used to print a limited number of copies of historical manuscripts, and did useful work. You can sometimes buy the volumes printed by these clubs; and I think I may say that in no instance in my experience have

the previous owners used the paper-knife and cut open the pages. Why did such men join book clubs? For various reasons, no doubt, but certainly not for literary or studious purposes. I have heard the owner of a great library say that he believed he had plenty of manuscripts, but that was all he knew about them. To be sure this possessor had inherited the treasures which interested him so little; there was no humbug about *him*!

It is a pity that the best books and the best trout streams often belong to men who neither read nor angle. "There's something in the world amiss," whether it will be "unriddled by and by" or not.

Meanwhile book-collecting is not, at worst, one of the most alarming forms of vice. It is a harmless hobby, like gardening, and can be ridden in towns, where many better forms of enjoyment are out of the question. It is not so bad as collecting postage stamps, or book plates, or autographs of the living. The preachers of the Salvation Army, like "Happy Bill, the Converted Basket-maker," are wont to regale their audiences with a recital of their own excesses when in an unawakened condition.

I also might look at a little hanging bookcase, containing the volumes collected before I knew better, and so appear as an "object lesson" of what to avoid. Here is my earliest error—the Elzevir Ovid of 1629, I think, in white vellum, "with rare Dutch prints added." Now what could I want with that; or with the same author of 1751, in green morocco, with one of those odd gilt end-papers in which some collectors take an inexplicable joy? The third Aldine Homer, in green morocco: where was the sense of buying *that*? "Des Pierres Précieuses," par M. Dutens. (Didot.) Paris, 1776? Well, there *was* a kind of excuse for that. It is bound up with

Les  
Fascheux  
Comedie  
de I. B. P. Moliere.  
Representee sur le  
Theatre du Palais Royal  
a Paris  
chez Gabriel Quinet, au Palais,  
dans la Gallerie des Prisonniers  
a l'Ange Gabriel.  
MDCLXIII.

Thus here is a first edition of Molière, and a relic of that famous final feast of Fouquet at Vaux where "Les Fascheux" was acted, as you may read in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne" and other historical works. But then the play has been cropped, to fit it to the size of the work on precious stones with which it is bound.

Next, here is the first Paris edition of Rochefoucauld's "Maximes" (1665); but the frontispiece is wanting. So I took that of the first English translation (the same print), and had it bound in with the French book—a miserable evasion. What again, could I want with "Horus Apollo" (Paris 1574), a set of guesses at the meaning of Egyptian hieroglyphics, with many symbolical woodcuts, in red morocco, by Lortie? This book is valueless to the Egyptologist. "Les Provinciales" (1657) is in old red morocco, indeed, but the binder has cut it to the quick. My Epictetus is bound up with Straton (an unspeakable Greek epigrammatist) in yellow morocco. The strange conjunction was a freak of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and *that*, I suppose, was why I collected the trifle. "Poems on Several Occasions" (Foulis, Glasgow, 1748). *That* is a relic, if you please, of Hamilton of Bangour, the Jacobite poet, who died of the sufferings of the Forty-five, about the time when his little volume was published. He wrote "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride," and no man remembers his other lays. Sentiment prompted the purchase, and so on. One might

write of heaps of books of no value, collected for some reason, half forgotten. Now, if a man had left all these trifles alone he might have been able to afford to purchase something worth having. Yet the little old volumes have become familiar to an owner who would miss what he had no excuse for buying. Take warning, pious reader, and, if you must be a collector, collect the books that are, or are to be, in fashion—that is, if you do not want your estate to be a considerable loser by your hobby.

Since this article was in type, I have heard the true story of the MSS. which were supposed possibly to be the Casket Letters. They really were connected with the old house in Dundee, called "Lady Wark's Stairs." But they were

The Cornhill Magazine.

not found by workmen, and were shown, I understand, before the demolition of the house. As to the language in which they are written, we only know that they were indecipherable by a palæographer of experience. Now Queen Mary's hand was large and legible, in the "Roman" style; and surely *Monsieur, si lenvy de votre absence*, and so on, must have been legible, and obviously French, in the eyes even of a person who was not a French scholar. On the whole the most obvious theory is that these indecipherable papers were written in cipher, and were parts of a political correspondence of that age of conspiracies. Even so, it is a pity that they were allowed to disappear.

Andrew Lang.

## BACTERIA AND ICE.

The fate of bacteria when frozen excited the curiosity of investigators already in the early years of bacteriology, for in 1871 we find Burdon Sanderson recording the fact that water which he had obtained from the purest ice contained microzymes, or, as we now prefer to call them, micro-organisms.

It is quite possible that at the time this announcement was made it may have been received with some scepticism, for it was undoubtedly difficult to believe that such minute and primitive forms of vegetable life, seemingly so scantily equipped for the struggle for existence, should be able to withstand conditions to which vegetable life in more exalted circles so frequently and lamentably succumbs.

The tormented agriculturist realizes only too well what havoc is followed by a return in May to that season

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail.

Again with what solicitude those of us who have gardens wait to see what will have survived the iron grip of winter in our favorite flower borders, and how frequently we have to face blanks in the ranks of some of its most cherished occupants. Numerous bacteriologists, however, have now confirmed this fact, the fields of ice and snow have been repeatedly explored for micro-organisms, and it has been shown how even the ice on the summit of Mont Blanc has its complement of bacterial flora, that hailstones as they descend upon the earth contain bacteria, that snow, the emblem of purity, is but a whitened sepulchre, and will on demand deliver up its bacterial hosts. Quite apart from its general scientific interest, the



bacterial occupation of ice is of importance from a hygienic point of view, and a large number of examinations of ice as supplied for consumption have been made. Thus Professor Fraenkl, and also Dr. Heyroth, has submitted the ice supply of the city of Berlin to an exhaustive bacteriological examination. These investigations showed that the bacterial population of ice as supplied to Berlin is a very variable one, and fluctuates between great extremes, rising to as many as 25,000 bacteria in a cubic centimetre (about twenty drops) of ice water, and falling to as few as two in the same measure.

There are numerous circumstances which come into play in determining the destiny of the bacterial population in ice. First, of course, the initial quality of the water from which the ice is derived is a factor of great importance, for the purer the water the fewer will be the bacteria found in the resulting ice.

Again, if the ice field is wind-swept by air bearing an unduly rich complement of bacteria, as may be expected in the vicinity of populous cities, for example, then the ice will reflect in its bacterial contents the undesirable neighborhood in which it was produced. Water in repose, again, yields purer ice than water in movement during freezing, for during rest opportunity is given for the bacteria present in suspension to subside, the process of sedimentation or deposition of bacteria which takes place under these conditions playing an important part in water-purification; when, however, the water is disturbed by swift currents, or agitated by storms, this process is interrupted, and the bacteria become entangled in the ice and frozen *in situ*.

The importance attaching to the physical conditions under which ice is produced in enabling an estimate to be formed of the safety or otherwise of

the same for consumption may be gathered from the following extract from an American report on the subject: "On the whole it is evident that the conditions surrounding water when it freezes are very important factors in determining the purity of the ice formed. If there is a considerable depth of water in portions of a somewhat polluted pond or river, and the ice is formed in these portions in comparatively quiet water with but little matter in suspension, this ice will probably be entirely satisfactory for domestic use. On the other hand, ice formed in shallow portions of such ponds or rivers, even during still weather, or in any portion if there is considerable movement of the water by currents or wind while it is forming, may be rendered by these conditions entirely unfit for domestic use."

We have learnt that ice contains bacteria, that its bacterial contents are to a certain extent dependent upon the bacterial quality of the water before crystallization, and that an important factor in determining its purity is afforded by the physical conditions prevailing at the time of freezing.

It will be of interest to ascertain in more detail what effect the process of freezing has upon the number of bacteria present in the water—what is the degree of bacterial purification effected during the conversion of water into ice.

Now Professor Uffreduzzi, in his investigations on the ice-supply of Turin, part of which is derived from a much-polluted portion of the river Dora, found that about 90 per cent. less bacteria were present in the ice than were present in the water from which it was produced: In the making of ice, therefore, a remarkable removal of bacteria may be effected which approaches very nearly the degree of bacterial purification which is achieved during the best-conducted sand-filtration of water.

Uffreduzzi's results have been repeatedly confirmed by other researches. Thus in regard to ice obtained from the river Merrimac; water which contained originally about 38,600 bacteria per cubic centimetre, on its conversion into ice had only from three to six. Sewage, again, containing about a million and a half bacteria per cubic centimetre after being frozen only contained under 74,000. It should be mentioned that this last figure represented the number of bacteria obtained by thawing the *outside* of the sewage ice-cake; *inside* the cake there were more found—about 121,000. The difference in these figures is due to the fact that, whereas the outer layers of ice looked quite clear, towards the centre the ice contained sewage sludge and hence more bacteria had become arrested; but in spite of this the bacterial purification effected is very striking, although not sufficient to render the use of ice from such a polluted source either palatable or desirable.

It is, of course, a well-known fact that water possesses the power of purifying itself during its transformation into ice, and that the process of crystallization not only prevents a considerable proportion of the matters in suspension from becoming embodied in the ice, but also eliminates a large percentage of the matters in solution, the latter being driven from the water which is being frozen into the water beneath. If, therefore, ice in the act of forming can get rid of matters in solution, it is not difficult to understand how it can eject bacteria, which though so minute are yet bodies of appreciable dimension and in suspension. But that there are limits to this power of excluding bacteria, and that, as in the case of other mechanical processes, an over-taxing of the available resources is at once reflected in the inferiority of the product, is shown by the frozen sewage experiment, in which the ice, hav-

ing had too large a supply of bacteria in the first instance to deal with, was unable to get rid of more than a certain proportion, and was obliged to retain a very considerable number. Hence great as is the degree of purification achieved by ice in forming, yet it must be recognized that its powers in this direction are limited, and that the fact of water being frozen does not necessarily convert a bad water into immaculate ice.

It is worthy of note that the city of Lawrence in Massachusetts obtains the greater portion of its ice from a river which in its raw unpurified condition was rejected for purposes of water supply, in consequence of the numerous and severe epidemics of typhoid fever which accompanied its use. Since the application of sand filtration to this water, however, the death rate from typhoid in this city, instead of being abnormally high, has fallen abnormally low, and this improvement is attributed to the excellent quality of the water supplied to the city, and has taken place despite the use which still continues of ice from the polluted river. The authorities consider the city's immunity from typhoid amply justifies their sanctioning the distribution of this river-ice, the freezing of the water having rendered it sufficiently pure to remove all danger to health from its consumption.

So far we have been considering the effect on bacteria of freezing carried on under more or less natural conditions; but much interesting work of a more detailed character has been carried out with reference to the behavior of particular varieties of micro-organisms when frozen under more or less artificial conditions.

Thus Dr. Prudden froze various bacteria in water at temperatures ranging from  $-1^{\circ}\text{C.}$  to  $-10^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , and he found that different varieties were very differently affected by this treatment;

that, for example, a bacillus originally obtained from water, and introduced in such numbers as represented by 800,000 individuals being present in every twenty drops, after four days' freezing had entirely disappeared, not one having survived. On the other hand, similar experiments in which the typhoid bacillus was used resulted in the latter not only enduring a freezing of four days' duration, but emerging triumphant after it had been carried on for more than 103 days!

In these experiments it should be borne in mind that, as the ice was frozen to a solid block or lump, there was no opportunity for the mechanical committal of the bacteria during freezing to the water beneath; all the bacteria present were imprisoned in the ice, and the fact that the typhoid bacteria were not destroyed by being frozen shows that they can withstand exposure to such low temperatures, although, as we have seen, the other variety of bacillus employed was destroyed.

Dr. Prudden, however, discovered an ingenious method by which even typhoid bacilli were compelled to succumb when frozen. In the course of his investigations he found that bacteria which had offered the stoutest resistance under the freezing were extremely sensitive to this treatment if the process was carried on intermittently, or, in other words, if the temperature surrounding them was alternately lowered and raised.

In this manner the bacteria may be said to be subjected to a succession of cold shocks, instead of being permitted to remain in a continuously benumbed condition. The vitality of typhoid bacilli was put to the test under these circumstances, the freezing process being carried on over twenty-four hours, during which time, however, it was three times interrupted by the ice being thawed. The effect on the typhoid bacteria was

striking in the extreme; from there being about 40,000 present in every twenty drops, representing the number originally put into the water, there were only ninety at the end of the twenty-four hours; and after a further period of three days, during which this treatment was repeated, not a single bacillus could be found. This signal surrender to scientific tactics forms a marked contrast to the stout resistance maintained for over 103 days under the ordinary methods of attack.

But, although the typhoid bacillus appears to submit and meekly succumb to this plan of campaign, yet the conclusion must not be rashly drawn that all descriptions of bacteria will be equally feeble and helpless in these circumstances.

Doctors Percy Frankland and Templeman have shown that the spore of the anthrax bacillus is able to successfully challenge all such attempts upon its vitality. Thus when put into water and frozen at a temperature of  $-20^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., the process being spread over a period of three months and interrupted no fewer than twenty-nine times by thawings, when examined even after this severe series of shocks, it showed no signs of submission and clung to life as tenaciously as ever.

The more sensitive form of anthrax, however, the bacillus, was readily destroyed; for after one freezing its numbers were already so much reduced that it was only with difficulty that even one or two could be found, and after the second freezing every one out of the large number originally present had died.

Renewed interest has been of late revived in the question of the behavior of bacteria at low temperatures, in consequence of the possibility of obtaining, by means of liquid air and liquid hydrogen, degrees of cold which were undreamt of by the scientific philosophers of fifty years ago. Public interest has

also been quickened in such inquiries on account of the important part which low temperatures play in many great commercial developments, their application rendering possible the transport from and to all parts of the world of valuable but perishable foodstuffs, thus encouraging local industries by opening up markets, and bringing prosperity to countries and communities which before were seeking in vain an outlet for their surplus produce.

The application of cold storage for preservation purposes is, however, no novelty; for nature, ages ago, set us the example, and of this we have been lately reminded afresh by the discovery announced by Dr. Herz of a mammoth in Siberia, which, despite the thousands of years which have elapsed since it was originally overwhelmed and frozen, is described as being in a marvellous state of preservation.

Thus we are told that "most of the hair on the body had been scraped away by ice, but its mane and near foreleg were in perfect preservation, and covered with long hair. The hair of the mane was four to five inches long, and of a yellowish-brown color, while its left leg was covered with black hair. In its stomach was found a quantity of undigested food, and on its tongue was the herbage which it had been eating when it died. This was quite green."

Considering that certainly more than eight thousand years have elapsed since this creature was peacefully consuming what proved to be his last meal, nature's method of cold storage must indeed be regarded as unsurpassable in the excellence of its results.

I believe it was in the year 1884 that the first attempts were made to follow more closely and in greater detail the precise effect upon different bacteria of submitting them to temperatures of such a low degree as  $-130^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , obtained by means of solid carbonic acid.

These experiments were carried out by Pictet and Young, and are recorded in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

They differ from those which we have so far been considering, inasmuch as the bacteria were not frozen in water but in culture-material, or, in other words, like the mammoth, whilst enjoying a midday meal!

One of the micro-organisms experimented with was a bacillus known at that time as the rinderpest bacillus, capable of producing disease in animals when inoculated into them and existing both in the spore and bacillar form. Pictet and Young specially state that the spore form was present in the specimens employed by them, and hence the fact that this micro-organism was alive after being frozen and exposed to this low temperature of  $-130^{\circ}\text{C.}$  for the space of twenty hours is not perhaps so surprising when we bear in mind the remarkable feats of endurance exhibited by spores, which have with justification obtained for them a prominent place amongst the so-called curiosities of bacteriology. But of more interest than their mere survival in these circumstances is the fact that, on being restored to animation—or, in other words, released from their ice-prison—these bacteria were discovered to have retained all their pathogenic properties, this period of enforced rigidity having in no way affected their disease-producing powers.

Such results naturally only served to whet the scientific appetite for more, and the liquefaction of air and of hydrogen placing much lower temperatures at the disposal of investigators, those bacteriologists who were fortunate enough to command a supply were not long in availing themselves of the opportunity thus given them of further testing the vitality of micro-organisms.

Botanists had already shown that ex-

posure to liquid air, which means a temperature of about  $-190^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., and to liquid hydrogen, which means a temperature of about  $-250^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., did not impair the germination powers of various descriptions of seeds, such as those of musk, wheat, barley, peas, vegetable marrow, and mustard, and that their actual immersion in liquid hydrogen for the space of six hours did not prevent them coming up when sown just as well as ordinary seeds which had not undergone this unique experience; hence the opportunity of submitting other members of the vegetable kingdom to these low temperatures was eagerly sought for by bacteriologists. Dr. Macfadyen found this opportunity in the laboratories of the Royal Institution, and, Professor Dewar having placed a generous supply of liquid air and liquid hydrogen at his disposal, he submitted specimens growing in various materials, such as gelatin, broth, potatoes &c., of typhoid, diphtheria, cholera, anthrax with spores and other bacteria, for twenty hours and seven days respectively, to a temperature, of about  $-190^{\circ}\text{C}$ . In no instance, however, whether exposed when growing in fluid or solid media, could any impairment of their vitality or the slightest alteration in their structure be observed. Similar results were obtained when liquid hydrogen, or a temperature of about  $-250^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., was applied. The question of the retention or otherwise of the disease-producing powers of these bacteria was not investigated, and in this connection much interest attaches to Mr. Swithinbank's investigations on the vitality and virulent properties of that notorious malefactor amongst micro-organisms, the *bacillus tuberculosis*, when exposed to the temperature of liquid air. The specimens of the consumption bacillus employed were originally obtained from the human subject, and they were exposed for periods varying from six hours to six

weeks to  $-190^{\circ}\text{C}$ . In each case the malignant properties of the tubercle bacillus after exposure were tested by their direct inoculation into animals, and the results compared with those which followed similar inoculations made with bacilli which had not been frozen in this manner, but had been grown in ordinary circumstances. In no single case, Mr. Swithinbank tells us, were these frozen tubercle bacilli deprived of their virulence, and the length of exposure, at any rate as far as could be judged after six weeks, appeared to make no difference in this respect. It is true that the pathogenic action of the frozen bacilli appeared to be somewhat retarded—that is, they took rather longer to kill animals than the ordinary unfrozen bacilli—but in every case their inoculation produced the typical tuberculous lesions associated with them.

Of particular interest, however, in view of what has been already discovered about the lethal effect upon bacteria of violent alterations of temperature, are Mr. Swithinbank's observations on the vitality of the tubercle bacillus when exposed to such extreme variations of temperature as are represented by a passage from  $-190^{\circ}\text{C}$ . to that of  $15^{\circ}\text{C}$ .

The *bacillus tuberculosis* is admittedly a tough antagonist to deal with, and enjoys an unenviable notoriety for its robust constitution amongst the pathogenic members of the microbial world, hence a knowledge of its behavior in these trying circumstances, as we now know them to be to bacterial life, becomes of special interest. Great must have been the investigator's satisfaction, then, when he discovered that the vitality of the consumption bacillus had been so seriously impaired by this treatment that its pathogenic properties collapsed, and the animals which were inoculated with these specimens, instead of with the continuously frozen



bacilli, suffered no inconvenience, and remained in good health.

But, although no appreciable change either in the structure, vitality, or malignant properties of the particular bacteria investigated have been noted as resulting from their exposure to extremely low temperatures, yet there is no doubt that a certain proportion of the individual micro-organisms present—those probably whose constitution is less robust than their more fortunate associates—do succumb under these trying conditions.

This fact has been well brought out by Dr. Belli, of the University of Padua, in the experiments which he made with the fowl-cholera bacillus, and the anthrax bacillus in the presence of very low temperatures. Thus he exposed a large number of fowl-cholera bacilli in broth to the temperature of liquid air, as many as 396,000 bacilli being present in every twenty drops of the liquid. After exposing them continuously for nine hours to  $-190^{\circ}$  C., he had the curiosity, after thawing them, to count how many were left alive, and he found that an enormous mortality had taken place amongst them; for, instead of nearly 400,000 bacilli being present in one cubic centimetre, there were only about 9,000. On the other hand, in the broth tubes kept during that time in ordinary surroundings, the bacilli had flourished remarkably, and had greatly increased in numbers. Thus not only had no multiplication amongst these bacilli taken place, which circumstance is always regarded as indicative of their vital condition—not only, then, had their vitality been arrested—but a very large number of them had been actually destroyed in consequence of this severe treatment; but that the residue were not only alive, but unimpaired in their energies on being restored to animation, was proved by

their being able to destroy animals, not having parted with any of their malicious propensities. Dr. Belli carried out similar experiments with the bacilli of anthrax and obtained very similar results. With regard to both these varieties of pathogenic bacteria, he mentions that their action upon animals was not quite so rapid as is characteristic of normal specimens of these micro-organisms, thus confirming the experiments in this direction made with frozen tubercle bacilli.

Not content with this exhibition of their powers of endurance, Dr. Belli determined to make yet another demand upon the vitality of these bacilli. For this purpose he immersed them in the liquid air itself, thus bringing them into direct contact with it, effecting this by lowering into the liquid, strips of filter-paper soaked in broth containing these bacilli. But, in spite of remaining for the space of eight hours in these surroundings, they emerged triumphant, exhibiting no modification whatever either in their structure or pathogenic properties.

There are doubtless many other trials yet awaiting bacteria, to which they will most certainly be submitted before the limits of their powers of endurance have been adequately tested, but it is difficult to conceive of a severer strain upon their vital resources than the imposition of the conditions of which the above is but a brief sketch.

The more intimate becomes our knowledge of bacteria, the more must we marvel at the equipment with which they have been provided for enabling them to maintain themselves in the struggle for existence—a struggle which is as severe and as remorseless in this lowly region as it is in those domains the inhabitants of which have risen to far loftier heights on the great ladder of life.

*G. C. Frankland.*

## THE ENGINEER.

'Midst maxims' click and rattle,  
 Quick-firers' crack and scream,  
 Dazed with the lust of battle,  
 Half blind with smoke and steam,  
 Men face the flying shrapnel,  
 And dare the bursting shell,  
 When every gun's a shambles,  
 And all the deck a hell!

But pent and caged, unknowing  
 Which way the fight incline,  
 I keep my engines going  
 Beneath the water-line.  
 No praise or blame to spur me  
 In this my hour of trial,  
 I stand and grip the lever,  
 I stand and watch the dial.

I know no battle-passion  
 To set my blood aglow,  
 I work in sober fashion,  
 But if we fail, I know  
 That boiled, or flayed, or stifled,  
 Or mashed amongst the gear,  
 I die, a "mere non-combatant,"  
 An unknown Engineer.

*J. H. K. Adkin.*

*The Spectator.*

## A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

## XV.

The course of true love never did run smooth; and, though Bumpstead and Bertha emerged safely from the fog, I fear that they will have to encounter a good many shoals and breakers and contrary winds before they touch the desired shore of matrimony.

I am happy to say that none of the

difficulties which seem to threaten their course have originated in Stucovia. It is true that Selina, when fatigued or worried, has been known to declare that I am a mass of selfishness; but I do not carry that amiable trait of my sex so far as to begrudge Bertha her happiness merely because I shall miss her. Certainly, she has been an exhilarating element in our rather hum-

drum existence; but, from my experience in like cases, I anticipate that the dear girl will contrive to see a good deal of us even after she is married; and in the meantime she and Bumpstead (whom I am learning to call Jack) have the house pretty much to themselves. The enamored swain tells us that, Lent being over, he is not so much "bunged up" with parochial engagements as was the case in March; and he is able to give us a great deal of his society. At meal-times he presents himself with touching regularity, even sometimes dropping in for a breakfast-cup of coffee and a slice of ham on his way back from early service; and, after his boxing night at the club, smoking his pipe in my study till untimely hours. Selina's boudoir is entirely made over to the interesting couple; and it is not safe even to enter the drawing-room without a good deal of circumspection and a preliminary cough. Over all these pastoral friskings Selina smiles serenely. She has honestly done her best for her sister. The supreme end of woman's existence has been attained; and she regards with complacency the triumph of her skill.

The parish is enthusiastic about the engagement. Soulsby lays his lily-hand caressingly on Bumpstead's brawny shoulder, and murmurs, "May she be to you what my Egeria has been to me. And oh! could I give you a fonder benison than that?" Old Lady Farrington, who, even in her decadence, still wields some social authority among us, lays great stress on Bumpstead's territorial connections. "The Bumpsteads are an excellent family. Indeed, they are cousins of ours. One of Lord Farrington's great-aunts married the Bumpstead of the period. I believe they are Saxon by descent, like the Lowthers and the Tollemaches. I remember there was a rhyme about it which they were very fond of repeating—

Before the Norman into England came,  
Fox Holes was my seat and Bumpstead was my name.

The Cashingtons, more modern though not more worldly than the dowager, display a keen curiosity about the settlements, and wonder who will pay for the *trousseau*. Bounderly comports himself with characteristic heartiness; smacks Bumpstead on the back, and says, "Well done, my son, I'm proud of you! There's no flummery betwixt me and you. I know you and you know me; and I tell you you've pulled off a good thing this journey, and no error. You simply meant doing it, and went in, and won. It's just what I did myself; and I like you all the better for it." The members of the Parochial Club are getting up an illuminated address to "the Rev. John Thomas Bumpstead, M.A., in grateful recognition of his unwearied interest in our athletic development;" and the Fishers in Deep Waters are combining to present Bertha with a waterproof cloak and a bound series of "The Commonwealth."

Unfortunately in this chorus of congratulation one false note has been struck. Some anonymous friend has sent Bertha a copy, facetiously marked with red ink in telling places, of a treatise on the "Art of Beauty." This treatise, though adapted to the needs of London, seems to have originated in New York. It opens with an address to the reader, and goes on to deal in detail with physical imperfections and the method of remedying them. Let me quote some of the marked passages:

Dear Madame or Sir,—The object of this little booklet is to direct the attention of the reader to the many and varied imperfections of the face with which we are apt to be endowed, and to call your attention to the fact that there is in this vast Metropolis a place where relief may be found.

## THE EARS.

If the ears are large, ill-shaped, or deformed in any way, they are soon changed to a perfected state. All irregularities and deformities are painlessly, permanently, and successfully corrected, thereby rendering the features symmetrical, harmonious, and expressive.

## THE NOSE.

As Shakespeare says, "A good nose is requisite." No other feature of the face bears such a relation to what is known as beauty, and no other feature is as helpful or as fatal to man's comeliness.

Few persons can boast a perfect nose. This being so, it will interest many to know that this prominent feature of the face may be improved where it is imperfect. Everybody is familiar with the various types of noses, and may see many of each during a stroll on any of our thoroughfares. Some are repugnant, others pleasing, but all give some determining character, either sympathetic or forbidding, to the face.

Many a countenance, otherwise admirable, is ruined to the eye by the form of the nose, and it is often remarked that such or such a person would be "good-looking" were it not for his or her nose.

Many are of the opinion that the nose Nature has given, or the one that accident has deformed, is beyond remedy. This is an error, for, when one reflects upon the fact that the nose is greatly composed of cartilage, it will be admitted that few things are easier than giving it direction of form.

Of noses there are six well-defined classes:

- CLASS I.—THE ROMAN, OR AQUILINE NOSE.  
 " II.—THE GREEK, OR STRAIGHT NOSE.  
 " III.—THE COGITATIVE, OR WIDE-NOSTRILLED NOSE.  
 " IV.—THE JEWISH, OR HAWK NOSE.  
 " V.—THE SNUB NOSE.  
 " VI.—THE CELESTIAL, OR TURN-UP NOSE.

Between these there are infinite crosses and intermixtures, which at first are apt to embarrass one, but after a little practice one is soon able to distinguish with tolerable precision.

*Class I.—The Roman, or Aquiline Nose*, is rather convex, but undulating, as its name aquiline imports. It is usually rugose and coarse, but, when otherwise, it approaches the Greek nose, and the classification is materially altered.

*Class II.—The Greek, or Straight Nose*, is perfectly straight; any deviation from the right line must be strictly noticed. If the deviation tend to convexity it approaches the Roman type and its true character is marred. On the other hand, when the deviation is towards concavity, it partakes of the Celestial, and its true character is lost. It should be fine and well-chiselled, but not sharp. It is the highest and most beautiful form which the organ can assume.

*Class III.—The Cogitative, or Wide-nostrilled Nose*, is, as its secondary name imports, wide at the end, thick and broad, gradually widening from below the bridge. This is the type of nose that usually becomes bulbous or clubbed, owing to a glandular degeneration, and is a marked disfigurement. The Cogitative Nose is usually associated with Classes I. and II., rarely with IV., and still less seldom with V. and VI.

*Class IV.—The Jewish, or Hawk Nose*, is very convex, and preserves its convexity like a bow throughout the whole length, from the eyes to the tip. It is thin and sharp.

*Class V. and VI.—The Snub Nose and the Turn-up, poetic Celestial Nose*.—The form of the former is sufficiently indicated by its name; the latter is distinguished by its presenting a continuous concavity from the eyes to the tip. It is converse in shape to the Jewish nose.

*If your nose is Roman and you would have it Grecian, it can be changed to conform with your idea of shape. If pugged, it can be lowered; if drooping, or hawk-billed, it can be given true angles; if crooked, it can be straightened; if de-*

*pressed, it can be raised. In other words, if it does not please you, it can be remedied to do so, painlessly and quickly, by the most modern and scientific means known to specialists.*

When Selina chanced to find this seductive treatise lying on her boudoir-table, her just indignation knew no bounds. She declares that the perpetrator of the outrage is young Lady Farringford (*née* Sally Van Oof), and that it's exactly like her, with her American notions of "what *she* calls fun and I call vulgarity." Certainly the treatise seems a little personal, for Bertha's nose is inclined to be "tip-tilted" or "celestial," and Jack Bumpstead's, though I should not call it "cogitative," might fairly be described as "clubbed." But Bertha has sense enough to be amused; and Bumpstead, though not dangerously quick at seeing a joke, opines that "one of Bertha's pals has been getting at her, and that it's not bad chaff, if you look at it in the right way."

But, while I am treading these primrose-paths of dalliance, I am forgetting the more serious matters which lie far afield from Stuccovia. The announcement of Bertha's engagement was very ungraciously received at The Sawpits. Old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer, indeed, is devoutly thankful to have got her youngest daughter off her hands; and though, as she justly observes, Hampshire is not Loamshire, still Bumpstead is a good name, and Fox Holes, though not large, is quite a nice "thing," and near Stratton, which will be pleasant for Bertha, for her dear father was a great friend of Lord Northbrook's in "those days."

But Tom Topham-Sawyer makes himself, as his manner is, very disagreeable. He protests that a decent-looking girl like Bertha might have done better than chuck herself away on a parson; pooh-poohs the acreage of Fox Holes; and pronounces that old Bump-

stead is good for another thirty years—which, as he was born in 1840 and the Bumpsteads are notoriously long-lived, is painfully possible. However, Tom Topham-Sawyer has of course no say in the matter; and his imperfect sympathy with the project is probably due to the fact that he thinks he may have to give the wedding breakfast, or may even be expected to make some small addition to his sister's exiguous fortune.

Far more serious is the hostility of old Mr. Bumpstead. He has been up to London to talk things over with Selina and me, and has shown a very unaccommodating disposition. He is a man of burly frame, resolute countenance and uncompromising address. He protests that he has no idea of young fellows marrying the moment they grow up, and expecting their fathers to keep them. "Of course, when I drop, Jack will step into my place. But I don't take my boots off before I go to bed; and there are my six daughters to be thought of. Besides, though I have no immediate intention of marrying again, I must reserve my perfect freedom. The long and short of it is that I don't see how it is to be managed. I've told my son that I think him a young fool for his pains, and the best thing you can do is to tell your sister-in-law the same."

Good Mr. Bumpstead, like all the squires I have ever known, seemed very much accustomed to having it all his own way, and to speaking his mind without let or hindrance. But in making this very unflattering allocution he reckoned without Selina, who is a complete stranger to subserviency, and now joined issue with considerable vivacity. While my more cautious mind was revolving some conciliatory tactics, she observed that, for her own part, she had no notion of any one playing fast and loose with her sister's affections. She considered that Mr. John Bump-



stead was fully old enough to know his own mind, and she should certainly counsel him not to submit to any interference in a matter which concerned his own happiness alone. Her sister's merits she declined to discuss; but this much she would say—that if Mr. Bumpstead fancied he could secure a nicer, better-principled, better-looking daughter-in-law, she thought he would find himself mistaken. *No one*, of course, would be so absurd as to suggest any difficulties on the score of *birth* or *position*; and, as for money, she was thankful to say that in her family they were not mercenary, and that John and Bertha could put together quite enough to live upon *until they succeeded*.

This vigorous address, delivered with a great deal of emphasis on the words italicized, and with complete indifference to that divinity which doth hedge a squire, produced a marked effect on Mr. Bumpstead, who gasped stertorously, and began to mutter something in the way of apology or explanation; but Selina cut him short. "Not at all. No apology is necessary. I perfectly understand your anxiety for your son's happiness. I only thought it right to let you know plainly that in my opinion his happiness will be best secured by the marriage which he has been wise enough to propose. Of course I must leave you to settle all the business part of it with my husband and my brother, who are Bertha's trustees; but the dear child's happiness is *my* care."

After this rather uncomfortable scene, I sought an interview with Jack Bumpstead, who must no longer be called "Blazer." For Selina says, with her usual pungency, "I believe your treating him like a schoolboy and calling him by that silly nickname is just the reason why that absurd old father of his thinks he can do what he likes with him. Well, thank goodness, he can't do what he likes with Bertha and me; and I flatter myself that I opened

his eyes in that particular, though I confess I thought *your* attitude was even weaker than I expected. You really have no moral courage, or you wouldn't leave all these things to me."

Jack Bumpstead took the whole affair with what is called "philosophic calm," but is really a placidity far more profound than I ever encountered in a philosopher. He said, with easy indifference to metaphor, "Oh, that's all right. The Gov. was bound to be a bit shirty at first; but when he's had time to blow off the steam he'll come round, and we shall be as right as rain. You see, he's a bit sick at my being a parson. It was right enough when my eldest brother was alive; but, when the poor chap got carried off by that beastly Indian fever, the Old Boy didn't half see the fun of Fox Holes going to the Cloth. He's too much of a gentleman to want me to chuck; and, besides, if he did, I'd see him further first. But of course he'd like to see me in a more paying job than a curacy, or else to marry a girl who's got the stuff. But that ain't *my* line of country. I've got the girl I wanted, and I mean to stick to her. She's 'Miss Wright' and no mistake. By Jove, that *was* a fog!"

So far, I have dealt exclusively with private concerns; but a statesman's time belongs to his country; and even a mere politician ought, at a season of national peril, to be thinking more of the constituency or the candidate than of sisters-in-law and settlements. So, cheered by Jack Bumpstead's easy-going optimism, I left him to arrange matters with his obstructive parent; and took up the thread of Stuccovian politics, which the sudden inrush of domestic excitement had caused me to drop. What recalled me to a sense of my public duty was the receipt of a circular note signed by all the ministers of the Evangelical Free Churches in the Stuccovian area. This document was issued on the morning after the

Government's Education Bill appeared. It announced that we had reached a crisis in the History of Religious Freedom, and implored all who were opposed to Priestcraft, Fraud, and Oppression to join in a vigorous and practical protest against the latest development of Cecilism.

In response to this alarm, an "emergency meeting" of the local Liberal Association was hastily summoned, and I was voted into the chair. Having briefly introduced the subject, I invited suggestions as to the best method of meeting this insidious attack upon our most cherished liberties; but no sooner had I done so than the dissipated nature of Liberalism became once again even painfully apparent. The debate was opened by an enthusiastic young acolyte from St. Ursula's, who professed himself a follower of that staunch democrat, Mr. Stewart Headlam, and declared in favor of purely secular teaching in the school, provided that the children were taken to High Mass on Sundays and Days of Obligation, and supplied with Mr. Stanton's "Catholic Prayers," to be paid for out of a voluntary rate. Against this proposition, at once paradoxical and insidious, the Dissenting ministers rose as one man. They detected in it the grin of reaction under the mask of Liberality, and refused to entertain it on any terms. Minister after minister denounced the tyranny of sacerdotalism and dogma, and all demanded, in trumpet-tones, their heaven-descended right to teach their own undenominationalism at other people's expense. This was unquestionably the prevailing sentiment of the meeting, and the ministers would have had it all their own way, only a discordant note was raised by the Social Democrats. The spokesman of this section proclaimed himself the sworn foe of joss-houses, whether Established or non-conforming; pro-

tested that, if any religion were taught, it ought to be the worship of the Goddess of Reason; clamored for a daily lesson in the social writings of Mr. Bradlaugh; and repudiated as a wretched compromise the suggestion, which had commended itself to some of the more liberal-minded religionists, that a chapter of the Koran should be read as an alternative to the Bible on three mornings in the week.

Amid these distracted counsels it was obviously idle to seek for a unanimous vote. It was felt that if we went to a division we should seriously weaken the forces of freedom and should play into the hands of the Clericalists. It was therefore agreed to adjourn the debate, and I, as chairman, was instructed to consult the lively oracles of the Liberal League, and report the result to an adjourned meeting.

The secretary of our association, who is in close touch with headquarters, arranged an appointment; and two days later I presented myself at the offices of the League.

The door was opened by a hall-porter in a uniform of Primrose plush, who ushered me with much dignity into the Board Room or Council Chamber of the League. The principal object which there met my eye was a group, rather more than life-sized, of allegorical statuaries, representing Lord Rosebery mounted on Ladas, with the officials of the Liberal Headquarters tied to his stirrup.

But alack! I wholly failed to extract from the secretary any clear guidance as to our course with reference to the Education Bill. "The fact is," he said, "it takes us a little by surprise. The Chief is in Italy; and his Groom of the Chambers, who presides at our committees in his absence, declines to commit himself. Asquith is a little hampered by some previous declarations, but no doubt they can be got over, and he will be able to support the Govern-

ment when it comes to a vote. Grey has long had very strong convictions in favor of clerical control over education, and will be glad of an opportunity of avowing them. And I believe Haldane is going to write a pamphlet showing that the Narrower Sectarianism is the Higher Philosophy. Perhaps, under these circumstances, your association had better not pledge itself to any definite line on the Bill. Just wait till

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the Chief comes home—he's safe to be back for the Spring Meeting; and then he'll write to the 'Times,' or make a speech at the City Liberal Club, and we shall know what to say. Meanwhile, if you happen to be passing through Berkeley Square, it might be worth your while to call at No. 38, and have a chat with the Hall Porter. He knows a thing or two, and he's a tremendously sound Imperialist."

## SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN OF SCIENCE.

### A STUDY IN THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

His Honor Judge Webb has achieved something remarkable—he has written an entertaining book in advocacy of the Bacon-Shakespeare hypothesis. One chapter, "Of Shakespeare as a Man of Science," I propose to examine; and it is a pleasure, in doing so, to know that the remarkable ability of Dr. Webb assures one that he has made the best of his case. "Here, as elsewhere," he tells us, "the higher criticism has been at work." I have always felt humbled by this awe-inspiring title, "the higher criticism." We shall now see how the higher criticism, here as elsewhere, arrives at its conclusions.

Before coming to close quarters with this chapter I may notice a few points of parallelism scattered through other parts of the volume.

"The discussion of 'the Law Salique' . . . (in *King Henry V.*)," writes Dr. Webb, "displays the learning of a lawyer, and the conclusion that 'the Salique law was not devised for the realm of France,' is identical with the conclusion which is indicated in the *Apophthegms* of Bacon."

Bacon therefore wrote the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury in *Henry V.*, Act I. scene 2. Unluckily for the argument the speech is simply trans-

ferred by the writer of the play from Holinshed's *Chronicle*.

"Sometimes," according to Dr. Webb, "the use of a single phrase, like the print of Dirk Hatteraick's shoe, will supply a piece of evidence that decides a question. In the *Advancement of Luther* is described as finding in 'discourse of reason the province he had undertaken in his war with Rome,' and Bacon constantly employs the phrase. It is so peculiar that when it was observed in *Hamlet* the critics regarded it as a misprint."

Unhappily for the decisive piece of evidence, here Dirk Hatteraicks are many. "Discourse of reason" occurs as early as Caxton; it occurs in Sir Thomas More; it occurs in Eden (the examples from Caxton and Eden are cited in the *New English Dictionary*); it is found in Holland's translation of *Plutarch's Morals*; it is found at least four times in Florio's translation of *Montaigne*.

"If Antony says that, 'even at the base of Pompey's statua great Cæsar fell,' the Irving (Irving Shakespeare) annotator admits that Bacon is the only writer that used statua for statue."

The "Irving annotator," if cited correctly, is liberal in admissions, for the

form "statua" was not obsolete even when Sir T. Herbert wrote his *Travels*, or when Peter Heylyn published his *History of the Presbyterians*. But it happens that "Pompey's statua" is not found in any text of Shakespeare earlier than Steevens' edition of 1793. The original text is "statue," here as elsewhere, and "statua" was a conjecture of Malone's.

"If Antony is to 'take thought and die for Cæsar,' the Irving (Irving Shakespeare) annotator refers to Bacon's *Henry VII.* as the only authority for the use of the word 'thought' in the sense of anxiety or sorrow."

Surely Dr. Webb does not mean that this sense is peculiar to Shakespeare and Bacon. It is of common occurrence in Elizabethan and earlier English. "Take no thought" is the rendering of the authorized version (Matt. vi. 25) of *μὴ μεριμνᾶτε τῇ ψυχῇ ὑμῶν*. And in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580, we come upon Shakespeare's very words: "He will die for sorrowe and thought. *Moriatur præ dolore. Conficietur mærore.*" "I die for thought," says Skelton (*Manerly Margery*). "The old man for very thought and grief of heart pined away and died," writes Holland; and, if it were needful, examples could be multiplied.

The Baconians, and Dr. Webb among them, make much of an error common to Shakespeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Bacon in the *Advancement*: "Unlike young men," says Shakespeare's Hector,

Whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear Moral Philosophy.

And Bacon: "Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, wherein he saith that young men are not fit auditors of Moral Philosophy." It was of Political not Moral Philosophy that Aristotle wrote thus.

I have not delved the matter to the root, and perhaps several instances of

the error may have been noticed; but evidently it was current in Elizabethan days, for Mulcaster, the schoolmaster of Edmund Spenser, whose remarkable work on education, *Positions*, was edited in 1888 by the late Mr. Quick, writes (p. 247) as follows: "We use to set young ones to the morall and politike first, and reason, against Aristotle's conclusion, that a young stripling is a fit hearer of morall Philosophie." Mulcaster goes on to explain that Aristotle placed "the Mathematicall" and "Naturall Philosophie" in a comparatively early stage of education, and reserved the other parts of philosophy "for elder years." Mr. Spedding notices that the same error is found in Malvezzi's *Discorsi*, 1622. It had some origin common to several European countries.

"Down, down I come like glistening Phaeton," exclaims Richard II. "And who," asks Dr. Webb, "but the author of *The Wisdom of the Ancients* would have bethought himself of the 'glistening Phaethon' under such circumstances, and associated the myth of legendary Greece with the surroundings of a feudal castle?" I cannot answer the question; but I can remind the querist that in writing *Richard II.* Shakespeare had certainly a vivid recollection of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and that Marlowe makes his Warwick exclaim against Gaveston, not at Flint Castle, indeed, but at the New Temple:

Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton  
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.

Yet Dr. Webb is not one of those Baconians who assert that the author of *The Wisdom of the Ancients* was the author of *Edward II.*

I have selected these parallels, set down in various parts of Dr. Webb's volume, as showing the "higher criticism" on its weaker side. But in the case of the chapter "Of Shakespeare as a Man of Science," I shall not select;

I shall notice everything which a reasonable person can suppose to possess importance, everything which Dr. Webb treats in detail rather than in a summary. If Bacon and Shakespeare both observe the fact that "dung applied to the roots of trees doth set them forward," I shall not delay to prove that the fact had been known to others than the poet and philosopher, but my examination of the main contents of this chapter will be exhaustive.

Let me first quote Dr. Webb's statement of what he means to prove:

The *Natural History* was first published in 1627, a year after Bacon's death. . . . It contains a number of speculations which must be regarded as peculiar and fantastic. What is more surprising, it maintains, as scientific truths, a number of errors which had been all but universally exploded. At the same time, what is equally extraordinary, it anticipates some of the most profound conceptions of modern science. As Shakespeare died in 1616, and as the *Sylva* was not published till 1627, it is plain that the Stratford player could not by any possibility have entered the mysterious wood. And the wonderful thing is this, There is scarce an experiment however mean, there is scarce a speculation however fantastic, there is scarce an error however obstinate and perverse, there is scarce a scientific intuition however original and profound, to be discovered in the *Natural History* that is not also to be discovered in the Plays.

The number of parallels which Dr. Webb has collected or selected from his Baconian predecessors is not remarkable. A larger collection, including many as striking as any adduced by Dr. Webb, has been brought together from Lyly by Mr. Rushton. Lyly's writings were accessible to Shakespeare, as Shakespeare's were to Bacon; but I am not aware that the author of *Euphues* has been yet named as the author of *King Lear*.

What I shall attempt to prove is that

all which Dr. Webb regards as proper to Shakespeare and Bacon was, in fact, the common knowledge or common error of the time. The mediæval science of nature was largely derived from Pliny's *Natural History*—its curious lore, true and false, filtered into the general mind through many channels. Doubtless the source of many of the Elizabethan references to beasts and birds and plants and stones was the volume known as *Batman upon Bartholome*, which replaced in 1582 the earlier translation of Glanvilla by Trevisa. In it much is derived from Pliny. My quotations from Pliny are from the translation by Holland, of which the first edition appeared in 1601. *The Secrets and Wonders of the Worlde*, an earlier translation coming through the French is not accessible to me. It is to be expected that in some instances a parallel from Bacon will be closer than others, as in many instances a parallel from Lyly or some other writer will happen to be the best.

"Of all the theories entertained by Bacon," writes Dr. Webb, "the most peculiar is his *Theory of Spirits*." Briefly it is this—that "most of the effects of nature" are produced by "the spirits or pneumatics that are in all tangible bodies," which spirits are material but invisible. The theory Dr. Webb calls prosaic, but Bacon, writing as Shakespeare, "transmutes it into gold." Bacon speaks of "the spirit of wine," and Shakespeare in *Othello* addresses, the "invisible spirit of wine." In *The Tempest*, Alonso's "spirits" are dulled. Lulling sounds, according to Bacon, conduce to sleep, because they "move in the spirits a gentle attention"; and Jessica is not merry when she hears sweet music, because, as Lorenzo explains, her "spirits are attentive." Bacon tells us that the outward manifestations of the passions are "the effects of the dilatation and coming forth of the spirits into the outward parts";



when Hamlet sees the Ghost, the Queen exclaims:

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly  
peep.

The "wanton spirits" of Cressida "look out at every joint."

The mediæval theory of "spirits" will be found in the *Encyclopædia of Bartholomew Anglicus on the Properties of Things* already referred to—a book of wide influence. The popular opinions of Shakespeare's time respecting "spirits" may be read in Bright's *Treatise of Melancholy*, 1586, and Burton's *Anatomy*, 1621, and in many another volume. According to Bartholomew, the spirits are air-like substances; the "natural spirit" in the body arises in the liver, and is a rarefied form of the vapor of the blood; further purified and attenuated in the heart, it becomes the "vital spirit"; made yet more subtle in the brain, it becomes "the animal spirit." This spirit, three in kinds, is essentially one; it is the instrument of the soul, serving as the intermediary between soul and body.

In popular language the word "spirit" was extended to inanimate things. Lodge, in his translation of Seneca, speaks of the "spirit" of lightning left in wine which lightning had congealed (p. 800). Chapman, in his *Bacchus*, speaks of the "spirits" of the odors of wine. But Bright, in his *Melancholy*, seems almost to anticipate the theory of Bacon, and possibly he was himself influenced by Paracelsus. The "spirit of our bodies" is light, subtle, and yielding, yet it forces the heaviest and grossest parts of our bodies to their several operations; vehement passion either withdraws the spirit from the outward parts or prodigally scatters them on the surface (p. 60); in blushing, for example, the "blood and spirit," first withdrawn, "breake forth again more vehemently" (p. 164). Things inanimate have also a "spirit" in them.

"The spirit of our bodies," says Bright (p. 35), "is maintained by nourishments, whether they be of the vegetable or animall kind; which creatures afford not only their corporall substance, but a spirituall matter also . . . this spirit of theirs is altered more speedily, or with larger travell of nature." The spirit of wine is of all the most swiftly altered and appropriated by our spirits, but everything that we eat or drink is endued with a spirit, for "without this spirit no creature could give us sustenation."

The language of Shakespeare is popular, and connected probably neither with what Bright nor with what Bacon wrote; but if a theory be required, it can be found as easily in a volume which Shakespeare might have read as in a volume published after his death.

As to music and its effect upon the "spirits," Bright speaks of it as "alluring the spirites" (p. 241). Burton quotes from Lemnius, who declares that music not only affects the ears, "but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits"; and again from Scaliger, who explains its power as due to the fact that it plays upon "the spirits about the heart"; whereupon Burton, like Shakespeare's Lorenzo, proceeds to speak of the influence of music upon beasts, and, like Lorenzo, cites the tale of Orpheus.

I do not care to discuss in the pages of a Review the subject in reference to which the expression "expense of spirit" or "spirits" occurs in Bacon and in Shakespeare. Donne (*Progress of the Soul*, stanza xxi.), in the same connection, has the words:

Freely on his she friends  
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow  
spends.

The thought is of the commonest occurrence in Elizabethan drama; and the expression "expense of spirits" is not peculiar to the writer of the *Sonnets* or the writer of the *Sylva*. Bright

in his *Melancholy*, 1586, has the expression on p. 62; again at p. 237; again at p. 244. It may be found in Donne's *Progress of the Soul*, stanza vi.

Dr. Webb proceeds to notice that the Soothsayer's warnings to Shakespeare's Antony "Stay not by Cæsar's side," &c., may also be found in Bacon. Shakespeare here versifies from North's *Plutarch*, and his Soothsayer's phraseology is that of North, not that of Bacon.

But "the Egyptian Queen, like the Egyptian Soothsayer, adopts the sentiments of Bacon." *The Natural History* lays it down that "the spirits of animate bodies have a fine commixture of flame and an aerial substance"; and in *Antony and Cleopatra* the Queen, on hearing of the death of her lover, exclaims:

I'm fire and air! My other elements  
I give to baser life.

Is not man, we may ask in Shakespearean language, made of the four elements? And does not Elizabethan literature afford a "plurisy" of examples (to be still Shakespearean) of the recognition of air and fire as the nobler components of life? The following from Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (second day of first week) may serve as a specimen:

For in our Flesh our Bodies Earth remains:  
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess;  
And last our Water in our humours rests.

Or this from Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*:

The subtler parts of humour being resolved  
More thick parts rest, of fire and air the want  
Makes earth and water more predominant.

Dr. Webb goes on: "As a corollary to his theory of pneumatics, Bacon

adopts the theory of spontaneous generation." "Putrefaction," he says, is the work of the spirits of bodies, which are ever unquiet to get forth, and congregate with the air, and to enjoy the sunbeams"; and as examples of "creatures bred of putrefaction," he mentions, in another passage, "the maggot, the weevil, and the moth." As usual Bacon "is attended by his double"; "we can hardly understand the words of Hamlet without a knowledge of the philosophy of the *Sylva*: 'If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god (good) kissing carrion—have you a daughter?—let her not walk in the sun, &c.'"

Now it would be nothing strange if Shakespeare really held the doctrine of spontaneous generation; but here there is not a word to suggest Bacon's theory of the "spirit of bodies" unquiet to enjoy the sunbeams. Shakespeare expresses a popular notion in popular language. "O blessed, breeding sun!" cries Timon of Athens. I will not discuss whether it is the masculine sun, or the feminine moon, or the star Venus, which sprinkleth the dew of generation whereby all things are engendered; Aristotle and Pliny may be consulted on these obscure questions. It will be enough to note that Donne, in 1601 (*Progress of the Soul*, stanza ii.), is, like Shakespeare, the "double" of Bacon:

Thee, eye of heaven (the sun), this  
great soul envies not,  
By thy male force is all we have begot.

And again Donne, in an early satire, written long before Bacon's *Sylva*, described an affected courtier:

A thing more strange than on Nile's  
slime the sun  
Ee'r bred.

Moffett died in 1604; in his posthumously published *Theatre of Insects* we are told that beetles "have no females,

but have their generation from the sun."

"Bacon," writes Dr. Webb, "maintained a theory of flame which, apparently, was peculiar to himself. He holds that 'flame is a fixed body' . . . and that consequently 'flame doth not mingle with flame, but only remaineth contiguous.'" Here again Shakespeare adopts the theory of Bacon. Proteus explains that one love is forgotten for another even as "one heat another heat expels"; Benvollo remarks that in love "one fire burns out another's burning"; and from *Julius Cæsar* is quoted "as fire drives out fire, so pity pity"; from *Coriolanus*, "one fire drives out one fire."

If Shakespeare's words embody Bacon's "theory of flame," the theory must be not "peculiar to himself," but as old as Tattius and as new as Burton; for in the *Anatomy of Melancholy* (cure of love-melancholy), a book published before Bacon's *Sylva*, we read: "A silly lover . . . when he hath compared her (his mistress) with others, he abhors her name, sight, and memory. . . ." As he (Tattius) observes, *Priorem flammam novus ignis extrudit*, "one fire drives out another."

"Nothing," writes Dr. Webb, "in the history of science is more astonishing than Bacon's *Theory of the Celestial Bodies*." Notwithstanding the teaching of Bruno and Galileo, he maintained that "the celestial bodies, most of them, are fires or flames as the Stoics held." Notwithstanding the teaching of Copernicus he held the mediæval doctrine of "the heavens turning about in a most rapid motion." "But the marvel," says Dr. Webb, "is that the omniscient Shakespeare with his superhuman genius maintained these exploded errors as confidently as Bacon":

Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

The Baconian errors are treated by Shakespeare as "the highest types of certainty."

It presses rather hardly upon Hamlet's distracted letter to deduce from his rhyme a "theory of the celestial bodies." But in fact Shakespeare repeats the reference to the stars as fires many times. Perhaps it is better to dismiss Dr. Webb's comment with a jest than to burden my pages with proof that references to the stars as fire and to the motion of the heavens are scattered over the pages of Shakespeare's contemporaries as thickly as the stars themselves. Even Milton's astronomy is in general mediæval, and for him the stars are "fires." Even Sir Thomas Browne, the learned and credulous-incredulous physician of Norwich, writing nearly half a century after Shakespeare (*Vulgar Errors* vi. chap. v.), mentions the truth of the Copernican hypothesis as, in his own day, a subject of debate among the learned.

Having endeavored to show that the style of a passage in *Othello* resembles that of Bacon's *Essay of Gardens*, Dr. Webb writes: "Take again the speech of Agamemnon to the Grecian chiefs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

Checks and disaster:  
Grow in the veins of actions highest  
rear'd,  
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap  
Infect the sound pine and divert his  
grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of  
growth.

Here again, even if we hold that the hands are the hands of Esau, we must admit that the voice is the voice of Jacob; for Bacon tells us that in some plants there is a 'closeness and hardness in their stalk, which hindereth the sap from going up, until it hath gathered into a knot, and so is more urged to put forth.'"

Bacon, however, in the passage from which Dr. Webb quotes with prudent

omissions (*Natural History*, 589), expressly denies that "knots," such as he here speaks of, are found in "trees." He is, in fact, treating of nodes, "joints, or knuckles," in "herbs," in "fennel, corn, reeds, or canes," and other plants which he names. Nor does he suggest that these nodes are caused by Shakespeare's "conflux of meeting sap"; on the contrary the sap, as it ascends, "doth (as it were) tire and stop by the way." Neither the phenomenon nor the theory is that of the verses cited from *Troilus and Cressida*.

Pliny's *Natural History* illustrates the next parallel adduced by Dr. Webb between Bacon and Shakespeare. "Letting of plants blood," according to Bacon, "doth melliorate fruit," but the blood-letting is only to be effected "at some seasons of the year." And the gardener in *Richard II.* "takes the hint," and says:

We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our  
fruit-trees,  
Lest being over-proud with sap and  
blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself.

The parallel is remarkably close; but the operation and its rules were familiar to the cultivators of trees in Shakespeare's day. Trees have "a certaine moisture in their barks," we read in Holland's Pliny, "which we must understand to be their very blood." The use of the words "blood" and "bleeding" as applied to trees continued for two centuries after Shakespeare's time; perhaps it is not yet obsolete. Dekker in *The Wonder of a Kingdom* (Works iv. p. 230) like Shakespeare, imports the image into drama:

(I) would not have him cut so noble a  
spreading vine,  
To draw from it one drop of blood.

For every operation in husbandry, as may be learnt from Tusser, there is an

appointed time, often determined by the waxing or waning of the moon; sometimes even an appointed hour. A fir- or pine-tree (Pliny xvii. 24) must not have its bark "pilled" during those months "wherein the sunne passeth thorough the signes of Taurus or Gemini;" and, like Shakespeare, Pliny terms the bark the "skin" of the tree. If physicians would "bleed" a mulberry-tree, they will do it, we learn from Pliny, at seven or eight o'clock of a morning. It is perhaps worth illustrating from a contemporary author, Shakespeare's "being over-proud with sap and blood." "The fittest time of the moon for pruning," says Gervase Markham, "is, as for grafting, when the sap is ready to stir (not proudly stirring), and so to cover the wound" (*A New Orchard*, p. 36).

Bacon, as Dr. Webb notices, paid attention to the succession of flowers during the seasons of the year, and suggested that "there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year." And in *The Winter's Tale* the seasons of flowers become types of the seasons in the life of man. The idea of Shakespeare was not a novel one, and, as Hunter observes, had been embodied in heraldic blazonings. Sir John Ferne in the *Blazon of Gentry*, 1596, names the appropriate flowers to typify infancy, puerility, adolescence, lusty green youth, virility (the gillofer and red rose), gray hairs, and decrepitude. The parallel between Ferne and Shakespeare is in its idea much closer than that between Shakespeare and Bacon.

In the *Natural History* (of Bacon) we are told that "shade to some plants conduceth to make them large and prosperous more than sun"; and that, accordingly, if you sow borage among strawberries "you shall find the strawberries under those leaves far more large than their fellows." And even so the Bishop of Ely (in *King Henry V.*) explains the large and luxuriant devel-

opment of the Prince's nature on his emerging from the shade of low company by saying:

The strawberry grows underneath the  
nettle.

True; but the Bishop of Ely might have known a fact familiar to our old gardeners, and not forgotten in the *Gardeners Labyrinth* of 1608 (Part II. p. 76): "The strawberries require small labour . . . saving that these are to be set in some shadowie place of the garden, in that these rather desire to grow under the shadow of other hearbes than to be planted in beddes alone."

Bacon remarks that "wheresoever one plant draweth a particular juice out of the earth, that juice which remaineth is good for the other plant," so that "there the neighbourhood doth good." . . . "And the Bishop of Ely (in *King Henry V.*) catches at the idea . . .

And wholesome berries thrive and  
ripen best  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."

The idea of Bacon was also "caught at" in prophetic anticipation by Montaigne (as long since noted by Mr. Forbes). In Florio's translation the passage runs thus: "If it hapned (as some gardeners say) that these Roses and Violets are ever the sweeter and more odoriferous, that grow neere under Garlike and Onions for so much as they suck and draw all the ill savours of the ground unto them, &c." The same practice of placing side by side plants which suck different juices from the earth is spoken of by Lyly in his *Euphues*: "Gardeners who in their curious knots mixe Hysoppe with Time as ayders the one to the growth of the other, the one being dry, the other moist."

"Bacon remarks that 'generally night showers are better than day showers

for that the sun followeth not so fast upon them'; and the Bishop of Ely (in *King Henry V.*) refers to the fact ('Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night') as excusing the unworthy night adventures of the Prince."

The fact, if it be one, was known as long ago as the days of Pliny, from whom, indeed, Bacon almost quotes (*Natural History*, Book xvii. chap. II.): "or lands," writes Pliny, "new sowne, and any young plants, injoy more benefit by such shoures in the night, for that the Sun commeth not so presently upon them againe to dry and drink up all the moisture."

In the *Natural History* Bacon suggests that "if you can get a scion to grow upon the stock of another kind," it "may make the fruit greater, though it is like it will make the fruit baser." And even so Polixenes, in arguing with Perdita, continues:

You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser  
kind  
By bud of nobler race.

"Scions" and "stocks," of course, crowd into Pliny's pages on grafting. "All trees that are tame and gentle," he writes, "may well be grafted into stocks and roots of the wild . . . contrariwise graffe the wild and savage kind upon the other, you shall have all degenerate and become wild." Neither Shakespeare nor Pliny suggests that the fruit will be "baser." Dr. Webb finds in Bacon a forerunner of Darwin in the doctrine of *The Transmutation of Species*; and Shakespeare also anticipates Darwin in *The Winter's Tale*. Perdita will have none of the "streaked gillyvors," for

There is an art which in their pinedness  
shares  
With great creating nature.

<sup>1</sup> See Eliacombe's "Plant-Lore," p. 284, for other illustrations.

<sup>2</sup> See for other illustrations Beisly's "Shakespeare's Garden," pp. 105-107.



But Perdita is only referring to one of the best known processes of gardening. William Harrison in his *Description of England* (Book II. chap. xx.) wrote long before Shakespeare imagined Perdita: "How art also helpeth nature, in the dailie colouring, dubling, and enlarging the proportion of our floures, it is incredible to report; for so curious and cunning are our gardeners, now in these dales, that they presume to doo in maner what they list with nature, and moderate hir course in things as if they were hir superiors." It would be gratifying to our national pride to suppose that the noble thought of Polixenes—"The art itself is nature"—was the special possession of Bacon and Shakespeare. But that thought was prominent in the teaching of Paracelsus, whom Bacon refuses to honor. Even the art of magic, according to him, is "an art that Nature makes."

In an "Experiment solitary touching the growth of coral," Bacon describes it as "a submarine plant," and he describes the changes which it undergoes when "brought into the air." Even this lead is transmuted (by Shakespeare) into gold, when . . . Ariel sings

Full fathom five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made, &c.

The changes which Bacon describes as taking place in coral when brought into the aire are that it "becometh hard and shining red." The connection of Bacon's words with Shakespeare is not obvious; but such words were in fact accessible to Shakespeare in Holland's Pliny several years before *The Tempest* was written. Coral "resembles a bush or shrub in foorme and of itselfe within the water is of colour greene. The berries thereof under the water be white and soft; no sooner be they taken forth but presently they wax hard and turne red."

"In the *Historia Ventorum* Bacon

makes the remark that sometimes the sea swells without wind or tide, and that this generally precedes a tempest. . . . In *Richard III.* this remarkable phenomenon supplies a moralizing London citizen with a metaphor for his moral:

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger, as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boisterous storm."

Dr. Webb might with advantage have quoted the note of Tollet, given in the Variorum edition of 1821: This is from *Holinshed's Chronicle*, vol. iii. p. 721: "Before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."

In the second scene of *Macbeth*, we read:

And whence the sun 'gins his reflection  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break.

Mr. Lee thinks that this scene may have been "an interpolation by a hack of the theatre." But Dr. Webb declares, "If this be so, the hack of the theatre was Bacon. In his *History of the Winds* he lays it down as an undoubted fact that the sun by the action of its heat is the primary cause of almost all the winds." In a note he adds that Bacon's theory, "if it does not anticipate, contains the germ of the best conclusions of modern science."

Shakespeare, or Mr. Lee's theatre hack, is not anticipating Sir Robert Ball (from whom Dr. Webb quotes), but is repeating what Pliny and other writers had made a popular belief. In chapter xii. of Pliny's second book we read that "the Sun maketh tempests." Seneca (Lodge's translation, 1614, p. 848) in his *Naturall Questions* explains the phenomenon; "Whence strong

windes are caused" is Lodge's marginal note; the sun "reflecting upon the cold ayre" produces these winds according to Seneca; "the Sun is the efficient cause of the winds" (p. 849). It was the accepted theory of Shakespeare's day, as set forth in *Batman upon Bartholome*.

In the *Atriola Mortis* Bacon enumerates as signs of coming death: the *motus manuum floccos colligendo*, the *memoria confusa*, the *nasus acutus*, the *frigus extremitatum*, and the *clamor* of the dying man. In *Henry V.* the Quondam Quickly, of all people in the world, translates Bacon's Latin into English, and describes Falstaff as "fumbling with the sheets," as "playing with the flowers" of the quilt, as "babbling of green fields," as "lying with his nose as sharp as a pen" and his "feet as cold as a stone," and as "crying out God, God, God! three or four times before he died.

Shakespeare did not need to wait for Bacon's Latin or Holland's English to know the signs of death as they would be described by mine hostess, with a luxury of detail. But it is worth noting that Holland in his Pliny, besides observing that "a man may see death in the eyes and nose most certainly" uses Shakespeare's very words, "to keep a-fumbling and pletting of the bed-clothes." Other signs, he says, are set down by "Hypocrates, the prince and chief of all physicians," which he will not enumerate.

"In the *Natural History* Bacon tells us," writes Dr. Webb, that "hair and nails are excrements," and the Queen in *Hamlet* adopts the extraordinary phrase, and cries out to the Prince:

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements  
Starts up and stands on end.

But the "extraordinary phrase" is an ordinary one. In *Sollman and Perseda* we read:

Whose chin bears no impression of manhood  
Not a hair, not an excrement.

And Bishop Hopkins piously writes: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered; God keeps an account even of that stringy excrement."

"Bacon," we read again, "in his *Henry VII.* speaks of a sea of multitude." He has a "sea of matter" and a "sea of baser metals." In *Hamlet* we find "a sea of troubles"; there surely is no necessity, Dr. Webb thinks, "of going far for an explanation of the phrase."

More especially, it may be added, as we find Shakespeare's exact expression, "sea of troubles," in Dekker (works iv. p. 230), and at a little distance (p. 232) a metaphorical "sea of silver."

Little remains in the chapter of "Shakespeare as a man of Science," which has not been dealt with. From the remaining minor matters I omit but little. Bacon refers to the disease named "the mother," and King Lear mentions the same disease. Yes, for it is mentioned several times (in connection with witchcraft) in the book from which Shakespeare took the names of his evil spirits in *Lear*, and the supposed connection of recent cases of this malady with witchcraft, suggested to the physician Jordan his scientific study, *A Brief Discourse of . . . the Mother*, published in the year in which Shakespeare probably wrote his play. Bacon and Shakespeare speak of the virtues of Carduus Benedictus. The virtues of Carduus Benedictus were celebrated in medical books and herbals of the sixteenth century, and a jest upon the name of Benedick, lover of Beatrice, coupled with a reference to the efficacy of the blessed thistle in diseases of the heart (as noticed in *The Gardener's Labyrinth*) suited the lips of the waiting-woman. Bacon mentions mandrake and opium as "soperiferous medicines"; Iago names poppy and

mandragora with the drowsy syrops of the world. And Donne, I may add, before Bacon and before *Othello*, in connection with sleeplessness has the line (*Progress of the Soul*, stanza xvii.): "Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might."

It would be waste of time to produce examples from Elizabethan literature of coloquintida, basilisks, salamanders, chameleons, glow-worms, the jewel in the toad's head, and the like which crowd into the pages of Lyly and other popular writers. But I may notice that in trying to produce a Baconian parallel Dr. Webb seems to misunderstand the rather ugly meaning of the word "mooncalf," it has nothing to do with the fine "young cattle" of Bacon "brought forth in the full of the moon."

That music should be described as "food" is not peculiar to Bacon and Shakespeare. In that delightful volume Hobey's translation of *The Courtier*, Book I., we read: "They (women) have alwaies been inclined to musitions, and counted this (music) a most acceptable foode of the minde." The "dying fall" of the Duke Orsino, to whom music was "the food of love" is, perhaps, misunderstood by Dr. Webb when he tries to identify it with Bacon's "falling from a discord to a concord." The word "fall" in a musical sense, is not infrequent in our elder literature. It means a cadence, and in the case of the music played for the Duke, the cadence is given *diminuendo*.

A somewhat striking parallel is pointed out between the Duke's words:

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O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet  
sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor,

and Bacon's comparison in *The Natural History* of harmony to perfumes and the "smell of flowers in the air." "The breath of flowers," he writes in the *Essays*, "is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music." Dr. Webb makes the parallel yet more striking by adopting Pope's conjecture, sweet *South*, a reading which, we are assured by Dr. Furness, no future editor is likely to revive. But the juxtaposition of music and odors is not peculiar, even in Elizabethan literature, to Bacon and Shakespeare. One of Marston's personages "smells a sound"; one of Jonson's praises the "odoriferous music"; Donne tells us of a "loud perfume," which "cries":

Let it like an odor rise  
To all the senses here,  
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
Or music in their ear,

writes Jonson in *The Vision of Delight* (1617); the dream which rises as an odor descends as music; and every one will remember the later words of Milton in *Comus*, which may possibly be a reminiscence from *Twelfth Night*:

At last a soft and solemn-breathing  
sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd per-  
fumes.

Shakespeare's comparison, however, if we accept the only authoritative text, is of a sound to a sound; the music of instruments to the murmur of a breeze in a garden.

Edward Dowden.

## SI JEUNESSE VOULAIT.

I should like to think that this paper will be read by those to whom it is addressed. This is, however, but a forlorn hope, for young people, as a rule, I fear, are not much given to reading in periodicals articles—especially such as may be called, in the elegant phraseology of the day, sermonettes—on the conduct of life.

However, on the chance that some may read them, I should like to say quite explicitly at the outset that my words are addressed to such average, and not exceptional, young men and women as are exposed by the condition of their life to the perils of too abundant leisure, and less likely therefore to fill up time to their advantage than those who have the safeguard of compulsory employment.

"*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*," says the proverb, but like all proverbs, it only fills about half the ground it attempts to cover. It is an outline sketch which resembles life about as much as does a child's primitive drawing of two arms, two legs and a body, which passes well enough as a conventional representation of a man, but would hardly be adequate if we wished to learn anatomy from it. It would be simpler, no doubt, if that outline drawing given by the proverb were accurate, and if we had only to put on the one side ignorant, energetic youth, and on the other all-wise and decrepit age. But the limning of our lives is a great deal more complicated than that: and we have to fill in the outline sketch for ourselves, with a great deal of care, a great deal of thought, and an unceasing and unremitting effort if, when the moment of old age is arrived at, the whole is to present a pleasing picture. It is not only "*si jeunesse savait*" it is "*si jeunesse voulait*" "*si jeunesse cro-*

*yait*" all the things that lie in the hands of youth.

It is while life is fluid that it is comparatively easy to pour it into one shape or another. When it has stiffened into one particular form, and that one perhaps not the most desirable, it is more difficult to alter it. Therefore is it important for men and women both, when they have arrived at the stage known as "grown-up," to see that their life is likely to flow along in the best channel. This is the moment when, if circumstances and surroundings have been propitious, the young should be ready to grasp life with both hands, to enjoy its opportunities of light-hearted unreasoning enjoyment while beginning to guess at its graver responsibilities. Now is the time to be wise as well as foolish—the wisdom of youth may sometimes consist in being both—the time to talk sense as well as nonsense, to want to move for the sheer pleasure of motion, of mind on occasion as well as of body; the time to have endless discussions on life and its problems and possibilities, to make the friendships—but of these more hereafter—that will be potent factors in our lives; the time to have existence and its incidents revolving round one particular person after another, sometimes the wrong person, sometimes the right.

There is not, and most happily, a definite halting-place in which we may say to ourselves, "Now I will say good-bye to light-hearted youth, I will turn down this road and begin to be old." No; twenty joins hands with twenty-five, twenty-five with thirty, thirty with thirty-five, and so ever onwards, until the deposit of years gradually, without our seeing at which moment, hides our youth from us, as in Wagner's opera the figure of Freya the Youthful is at

last hidden by the piled up treasure of the Nibelung. They who look forward into the future and begin in time to construct it may remain young in mind, in heart, and in purpose.

Bourget has defined the difference between riches and poverty to be that the "remediable margin" is so much greater in the former. And this holds good of the riches also of the soul. This is the immense, incalculable advantage of youth, to be rich in time, in possibility, in opportunity; it is then that we may look out with hope on the wideness of the Remediable. For it is in youth that each fresh discovery regarding life may be responded to by the instant thrill of possible endeavor, in youth that we contemplate that stretch of land, the field of our actions, as we are entering the harbor and not as we are leaving it.

We have lived in a time in which we have had to call upon the young to fight for us and for our country, and splendidly have they responded. But what about other trumpet calls, heard for so long that the sound has become dulled by custom, calls to duty less conspicuously heroic, to be accomplished by those who stay behind? The heroism of these less fortunate ones must be exercised, if at all, on a less glorious field; their endurance of hardship, should they wish to endure, must take the less palatable form of fulfilling in daily self-denying effort the less romantic though no less important duties of the son, the brother, the friend, the citizen—of being content to walk with a firm step in the rank and file of life if need be, and excel there in default of a nobler place. It has happily become a commonplace to us by this time that our young officers when at the front have known how to accept with uncomplaining cheerfulness every suffering and privation that has fallen to their lot, and we admire them for it from our hearts. But would it not be still more

admirable if the robust and splendid self-denial that they all can display on occasion were exercised not only in periods of stress and excitement, and if on their return to their usual surroundings many of them did not take it for granted that they have earned the right to relapse into a state of unquestioning self-indulgence? The tendency to self-indulgence in either sex and at any age is no doubt one of the characteristics of our time; it is part of the Spirit of the Age, that comfortable generalization that so consolingly puts the blame on to everybody at once, instead of distributing it among individuals. But it is surprising with what ease that encroaching spirit can in reality be put to rout by any individual who chooses to stand up to it instead of lying flat before it.

Young people would feel themselves shamed if they allowed, without any offer of help, one who was older to walk beside them carrying a heavy burthen; but they allow the burthen of life to rest on those who are older, not only without protest, but with a very definite reluctance to shoulder it themselves unless they are compelled. What is being young? Is it by some great and deserved privilege to have become entitled, by coming into the world a certain number of years later than somebody else, to have precedence, to know better, to be more worthy? But what then about the subsequent people who are going to be born still later? are they also going to be superior to those formerly young, but now their elders? In that case why does not the world get better and better as it goes on? Why are human beings pretty much as they were a hundred, five hundred, a thousand years ago? At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 there was to be seen an interesting mechanical phenomenon which might well have passed for an allegory of existence. It was a moving road which went round and



round an immense circuit, from which every side of Paris could successively be seen, and which carried along on its surface floods of human beings who all therefore during the circuit gazed upon the same spectacle one after another, whether or not they began or quitted the moving road at the same place. Some younger in travelling than those in front of them might pass the Eiffel Tower ten minutes later than others; were they for that reason more skilful, more gifted, more highly privileged? and above all, were they better able to judge of each successive spectacle that met their gaze than those who had begun earlier? I should doubt it. They were probably less able to judge, as they had seen less to compare it with. Each one of us who joins this eternal moving road of life comes in time to the same place as the others who precede us on it, and those who follow come to the same place too. Let us therefore lay aside the strange delusion that possesses so many of us at the start, that we, and we only, shall presently come to some place to which no one has ever been before. Every one else, in reality, will have been there too: though every one, no doubt, and here is our individual opportunity, does not learn an equal amount from the various phases of the journey.

From the point of view of understanding, of mere quickness of apprehension, the mind between twenty and twenty-five is presumably just as good, to say the least of it, as the one of ten or fifteen years later; what is not so good is that it cannot have so definite a sense of proportion with regard to the importance of the incidents it meets on the way. That is the knowledge of a later period. Everything met for the first time is surprising; and therefore it is that older people are more likely to "know better," according to the occasionally offensive formula, as far as the lore of life is concerned, mainly

because they have had the opportunity of learning so many lessons in it. The young are no doubt in possession of the rules of life's arithmetic, but the mastery of those rules gained by working many sums comes only with time. The sums should be worked early, nevertheless, and with application, that the right way of attacking the problems may be acquired in youth, when mental and moral habits are being determined, and the impulse of mind and will is fresh and strong. It is in youth that all human beings must determine for themselves on broad lines the path which they shall tread, although the variations of circumstance may determine it in detail in this or that direction. Take in your hand, then, at the beginning of life, certain fine and noble maxims which shall not be put away on a shelf as too precious to be brought out every day, but of which the daily contemplation and practice shall make a part of your nature, a part of your instinct: shall fill your outlook on life with lofty standards and possibilities. I am aware, of course, that there are many, many men and women, young as well as old, in whose life certain spiritual exercises, which should, if consistently acted on, keep them on the higher spiritual levels, form a daily part. But there are also many others whose aspirations and beliefs take a less definite form, and who therefore are apt, for want of daily or weekly prompting from outside, not so often to formulate in words certain precepts on which, if unconsciously, their general code of conduct is based. And yet the mere putting into words of such maxims is a help and a suggestion: the very limitation effected by defining our possibilities in speech seems to bring them more within our grasp, to make us see the path more clearly, to prevent us from stumbling along it haphazard, at the mercy of chance impulse and opportunity; we find our way with more

speedy and unerring certainty from a sign-post on which a few plain words are written than if we vaguely try to shape our course by the stars or the planets or any big eternal principles too tremendous to bring into play at every street corner.

It is good to have a daily breathing space, at any rate, in the purer air of Intention. This is no novel suggestion—woe to us, indeed, if it were not a commonplace!—and I make it, therefore, diffidently. But it bears repeating many times. Realize at the outset of your responsible life, and realize afresh every day, that there are some things you will consent to do, and others that you will not; some things to which you will never stoop, others that you determine to attain. And the mere fact of clearly formulating these decisions to yourself is a step towards carrying them out.

Give a place in your daily Litany to the aspiration to be delivered from all ignoble ambitions; from all dishonesty, pose, and pretence. Do not let your standards of conduct and intercourse become blurred. It is astonishing how soon, even with the fastidious, the frequentation of those governed by a lower standard tends to deteriorate one's own. The trite story, which, however, is of such far-reaching significance that it may well be repeated, of the crowd which, looking on at the execution of a gang of criminals, turned away with a shudder of horror from the first head held up, gazed calmly upon the second, and derided the executioner when he let slip the third, holds good, in less ghastly contingencies, on many an occasion in daily life. The manifestation which gives us an unpleasant jar the first time (the exact and literal word "shock" has become so overlaid with convention and absurdity that I hesitate to employ it), is soon accepted as part of the personality of the offender.

It ceases to give a jar; it is then tolerated, and finally imitated. But tolerance is not invariably a virtue. Tolerance of an honest opinion different from our own is one thing; tolerance of a deliberate lowering of the standards that we have proposed to ourselves is another. Keep a fine edge on your susceptibilities that you may not come to tolerate the inadmissible, and to this end "frequent the best company," as Thackeray has said, "in books as in life," in both of which the best companions are those who send you spinning forward with the sense that everything worth doing is more possible, that life lies open before you with great wide spaces in which to go forth. Choose the friend who will stimulate you, to whom you will look up instead of looking down, the friend with a large mind and quick perceptions, who is strong enough to seize life with a firm hold and whose example and companionship shall cheer you on to do the same. For that is one of the essentials of the spirit of youth: to live, live, and not stagnate. I would rather see young creatures, whether men or women, go forward headlong and fall into one mistake after another, if they are made of the stuff that will learn from those mistakes to walk without falling, than see them creep self-indulgently along, too slowly to stumble, without having in their nerveless uncertain grasp any valid hold on existence.

Science tells us that no one body approaches another in space without both being deflected more or less from their original courses, the more powerful naturally acting the most on the other. So it is in life. Every one of us acts either for good or for evil on every other human being to whom we approach near enough. It is all-important, therefore, at that time of life when youthful friendships are formed with ardor and eagerness, that those we admit into our proximity should be likely to influence our course in the right di-

rection. I am considering, for the purposes of argument, friendships between people of the same sex. Stimulating, valuable, interesting companionship is, of course, possible between different sexes, not to speak here of one special relationship into which that companionship is apt to drift, which also has many merits. But, putting that special relation aside, although men can compare notes with women on the exploration of life or books with added zest from the difference of point of view, yet it is precisely because the conditions are so entirely and eternally different, that in many ways—I speak prosaically—more direct help is to be gained from one of the same sex looking out on to life from under exactly the same conditions.

What are the chief essentials in a friend, then? Assuming, of course, as a foundation the indispensable sympathy which causes the friendship to exist at all. Our friend must be honest, must be intelligent, must be articulate, must be discreet. Honest, morally and intellectually, that intercourse may rest on a solid basis, and not on the shifting sand of pretence; intelligent, that his opinions may be worth hearing; articulate, that he may be able to put them before you to your profit; discreet, that your own self-revelations may be safe in his keeping. That absolute honesty of the intelligence which never pretends to think or to know something that is not really thought or known, is, in my opinion, the first essential in a friend. Every one who is a genuine human document, at whose ideas you really get, such as they are, whether adequate or not, is bound to be in some degree interesting. But, as a rule, those people are not interesting, except as a warning, who have constructed to themselves some kind of an idea of what they think human beings should most effectively think and feel, and express deliberately made opinions in accordance with it. But this method, if merely from the point of view of ex-

pediency and feasibility, to put it on no higher ground, is a great mistake; it increases the complications of existence a hundredfold. It is already sufficiently difficult, and very often unpleasant, to be one's self; it is extremely difficult consistently to be some one else. I once sat at dinner by a young man of twenty-two who after enunciating, at second hand, of course, with a bright, boyish smile on his young face, what he considered were the laws of "getting on" in the world, in which manœuvring and titled influence played a large part, added with an air of ineffable complacency, "I am afraid you will think me a terrible cynic." "Cynic?" I should like to have replied: "Heaven forbid! I think you somewhat of a goose, perhaps, for generalizing, and mostly on hearsay from some unfortunate instances that you must go through the world like a conspirator in a cloak. Drop that cloak and that slouching hat, and you will see much more clearly."

The habit of moral clear-sightedness can and should be acquired in youth, as much as the material eyesight can be cultivated to distinguish a brown deer among the bracken or a gray sail in the gray distance of the sea. That clear-sightedness should teach us to call that which is stupid, stupid; and that which is clever, clever; but not to mix them up. It is not clever, but rather stupid, to believe that discrimination lies chiefly in seeing the faults and the seamy side of life. It requires quite as much discrimination to see the good side, especially when you are looking for the other. The world is neither all good nor all bad. Do not make up your opinion of it on what people say, unless you are very sure of the speaker: the world as pictured in gossipy chatter about nothing at all does not sound a very desirable place. It is natural that if you talk about your neighbor and wish to be entertaining you will be unfavorably critical rather than the reverse. A caricature is more diverting

to look at than an ordinary photograph: it is more diverting to relate how Miss So-and-so remained out in the garden till nearly midnight with Lord Such-a-one than to say nothing about her at all. But it is possible that she did it out of heedlessness, and did not realize how the time was passing; and though it is no doubt to be regretted that she should have been so unwise, the most regrettable part of the affair may be that Lord Such-a-one, after inviting her to go into the garden, should have related the incident to his friends afterwards, and made a note for the delectation of the next young lady of the foolish confidences that the one of last night whispered under the moon. And let us remember, besides, that such a confidence, even if repeated verbatim, does not and cannot reach us truly. Uttered under totally different conditions, amid different surroundings, and probably led up to by something which brought it about quite naturally, it is bound by the time it reaches us at an afternoon tea-table to be as much distorted as a last ray of sunlight that comes through many layers of the atmosphere and reaches us in a more flaming intensity. Try not to found your imagined knowledge of men and women on such wretched materials as these. And for your own part be discreet about the doings and sayings of others, until such discretion becomes a habit and a priceless possession. To sit and chatter eternally of what some other man or woman has said in some like moment of chattering idleness is unworthy of intelligent human beings, whether they are twenty or whether they are fifty. It is one thing in discussing some question of life or conduct to instance this person or that in support of a theory or an argument; it is another to sit and call up the name of one after another and relate something which makes them appear in an unfavorable light. Women gossip, probably, more than men at every stage—and not only at the moment when they are beginning to mix on equal terms with the

grown-up world—mainly because they have more time to do it in. Young men at the age of twenty, say, and for two or three years after that, have, happily for themselves, even before they begin their permanent career, some very definite centre for their occupations and their thought, since they are mostly at that time *in statu pupillari*, still at what is probably the most fruitful and enthralling time for intelligent minds—that is, the time when they are provided by outward influence with occupation sufficient, and indeed almost to excess, without the responsibility of the next period. Here the young man has a distinct advantage over the young woman, for she, at the same age, with as much available energy, will in many cases not be provided as a matter of course with systematic mental occupation during that time, and it obviously requires more initiative, character, and invention to design and carry out a scheme of existence for one's self than it does simply and as a matter of course to comply with a scheme participated in by hundreds of others. It is at this phase that leisure becomes the greatest snare. The various ways in which it is filled up by both men and women are, I believe, a far greater test of character and aptitudes and education than is their way of dealing with the succession of inevitable duties and occupations with which the life of each one of us gradually becomes filled as time goes on. Some people—it was perhaps a hard and fast maxim of the last generation more than of this—make a sort of fetish of the ordinance that time should never be "wasted." No doubt most of us would agree with that maxim, but we might differ a good deal as to what is meant by "waste." It is not a waste to have quite frankly some spaces not spent in a determined occupation. It is good sometimes to have spare moments to take breath in, and not to be forever on the rush from one thing to another. But it is pernicious to have so little definite to do of a permanent interest, apart from the

encroaching flood of daily nothings, that if one has half an hour more than usual of spare time one has nothing joyfully to put into it which will make it a definite gain in the day instead of a loss.

The desultory people, especially women, whose occupations and therefore whose thoughts are mainly outside their walls instead of within, not only suffer themselves but make other people suffer when they find some extra time on their hands to put away somehow. Such will eagerly grasp at some excuse for rushing out, for inflicting their own incapacity, their barren stretches of existence on somebody else, talking to no purpose and with no result, and spreading a contagion not of the healthy enjoyable leisure which succeeds interested occupation, but of a dragging superfluity of time which profits nobody. This should truly be counted among the unpardonable sins. If you are not so fortunate as to have been born with a hobby, started in life with that comfortable familiar spirit always beside you to fill up each nook and cranny of spare time and thought, try now while you are young to discover one; feel about, seek one, find it at any price. I do not mean only some favorite form of violent exercise, though that also has its great advantage. I mean something that shall have a permanent and enduring value with the years, and help to fill up thoughts and interests within doors as well as without. To have a handicraft which may at the same time employ the intelligence and invention seems to me the ideal hobby, or in default of that, some special study lying outside one's regular work, and not making too great demands on time and energy, while of interest enough to employ both. The saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," constantly flung without context or comment in the face of the would-be student as well as of the smatterer, is responsible for blocking the way to a great deal of salutary

pleasure. The real danger, I should have thought, lies not in the little learning but in mistaking that little for a great deal, a peril which, unless we are on our guard against it, lies in wait for all of us at the rapturous moment of beginning to acquire any new piece of knowledge, whether from books or from life—rapture succeeded probably by naïf astonishment, mingled perhaps with discomfiture, at finding that the said knowledge is new only to one's self. I once heard a young woman say approvingly of some one she had been talking to: "Extraordinarily well-read that man is! I don't think I have mentioned a piece of prose or poetry that he did not know." This is simply a form of our eternal stumbling-block, the danger of being too self-centred, and of not realizing that our neighbors at the same stage of existence as ourselves are probably going through much the same mental experiences. To be self-centred, indeed, to a certain degree, is not a fault but a virtue. It is an essential and inevitable requirement of our conditions, as much as it is essential that a gardener who wishes to be successful should pay more attention to his own garden than to any one else's. Let us try quite simply and frankly to recognize this, to realize we are each one of us shut up, so to speak, for the whole of our natural life with a being, a temperament, an intelligence, a character that we had no voice in choosing, but that we have a preponderating voice in making the best of; and that on that being, therefore, we must concentrate the main part of our thoughts, our energies, our struggles towards the light. And having realized this fact, let it make us less preoccupied with self instead of more so, let it teach us to understand the point of view of others, since it is probably the attitude of every human being, more or less, towards his own self; and above all let our concentration on our own path lead us to avoid the possible stumbling-blocks in it, and not to jostle



others aside to secure our own desires.

There is a wider form of being self-centred which extends to the family as well as to the individual. The tendency displayed by many otherwise reasonable people to believe that their own race is of quite peculiar interest, their own family traits the most worthy of note, the school they have been to the only possible one, the quarter of London they live in the most agreeable, and their house the best in it, is an insidious peril to be striven against in youth. It is a quite misleading conviction that, even if we do not unfortunately always choose a thing because it is the best, it becomes in some mysterious way the best because we have chosen it.

Learn to distinguish then, you who are young: go and choose the best, you to whom choice is still possible, and so arrange your lives that when you come to thirty-five, when you come to forty, you have something worth showing for it and not only a series of abortive beginnings. That man or woman of forty will be you, remember, the young man or woman of to-day, and not somebody

quite different with whom you have no concern. It will still be you, with either the faults intensified that you may have left unchecked, or the qualities that you have had courage and determination enough to put into their place. The human being I am speaking of is the one you are gradually building up now, who by your doing will be entitled, or the reverse, to justify in the years to come the fact of his existence. See to it then that he arrives at that moment of full maturity, at that central point of life when every man or woman of worth is a power and an influence in the world, in possession of a good conscience, a good digestion, good manners and a good understanding, all of which are within reach of those who set early enough about acquiring them. With such an equipment life ought to be, and is, well worth living for either man or woman. The young of to-day, and of every day, are busy fashioning the world anew for us: it is not too much to ask of them that they should make a conscious, constant effort to fashion it aright.

*The Monthly Review.*

*Florence Bell.*

## HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY.

### NEW VERSION.

Here's a health unto His Majesty,

With our hands all round and round!

Conversion to his enemies,

And may his friends abound!

And bid the foaming bottle pass

And he who will not fill his glass

Is just a rebel rogue or ass,

Not to join our hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Not to join our hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Here's a health unto His Majesty

From us farmers one and all!

If you'd touch the top of farmery,

At Sandringham you'll call,

And learn a lesson from your King

In cote and byre and everything

That stock and flock to best doth bring.

With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
With a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Here's a health unto His Majesty

From his men in hunting pink,  
Who proudly chant his sportsmanship  
As glass to glass they chink;  
"He rode no easy featherweight,  
Yet never looked for gap or gate,  
But ever like a king rode straight!"  
So it's hip, hip, hip, &c.

Here's a health unto His Majesty

From his sons who rule the sea,  
For he is Ocean's Emperor,  
And to the end shall be.  
A skipper staunch, he's aye at home  
Upon the waves, and loves the foam  
From off their hoary crests to comb!  
So it's hip, hip, hip, &c.

Here's a health unto His Majesty

From all good men and true  
Who stood for his supremacy—  
Who stood and overthrew.  
For surely every soldier saith,  
"He's had as bold a bout with death  
As any Briton who draws breath."  
So it's hip, hip, hip, &c.

Here's a health unto His Majesty

And to his lovely Queen,  
So wifely and so motherly,  
So noble and serene.  
Long may they live! long may they reign  
And may we all be here again  
As good a health to them to drain!  
With a hip, hip, hip, &c.

*The Author of "Father O'Flynn."*

## ANCIENT ROME IN FICTION.

It is an obviously true if somewhat trite observation that our attitude towards the ancient Græco-Roman world has changed materially during the last forty years or so. We know more about that world, and the knowledge, such as it is, is more widely distributed; and familiarity has bred, not indeed, contempt, but a certain decrease of reverence. That vague traditional sentiment of superstitious veneration, which gave a kind of superhuman magnitude to the heroes of antiquity and all that pertained to them, has gone the way of most superstitions. Sober reason and the Historical Method have opened our eyes to the fact that these great ones were after all men of like passions with ourselves. Some have been dethroned from their pedestals, others raised from the abyss; we are taught to know now that Cicero was only an advocate, and not a very good one; and to recognize the "essentially bourgeois" element in the tragedies of Sophocles; Tiberius is whitewashed, and there is a good deal to say for Caligula. In short, they all belong to a world like our own, where no one is wholly good or entirely bad; and as a consequence the golden age of the classics—the period of halo and glamour—is over; antiquity and the language of antiquity has lost its inspiring magic; we live in the midst of *Realien* and (as we are told that Pompeius entered the mysterious temple of Jerusalem only to find "*vacuas sedes et inania arcana*") so the substitution of the realistic for the conventional has brought with it a certain inevitable measure of disillusionment. It is much now if we write even an epitaph in Latin. Parliamentary eloquence no longer clinches its arguments beyond refutation with quotations from

the second book of the *Æneid*; nor do military veterans in these latter days, like Rawdon Crawley, advise their offspring to stick to the classics, my boy, because there's nothing like 'em. Alas! there are a number of things "like 'em" now—only more so.

This is a change which has notably affected the "fictional" treatment of subjects taken from the domain of ancient history. And here it must be understood that we are speaking primarily and mainly of the Roman and not the Hellenic world. For various reasons, novelists have rarely, if ever, drawn on Greek history for inspiration. Greek has always been to a certain extent a *terra incognita*, the property of your Porsons and such like, a thorny subject and dangerous to meddle with. Here and there the researches of a "Ouida" may enable her to head a chapter with the fascinating title "*Thalassiss! Thalassiss!*" or to dwell fondly on the heroic days when the "*To Triumphe*" echoed up the vineclad slopes of the Acropolis"; but for the most part novelists, knowing their public and its limitations, have been wisely content to deal with the merest commonplaces of Greek history—Thermopylæ, Socrates' draught of hemlock, and so on—and this only by way of casual allusion. The Latin world, on the other hand, has always had a strong hold on popular sentiment; the British public has always, by a convention, "known" certain periods in Roman history: which indeed is the defence which protects Latin at the present day from the attacks which are daily made upon Greek. Every argument used against the teaching of the latter language could be equally employed against the necessity of the former. But Greek is

suspect, as the property of mere scholars; Latin is defended by a remnant of the belief that every gentleman knows his Horace.

Moreover, to take the story-writer's point of view, what period has Greek history to offer like the (for purposes of fiction) wholly admirable first century of the Christian era at Rome? It is only, perhaps, rather strange that more use has not been made of such possibilities as must be offered by the Rome and Italy of that epoch, with its—even to these prosaic days—almost too strong contrasts of light and shade; its great city, the capital and centre of the world; its vicious Court; the overgrown luxuries of its society, described and denounced by satire; its men, the very types of so many heroes of modern fiction, "pravi aut industrii, eadem vi"; its tyrants and martyrs, its effeminate desperadoes and virile debauchees—all these brought into the most picturesque relations with the New Religion, already blending with and modifying the society and the culture of its persecutors, pure amid corruption, martyred yet triumphant, conquered but destined to conquer. Surely never was such material ready to the hand of a practised story-teller, who, indeed, if he chose could find a score of plots ready-made in the pages of Tacitus. Consider, moreover, that the public is so familiar with the leading characteristics and the prominent figures of this time that the novelist may adorn his pages with all kinds of classical material, yet never be under the painful necessity of explaining to his readers who Juvenal was, or what is the precise meaning of, say, "Morituri te salutant;" and it is small wonder that Imperial Rome—with its gallery of such attractive figures as the Bad Emperor, the Dying Gladiator, the Supple Greek, and the inevitable but always charming Christian maiden—should have furnished the plot of at least three popular stories

within the last sixty years. It is not remarkable that we should find the same subjects, and essentially the same characters, treated in the fiction of the early and middle Victorian periods and by the stern Slavonic muse of M. Sienkiewicz.

But the change above noted has had its effect here; and the method of treatment is different. Our rude forefathers were quite satisfied with the "Last Days of Pompeii." That was the period when a divinity still hedged the classics; and a public penetrated with the sense of that vague intangible atmosphere of majesty could not fail to admire Lytton, with his large, ornate, sounding periods, and his characters always (as it were) in full dress—quite after the fashion of the toga-draped and laurel-wreathed "ancient Roman" with whom one is conventionally acquainted. What the reading public wants or did want is romance with enough of classical atmosphere to produce the sensation that a classical education has not been all in vain; and that is what Lytton gave his contemporaries. Even now, with the True and the Beautiful writ large upon its face—with its impossible excesses of vice and virtue, with its tendency to become lyric in and out of season, and its melodramatic situations and rhetorical commonplaces continually challenging the hypertrophied critical faculty of the twentieth century—even now the "Last Days of Pompeii" is astonishingly readable. Moreover Lytton was himself a sufficiently good scholar to realize the dangers of excessive detail; which, indeed, his public did not require of him. He is content on the whole with a general air of classicism; when he does condescend to particular manners and customs it is but seldom that he need jar on the nerves of the learned Latinist. This is perhaps more than can safely be said for Whyte Melville. It would be ungracious to disparage so excellent

a novel as "The Gladiators"; but its excellence depends not at all on the accident of its plot being laid in the years 69 and 70 A.D. The impassioned classical temper of Lytton is absent. The "dark Egyptians" and Christian maidens who move through the "Last Days" have this at least in common with one conception of antiquity, that they are imagined in a kind of Lyttonian "grand style;" whereas the noble sportsmen who fill the thrilling scenes of "The Gladiators" are essentially the same as those whom we meet on Exmoor in "Katerfelto" or on the pastures of Leicestershire in "Holmby House." Truth to say, the conditions of his period sit rather light on Whyte Melville, and he makes sad work (if it mattered) with *Realien*. It does not do to call one of your heroes "Calus Lucius Licinius" (still less "Calus L. Licinius," as if he were an American), nor to describe him as "General, Prætor, Consul, Procurator of the Empire." As for augurs casting horoscopes, or generals (under the Empire) enjoying a triumph, or persons of fashion driving chariots through the streets of Rome by daylight—well, University Extension has taught us all better than that. This kind of thing was the fearless old fashion. Before inaccuracy became a punishable offence, women, as one would expect, were more courageous in this matter than mere men. It is, we believe, the talented authoress of "Idalia" (whose reverence and enthusiasm for the classics is not always according to knowledge) who has dowered Latin nomenclature with the delightfully modern name "Arria Paetus" (the wife, of course, taking her husband's name), a reference to "the Scipii and the Julii," and the memorable historical portrait of "Cicero murmuring 'Vixerunt' as he murders Lentulus." It may have been the same hand—or again, it may have been a parodist—that drew "That Venus when Milo fashioned *pour se désen-*

*nuyer* in exile at Marseilles." But—besides the undoubted fact that the gifted authoress of the description of a steeplechase in "Under Two Flags" is no mere slave to pedantic accuracy—one has to remember that the public has not always taken its classical culture in a strictly scholarly spirit. Some, perhaps, may remember how the yearnings after scholarship, as fostered by the "Classics for English Readers" were satirized by the Dublin University *Kottabos*—

Back to youth I seem to glide, as  
I recall those peaceful scenes,  
When we quoted Thucydides  
Or recited Demosthenes:  
Sobbing slow, like summer tides,  
Flow thy verses, Euripides!

Modern culture demands a sterner temper. It is a far cry from "The Gladiators" to "Quo Vadis"—perhaps the most courageous historical novel ever written, inasmuch as its protagonists—or at least some of its most important characters—are actual historical personages. But the fact really necessary to observe from our present point of view is, that these personages are not idealized portraits, but, apparently, are deliberately drawn on the lines of the existing authorities; surrounded by a setting of supported and justified detail which, perhaps inevitably, tends at times to become excessive, so that one is occasionally reminded of that highly educative work of fiction, Becker's "Gallus." This is the essential point; that M. Sienkiewicz has created a Nero in the temper of an historian rather than of a novelist, simply by steeping himself in the necessary authorities—not merely glancing at them now and then like Lytton, or using them to heighten the interest occasionally, like Melville. This is the classical fiction which public opinion now requires—realism here as elsewhere; in describing the ancient world, the same laborious attention to microscopic detail which a



certain school of American fiction bestows on the manners and customs of a particular district in a particular State. In all probability this means that we have heard the last, for some time at any rate, of essays in "classical" fiction. The burden laid on the story-writer will be excessive; it is no light matter to be the Flaubert or the Zola of antiquity. M. Sienkiewicz may possess, in addition to the novelist's other necessary qualifications, the erudition which can describe a Roman dinner without offending Professor Mayor;

*The London Times.*

but he is probably unique. In an age of specialism, scholars will not often be novelists nor novelists scholars; and obviously, having now set the standard of accuracy, we cannot be content with a relapse into the easy-going conventional method which was good enough for our fathers. Exact scholarship has taken the place of the fine careless raptures of the earlier nineteenth century; the *Io Triumphe* is not likely again to echo up the vineclad slopes of the Acropolis.

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### ON THE ACROPOLIS.

Somebody lately had the droll inspiration to commission a painter to paint for France Renan saying his famous prayer on the Acropolis. In a quest of subjects an unhappier one could not have suggested itself. Nobody on earth is of any significance on the Acropolis, in the midst of columns that represent for all ages and all races the one sole, supreme realization of eternal beauty on earth. After the Propylæe, the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Temple of Wingless Victory, all other monuments, however beautiful, are merely national or provincial; they express even at their best but imperfectly an imperfect ideal. Here alone is revealed the divine, the immortal dream of perfection neither national nor provincial, unmarred by the traces of superstition, of prejudice, of violence, exaggeration or meanness, such as are everywhere revealed among Gothic splendors and mediæval art. In the midst of Greek marbles, Michael Angelo himself is dwarfed, and we pity him as a sort of lost Greek soul violently lamenting its shorn greatness in Italian stone.

The painter has sent his canvas to the Salon, and the Acropolis is left to

its habitual prey, the tourist equipped with Murray or Baedeker, and following on his heels, I went up the famous pepper-tree avenue to revive a glorious impression of youth. To have seen the Parthenon when the freshness of fervor, the intoxication of admiration are with us as the best portion of that bright period, is to possess an enduring consolation in dejected hours. The earlier impression is more splendid, more captivating, but the maturer vision brings a clearer recognition of our priceless heritage of a greater civilization than ours. No wonder those whom taste, temptation and time permit to linger on in this land of Pagan memories acquire a rooted contempt of the Christian. An American excavator at Corinth, in showing me his recent discoveries, pointed out a stele on which were carved three figures, two nobly draped and seated, the third in shabby clinging garment, knotted at the waist, and standing. "I judge that fellow must have been a Christian," said the professor of archaeology contemptuously, "from the mean and humble look of him." And my companion, herself a devout Christian, had

become so far demoralized by admiration of all left of a dead faith, as to add, in reluctant acquiescence: "They were so fond of playing the martyr, those Christians." Here it is the perfection of pride we admire most after the perfection of art. I open Renan's "*Souvenirs d'Enfance*" and read: "When I saw the Acropolis, I had a revelation of the divine as I had it the first time I felt the Gospel alive in perceiving the valley of Jordan from the heights of Casyoun. The whole world then seemed to me barbarous. The East shocked me with its pomp, its ostentation, its impostures. The Romans were but coarse soldiers; the majesty of the finest Roman, of Augustus, Trajan, seemed only poses beside the ease, the simple nobility of these calm and haughty citizens. Celts, Teutons, Slavs appeared to me as mere conscientious Scythes but slowly civilized. I found the Middle Ages without elegance or finish, blotted with false pride and pedantry. Charlemagne seemed only a big German horseman; our knights but louts at whom Themistocles and Alcibiades would have smiled. There was once a people of aristocrats, a public entirely composed of connoisseurs, a democracy which seized shades of art so delicate that the most refined amongst us scarce can perceive them. There was a public capable of understanding in what consists the beauty of the Propylae and the superiority of the sculptures of the Parthenon. This revelation of true and simple grandeur reached the very depths of my being. All I had known till then seemed to me the awkward effort of a Jesuitical art, a rococo composed of silly pomp, of charlatanism and caricature."

So will not write of our inferior civilization two or three thousand years hence some muser among the ruins of our edifices of to-day. He may find something to regret, his unstinted ad-

miration may be given to some fragment, some traces of a forgotten or dimly-remembered period, but the one praise Renan bestowed upon the old Athenian democracy, the praise of its impeccable taste, cannot be accorded to our progressive times. On the one hand articles made in Germany, home of cheap atrocities; on the other the products of such paradises of the shoddy as Birmingham and Manchester, and everywhere the long and graceless monotony of modern streets. Thanks to the marble and the olive, this new bright little city built upon the tomb of an ancient faith, where as of old the violets still grow profusely, and smell so much sweeter than anywhere else, is not too gross a blot beneath the bare and scented hill-slopes of Attica. The blue-eyed goddess would not recognize her town, to be sure, and the raiment of its children would fill her with dismay; but the encircling hills are ever beautiful in the incomparable limpidity of the fluid atmosphere, the light is as radiant as of old, and the sea is visible on all sides in its eternal witchery of wave and hue. And down below the tanned columns of Jupiter's Temple, near the new Stadium they are building with the marble of neighboring Pentellicus as in the days of Pericles, which will be so brilliant against the implacable blue of the heavens that we shall need smoked glasses to endure the glare, is Falguière's inartistic and feeble group of Greece and Byron, the poet encircled by the uplifting arms of the land he died for. The statue is where it should be, for where should Byron be if not on Grecian soil? And even those who weigh most insistently on the errors and frailties of his turbulent career may not deny the value of a death which bravely redeemed them. And watching a group of British tourists arrested in front of this commemorative statue in honor of an Englishman's disinterested death in an

alien cause, I marvelled as we ever must at every turn of life, at the glaring inconsistencies of nations and individuals, remembering the tone of some Imperialist papers of London upon the action and death of Villebois Mareuil who, like Byron, adopted a quarrel not his own and died for a people who were not his. But after all it is possible the Turks found for Byron a contemptuous term the equivalent for "foreign mercenary" with which the sacrifice of the French officer was gracelessly tossed off in England.

The Greeks are grateful, lastingly grateful to Byron, but they do not propose to connect his memory with the Acropolis. They leave him down on common land in the vicinity of the vanished monastery he stayed in when the Athens of to-day was not in existence. This absurdity was left to our French

*The Academy.*

painter. Because Renan in his study, thinking of the Parthenon, wrote a beautiful piece of prose, the Acropolis must be reduced to a background for his meditation. We should read Renan's prayer and be thankful he wrote it, but we may in all conscience avoid looking at him in the imagined act of reciting it. "All nobility has disappeared," he cries to Pallas-Athena. "The Scythes have conquered the world. There is no longer a Republic of free men; there are but Kings, issue of a heavy race, majesties thou wouldst smile at. Dull Hyperboreans call thy worshippers light; a dreadful *pamboetie*, a league of every stupidity spreads over the world a leaden cover under which we smother." Conceive how this delicate scoffer of modern stupidity would enjoy the picture of himself.

*Hannah Lynch.*

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### THE KING OF ENGLAND.

In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed  
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,  
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed  
The rose imperial of our delight,  
Then, even then, though no man cried "he comes,"  
And no man turned to greet him passing there,  
With phantom heralds challenging renown  
And silent-throbbing drums  
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,  
Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield  
The lions bore the dint of many a lance  
And up and down his mantle's azure field  
Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.  
Before him went with banner floating wide  
The yeoman breed that served his honor best,  
And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;  
But in the place of pride  
His admirals in billowy lines abreast  
Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face  
 And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,  
 But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace  
 Such as no hand but Time's hath ever drawn.  
 Surely he knew his glory had no part  
 In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,  
 Yet surely too of lengthening shadows dreamed  
 With sunset in his heart,  
 So brief his beauty now, so near the end,  
 And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail  
 Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:  
 O King of men that die, though we must fail  
 Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.  
 O man that servest men by right of birth,  
 Our heart's content thy heart shall also keep,  
 Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee down  
 In our dear native earth,  
 Full sure the King of England, while we sleep.  
 Forever rides abroad through London town.

The Monthly Review.

Henry Newbolt.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Lefferts copy of Elliot's Indian translation of the Bible brought \$1,850 at the recent auction sale in London.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing another fairy book, and, having exhausted the available colors will call the new volume "The Romance Book."

Contrary to expectations, Mr. John Morley's life of Mr. Gladstone will not be ready for publication in the autumn, but will probably be brought out early next spring.

Mr. Bernard Capes complains with some bitterness and a good deal of justice because "The Mill of Silence" has been announced as a new book from his pen. It is, in fact, a reprint of an

earlier and almost-forgotten book, and is published at this time without the author's consent.

The Edinburgh Review completed the one hundredth year of its publication with the July number. The October number will contain an article dealing with the whole history of the Review, together with some portraits.

Mrs. Alexander Hector, better known to novel-readers as Mrs. Alexander, died recently at the age of seventy-seven. Before her death she had passed for the press the proofs of a new novel entitled "Stronger than Love" which has since been published.

Among the names included in the last

Civil List pensions is that of Mr Austin Dobson for two hundred and fifty pounds "in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments and of his eminence as a poet." It is a grant with the fitness of which no one will quarrel.

A London publisher remarks that "Five out of every six novels published barely pay; three out of every six are absolute failures." This may be depressing to would-be authors, but the average reader will regard it as retributive justice.

The total number of new novels published in England in 1901 was 1,513 and the flood of fiction promises to be as great as ever during the coming season. The lists of two publishers alone include between forty and fifty new novels with which an early start has been made.

Mr Lawrence Housman is at last the acknowledged author of the "Englishwoman's Love-Letters." He is about publishing a translation in prose and verse from the old French of "Of Aucassin and Nicolette", together with "Amabel and Amoris", now given for the first time.

It appears now that the forthcoming correspondence between Thomas Carlyle and his wife, edited by Mr. Carlyle's thrifty nephew and executor, will fill four volumes. The original publishers of Carlyle's writings, both in London and New York, declined the venture, considering the terms exacted too high.

A rough estimate shows that up to the beginning of the present year two hundred and fifty books bearing upon the Boer war had been published in England. This total includes general histories of the campaigns, personal narratives of particular operations,

fiction, poetry and politics. At least twelve books were published dealing with the siege and relief of Ladysmith.

The titles of the "Condensed Novels" by Bret Harte which are to be published this fall contain a cheerful promise of entertainment. David Harum appears appropriately as "Dan'l Borem"; "Rupert the Resembling" will be of special interest to Anthony Hope; recent historical fiction is touched off in "The Adventures of John Longbow"; and in "The Golly and the Christian, or the Minx and the Manxman" devotees of Hall Caine will find something to their profit.

No more contributions to literature may reasonably be looked for from Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Ingle-sant" who, although not yet seventy years of age, is a confirmed invalid. Mr. Shorthouse has written five novels and several short stories, but he never reached in his later work the high level of his first book, which is not surprising, since no one else of his generation has reached it either, in that particular field of fiction. Literature with Mr. Shorthouse has been a diversion and an avocation; his main business has been the manufacture of sulphuric acid.

Interesting particulars are given in the London papers of the great "Cambridge Modern History" of which the late Lord Acton was the projector and editor. The aim of the work is to record, in the way most useful to the greatest number of readers, the fulness of knowledge in the field of modern history which was a part of the bequest of the nineteenth century to the twentieth. The narrative will not be a mere string of episodes, but will display a continuous development. The subject is divided into chapters of thirty to thirty-five pages, and in many cases one chapter was offered to one



man. The work is to be complete in twelve volumes of about 700 pages each.

The last bricks of "Johnson's Court", Fleet street, wherein the doctor lived from 1706 to 1776 have come down and a new building is rising on its site. In this narrow court there was to be seen until recently the letter-box into which Charles Dickens, in 1833, dropped his first literary contribution. He deposited it "with fear and trembling" and when, not long after, he saw it in print in "The Monthly Magazine" his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there."

Readers of Lorna Doone will be interested to learn that the original of John Ridd has been recognized in John Harwell, who died three years ago in a London hospital. It was not until recently that his identity was actually revealed, partly through remembrances of the wonderful knowledge that he displayed of Exmoor lore. Some eight or nine years ago he became an inmate of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, owing to paralysis brought about by a complete collapse of his magnificent physical powers. There he met another patient named Julia Relfe, who had been there since 1854. The two held long conversations together. She survived him, and it is owing to her account of what Harwell said to her that he has been identified as the original John Ridd.

The part which Lady Henry's feebleness seems likely to play in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new serial, "Lady Rose's Daughter," recalls the long invalidism of Sir George Tressady's mother, with its reaction on his wife's temper, and furnishes one illustration more of the fascination which Mrs. Ward finds in

portraying the influence of ill health upon character and destiny. Eleanor Burgoyne's slender strength appeals to the reader's sympathy almost from the beginning of her story; Lucy Grieve's short, pitiful struggle with disease makes hers the culminating influence in David's life, in spite of Elise and Dora; the sudden turn in her step-mother's illness brings Laura Fountain back from Oxford for the tragedy of "Helbeck of Bannisdale;" and it is by Edward Hallin's sick-bed that the plot of "Marcella" reaches its real crisis. A cruder treatment of such themes might easily become morbid and ghastly, and it is a striking evidence of the poise of Mrs. Ward's powers that she handles them so simply and naturally.

An illustrated history of old Newgate prison is among the publications promised for next fall in London. The author is Mr. Charles Gordon. Newgate Prison is not without its literary associations, though those of the Old Bailey as a thoroughfare are perhaps the most interesting. Defoe began his "Review" while confined in Newgate for a political pamphlet, and Dodd, who was at one time a minor poet as well as a popular teacher, was hanged there for forgery in 1777. Dodd was the compiler of the "Beauties of Shakespeare," a book which is still on the market, and Dr. Johnson tried hard to save his life. Among other things he wrote the speech which Dodd delivered before receiving sentence, and told Boswell that one thousand pounds would be paid to any gaoler who would set the prisoner at liberty. Three years later Dr. Johnson visited the ruins of the prison after its destruction by fire in the Gordon Riots, and described the scene to Mrs. Thrale; and Crabbe, who had left Suffolk to seek a livelihood in London, relates in his "Journal" how he arrived just in time to witness the burning of the building.

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